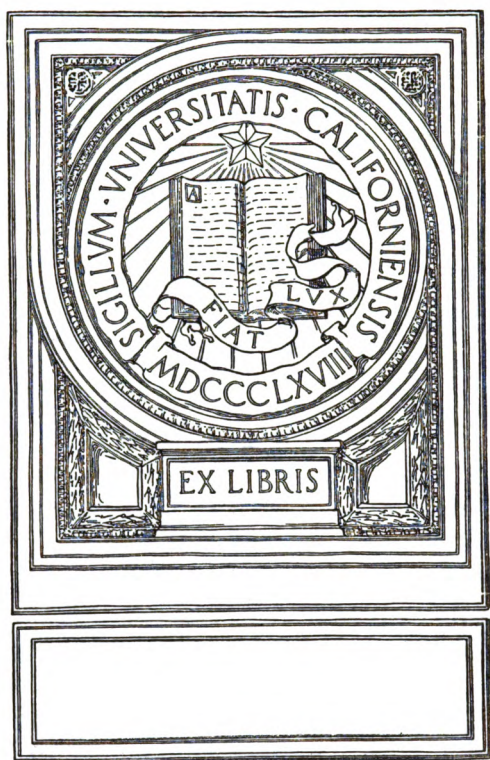

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P R E F A C E .

THE continued patronage of the readers of the *Atheneum* has enabled us to complete another volume of this long-established periodical, and we have now the pleasure of again expressing our gratitude for this support and encouragement. The pressure of the times has been such, during the past year, that this support is more particularly gratifying, since it shows that the perusal of our publication affords the readers a pleasure which they would not willingly relinquish.

The improvement in spirit and interest, and the increase in number, of British Periodicals, have augmented the means of rendering the *Atheneum* acceptable to the American public. The publisher flatters himself that these means have been judiciously improved, and that the "*Spirit of the English Magazines*" has evinced an advancement proportionate to that of the sources whence its supplies are derived.

It has been our principal endeavor in this volume, as in those which have preceded it, to INSTRUCT and AMUSE ; and to this end the subjects and nature of its contents have been as various as the diversified tastes of general readers,—alternating from the description of the sublimest works of Nature and of Art, to that of the ordinary objects with which we are most familiar ;—from the exhibition of deep and passionate feeling, to that of the playful exercises of the imagination and fancy, and the common emotions and habits of the mind.

Of the manner in which this purpose has been performed, every reader will of course judge for himself. In deciding on the merits of a miscellaneous publication like this, however, an individual should bear in mind that his own taste is not the only one which the editor must endeavor to please ; and that parts which he would be inclined to throw aside as useless, are by others considered the best in the work, and perhaps the only portions regarded as truly valuable.

The present volume has been enriched by several entire poems from the pens of distinguished writers.—Extracts from various new works of merit, previous to their being generally known in this country, have been given, and brief notices of new publications inserted in each number.—We trust it is unnecessary to point out to any one of our readers the fund of wit, humor, and an inimitable species of comic gravity, contained in those masterly productions which have appeared in this volume, entitled "*My Landlady and her Lodgers.*" We will only observe that we consider them not surpassed in their peculiar excellences

M18931

by anything in the compass of modern literature, and equalled only by one performance—the “*Mansie Wauch*” of the same author.

It has been remarked by some of our subscribers that the price of the *Athenium* is high. Those who consider it so are not aware, we think, of the quantity of matter contained in one of our numbers. Being published likewise twice a month, instead of monthly as most other Magazines are, the subscribers receive more for their money than those of almost any other work of this description in the country. We request the reader to compare both the size of the pages and the type of the *Athenium*, with those of some of our most popular monthlies, and then judge if the difference in these, together with the number of pages and the engravings, does not justify the difference in their prices. It was our intention, however, to have commenced the publication of the ensuing volume on a new and improved plan, which should give an additional number of pages, without increasing the expense to subscribers; but we have been disappointed in the size of the paper ordered for this improvement, and we shall probably be under the necessity of deferring the proposed alteration till the commencement of another volume.

The Prints of the Fashions will be continued in the next volume, and every exertion will be made to render its literary contents as entertaining and instructive as can be drawn from the best English Magazines. A continuance of the favor of our patrons is respectfully solicited; and we cannot but express the hope, and belief, that our endeavors to present to the American community the *spirit* of the Periodical Literature of a nation unrivalled in intellectual and imaginative efforts, will be, as they have heretofore been, duly appreciated and rewarded.

• • *Boston, March 15, 1830.*

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For Cottons' Athenaeum

TO VINU
ABROHADO

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.]

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1829.

[Vol. 3, No. 1.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTY OF ARLES.

"Ah chi mi toglie la mia pace antica

E amore? Io nol distinguo, alcun mel dica."—*METASTASIO.*

CHAPTER I.

WITH a frame of iron, a strong fixed mind, and a dauntless, determined spirit, Armand Villars went forth into the world, seemingly well calculated to sustain its sorrows and to repel its dangers. There was a likeness in his mind and person. The beauty of his countenance was of that stern grave cast which suited his character; and his form was of the same powerful nature as his spirit.

In youth, he was unlike the rest. It was not that his mind was brighter, but it was that it never bent; and the very energy of his calmness gave him command amongst his companions,—if companions they may be called, for there is little companionship where there is no similarity. Yet still they courted him to be amongst them, and might have taught him to fancy himself above the common level of his kind; but Villars was proud, not vain. A vain man acts for others, a proud man for himself; and Villars thought of his own opinion, scarcely dreaming that others would judge of him at all.

It was remarked of him, even as a boy, that his passions were difficult to move, but that, like a rock hanging on a mountain's brow, their tranquillity once disturbed, they carried all before them in their course; and years, as they passed over his head,

by teaching him greater sufferance, rendered his anger, when excited, but the more dangerous. It was not like the quick flash of the lightning, hasty and vehement, as short-lived as it was bright; but it was that calm, considerate, sweeping vengeance, which, like the snow that gathers silently on the edge of the precipice, descends to overwhelm all that is beneath.

He was unrelenting, too, for he never dreamed that mercy might be combined with justice. He would never have pleaded for himself, and he could not be expected to feel for others.

His youth passed away as the flowing of some undiscovered river, the strange waters of which are never fretted by the barks of far exploring man. He knew nothing of any world but the world of his own mind; and his only commune was with his own feelings, which were as things apart.

And yet there was a bitterness in standing thus alone. There was a pain even in the solitude of his own thoughts, and he strove to assimilate them to something which at least had been. He was fond to pore over the records of ancient virtue, and the history of those firm inflexible beings who rooted from their bosom all the soft verdure of the heart's kinder

feelings, and raised in its place a cold shrine to unrelenting justice. Here only he seemed to have imagination; and here would he ponder and dream, till he wondered that such a state of things did not still exist. He would fain have thought that virtues like these contained within themselves the principles of immortality.

He forgot that historians, even when they do not augment the worth of what they relate, to render it the more worthy of relation, do not seek to commemorate what is petty; so that the few great actions alone are recorded, while the multitude of meaner ones are forgotten. Like the fabled eagle, that is fond to gaze upon the sun, he fixed his eyes, alone, on what was bright. He would ask himself, Why might not France produce a Brutus or a Cato? Was the soul of man degenerate? had it lost that power which sustained it in the inspiring days of ancient glory?—No! He felt the same spirit stirring within his bosom, and he resolved that he at least would live a Roman.

Such were the aspirations of his youth; but they were mixed with little of that wild, warm glow, which animates the enthusiast. His feelings, like the waters of a deep mountain lake, were calm and cold, though they were clear and profound. When he did feel, he felt strongly; but the lighter things of the world passed him by as if they had not been.

In the same old, ill-fashioned town of Arles, which gave birth to Armand Villars, lived another youth, somewhat elder in years, but far younger in character. We will call him Durand. He was one out of the many. A gay, brave, thoughtless boy, with a touch of pride, a good deal of vanity, and an infinity of good-nature. He was one of those pieces of unmoulded clay, which the world forms, and hardens. He might have been anything; but in that same school of the world, he that at first may be anything, generally, at last, learns to be bad. I have said he was thoughtless; but he was by no means without talents, and those which he had were

suited to his character. He was penetrating, but not profound; he was active, but not industrious; he had more quickness than wit, more imagination than judgment.

As we generally over-estimate that which we do not possess, we are inclined to admire qualities opposite to our own. Durand had early fallen into society with Armand Villars. Habit did much to unite them, but the very difference of their minds did more; and dissimilar tastes often led them to the same pursuits.

They would wander together through all the remains of antiquity with which the neighborhood of Arles is enriched. Sometimes they would linger for hours in the Champs Elysées, poring over the tombs and sarcophagi; sometimes they would stray near St. Jean, along the banks of the Rhone, trying to trace out the ancient palace of Constantine; and sometimes they would stand and gaze upon the river itself, and almost worship it, as it rolled on in proud magnificence towards the ocean.

But still the objects which led them, and the combinations produced in the mind of each, were very, very different. Durand did not look upon the Rhone merely as an object of picturesque beauty; he loved it as a mountaineer loves his mountains: he loved it with that instinctive affection which we feel towards all objects associated with the earlier and brighter hours of our existence, connected with the first expansion of our feelings, and commingled with all our youngest ideas. The grand and the great in nature are always matter for remembrance. They are the landmarks in the waste of years, that guide our memory back to everything that is pleasing in the past.

The scene where it happened is still intimately mixed with every circumstance of happiness, and we love the spot, even when the pleasure has passed away. The Rhone was the grandest object connected with any of his infant recollections; and as such he loved it, without any farther combination, or any endeavor to know why.

Villars would not have been satisfied to feel, without knowing why he felt. The Rhone was nothing to him, without its name in history. But it recalled to him the days of Cæsar, and every struggle the ancient Gauls made for the independence of their country; and there was a feeling of pride mixed with the remembrance, which seemed in a degree to transfer itself to the object that excited it; and he became almost proud of the Rhone, because he admired the deeds which its banks had witnessed.

It is a country fertile in ruins. It seems as if Time had taken a barbarous pleasure in leaving there the wreck of mighty works, as trophies of his all-destroying power; and in wandering amidst them, Durand would mark the elegance of the capital, or the fair proportion of the architrave, which had once adorned some palace or some temple, whose lord and his parasites, whose idol and its worshippers, had long been forgotten, in the silence of things that are no more; and he would point out the beauties to his companion, who, for his part, would carry his thoughts back to the days of Rome—to the minds whose energy had conceived, and to the men whose labor had perfected, those giant fabrics that shame the pigmy efforts of our later times: and while Durand would laughingly contend that the Romans were neither braver, wiser, nor better than the race of moderns, Villars would exclaim against the degeneracy of mankind, and grieve that he had not lived in those days of glory and of liberty.

They were at that period of life when passion is strongest, and imagination most vivid, and when judgment, like a young monarch, forgets his painful duties, and leaves his throne vacant while he wanders amongst the pleasures and diversions of his new estate. They were at this period of life, when the Revolution began to throw a new, and too strong light upon the world. In the enthusiasm of republican spirit, the revival of ancient institutions, and all

the brilliant fantasies which rapidly succeeded each other, many of the wisest and the best got bewildered; nor was Durand one of the last to adore this phantasmagoria of antique forms. His course is soon told:—he quitted his native city; but before he went, he embraced Villars with all the ardor of his new sect: he called him "citizen," and "brother," and he vowed that their friendship should be everlasting. He joined the army formed for the defence of the Republic. His talents, his daring courage, and some of those accidental circumstances of fortune which decide, not only the fate of men, but of empires, combined to raise him above his compeers. His mind readily embraced everything that was brilliant. He was naturally witty; and shrewdly perceiving that a jest would often pass where a reason would not, he raised up for himself a sort of philosophy which taught him to laugh at everything, or good or bad, and with this he passed safely and honorably through all the vicissitudes of a changing state, and found himself in the end, even as he could have wished to have been, selfish, heartless, rich, respected, and in power.

The life of Armand Villars was different. For a while he looked upon the grand scene which was playing before him, and rejoiced at the revival of ancient virtues—for he hoped that it was so;—but yet there was something in it that he distrusted. He looked for the great independence of soul, the generous self-devotion, the steady purpose of right, and the stern patriotism, which sacrificed all private feeling to public good—he looked for Roman laws and Roman spirit, and he found but a wild chaos of idle names and an empty mockery of ancient institutions; and unwilling to yield the favorite illusion, he turned his eyes away.

It was then that every Frenchman was called to bleed for his country, and Villars willingly quitted the ungrateful scenes that were passing in France, to place himself in the ranks

of her defenders. In the field as in the city, the same calm, firm spirit still animated him. He fought as if life had for him no charms, nor death any terrors. But it was not the courage of romance. There was none of the headlong ardor of enthusiasm—there was none of the daring of thoughtless temerity—there was none of the wreckless valor of despair: there was in his bosom, alone, the one fixed remembrance that he was doing his duty—that he was fighting for his country—and that calm reasoning courage which knows danger and despises it.

He rose in command, but he rose slowly; and it was not till late in the campaign of Italy, that he attained the rank of Colonel. Italy was a land which had long been the theme of his thoughts. He was now there, amongst the ruins of that stupendous fabric, the record of whose ancient glory had been his admiration and delight. He was on the spot where Romans had dwelt, and he fought where Romans had bled; and if anything like ardor ever entered into his nature, it was then. The habits, too, of his boyish days seemed here to resume their empire. He would wander, as he had done in youth, among the wreck of ages past, and indulge in long and deep meditations, in the midst of empty palaces and neglected fane. He would repeople them with the generations gone, and conjure up the great and wise of other days. The first and second Brutus seemed to rise before him—the men who had expelled a Tarquin, and slain a Cæsar—he that had sacrificed his children, and he that had sacrificed his friend, to his country: Virginius too, and his daughter; and Manlius—and, in short, all the train of those whose deeds gave a splendor to the times in which they lived, and whose names history has forever consecrated.

Italy teams with recollections of every kind; for courage, and wisdom, and power, and arts, and sciences, and beauty, and music, and desolation,

have all in turn made it their favorite dwelling-place; and though the train of thought which Villars followed was but of one description, there was matter enough for that, and he might have indulged it forever, but that the more busy and warlike occupations of the present gave him but little time to ponder over the past. Another fate, too, awaited him—a fate which he little dreamed of. In a skirmish, which took place near Bologna, he was severely wounded, and carried to the house of an old Bolognese lady, whose rank was rather at variance with her fortune; for though she prized illustrious birth, as the purest and most permanent species of wealth, and perhaps valued it the more, inasmuch as it was the only sort of riches that remained to her, she nevertheless found it very difficult to make this refined treasure supply the place of that coarser material, gold, at least in the opinion of others, who obstinately continued to think that rank must have fortune to support its pretensions, or else it is worse than nothing. It is supposed that sometimes their pertinacity almost persuaded her of this also; but as the old Countess had not the one, she endeavored to make the other do; and like a poor man, ostentatious of his last guinea, she contrived to make every one well aware of her rank and family. However, she was a kind-hearted woman; and though she would talk of her cousin the Prince, and her nephew the Duke, the poor and the sick would always share of what little she had, and when she had nothing else, she would give them a tear.

She received the wounded soldier with all the kindness of her nature. It mattered not to her of what party or of what country he was: she was happy enough to have no politics; and as to country, the sick were always of her own. She received Colonel Villars, therefore, as her son: she nursed him herself; she did more, she made her daughter nurse him; and it never seemed to enter into the

head of Beatrice, or her mother, or Villars, that there could be anything dangerous in it to either. Yet Villars was handsome, strikingly handsome, and Beatrice was an Italian beauty, dark, and soft, and graceful; and it was not long before the touch of her small hand, as she fastened the bandages on his arm, made a thrill pass through the soldier's breast which he did not understand. He fancied that Beatrice must have touched his wound, and yet her fingers went so softly that they seemed to tremble lest they should press it roughly. Still Villars attributed the strange thrill that passed across his bosom to that cause. "Or else what could it be?" he would ask himself. And yet, by some odd perversion of reasoning, Villars always preferred that Beatrice should fasten the bandages, rather than her mother; although the old Countess went so dextrously to work, that she produced no thrill at all.

Such were his feelings. Now this was the first time that Villars had ever been tended by female hands. But though this was not the first time that Beatrice had given her aid to the wounded—for a long war, and its consequent miseries, bringing many calls upon their kindness, and their hearts being naturally benevolent towards all mankind, the two ladies had learned to act almost the part of dames of romance, and unflinching to assist to their utmost all those who needed it—though this, I say, was not the first time that Beatrice had lent her aid to the wounded, it was the first time that she had ever felt that anxiety for any one which she now experienced towards Villars. The loss of blood had weakened him much: his heart was all the softer for it, and his manner more gentle; and Beatrice began to feel pity, and admiration, and love; especially when she perceived that the being, so cold and stern to all others, was softened towards her. But it went on in silence in her heart, and in that of Villars, till the assurance gradually crept upon him that he loved; and he wondered

at his weakness—and then he asked himself, "Was it possible that his affection could be returned?" and sometimes he would hope, and sometimes he would doubt, till his feelings became too painful for endurance; and he resolved that he would conquer the passion which unmanned him, and fly forever from the object that had excited it.

Women are taught to keep their affection, like a rare gem, hidden from all eyes in the casket of their heart; and it is not till, by some mishap, the key is lost or stolen, that man finds out what a treasure there is within.

Beatrice heard Villars name the day of his departure without an apparent emotion. She saw that day approach, too, as calmly as she had heard it appointed. It is true, her cheek grew a little paler, and her eye would often rest upon the ground—that in singing her voice would tremble, and that she did not seem so fond of music as she had been formerly. But she would laugh when any one called her thoughtful, and assured her mother that she had never been in better health.

Villars, as I have said, had made a firm resolution to depart; but like many other resolutions in this changeable world, it was not destined to be kept. The day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the mother of Beatrice was struck with apoplexy, and in two hours after, the fair creature that he loved, was an orphan, alone in the wide world, drooping in sorrow, and clinging to him for support in her affliction. Could he leave her? He never asked himself the question. He stayed; and after a time Beatrice became the bride of Armand Villars.

New feelings now began to spring up in his heart. The sweeter, gentler associations of existence now began to cling round him, and mellow the harshness of his character, like the green ivy twining round the rugged bark of the oak, and softening its rude majesty. Life took a new as-

pect. A brighter sun seemed to have risen over the world. He forgot the past, and in the delight of the present found a boundless store of anticipation for the future.

There are few whose fate has been so desolate, that one clear day has not, at some time, shone through and brightened their existence. Oh, it is like being in a boat upon a summer sea. Every circumstance of joy dances round us, like the ripple of the waves in the morning sun. Heaven seems to smile upon us like the clear blue sky, and the breath of time wafts us gently but swiftly on our course, while Hope points onwards to the far faint line of the horizon, and tells us of a bright and golden shore beyond.—

And who is there, that when all seems sunshine, would look around him for a cloud ?

Villars dreamed ; but that dream of joy was soon to be broken. The tie which linked him to social being was soon to be rent. Beatrice died, and with her every gentler feeling of his bosom ; and his heart became their sepulchre, never to be opened again.

Villars became old in an hour. There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space,—a portion out of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing of years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, makes us old.

Beatrice died, and the heart of her husband became as a thing of stone. To any other, perhaps, the daughter she had left him, would have recalled in a tenderer manner the joys he had lost, and re-illuminated the bright affections which her death had extinguished. There are some persons in whose bosom the necessity of affection seems placed by nature never to be eradicated. But with Villars it was not so. He cursed the weakness which had enthralled his heart and

made it either a prey to love or sorrow ; and he fortified himself against the assault of any mortal feeling. He would do his duty, strictly, fully, towards his child ; but that was all which he ever proposed to his own mind. There was, indeed, one tribute he paid to the memory of Beatrice. She had loved music. Her mind was attuned to all harmony ; and she delighted in all that was bright and sweet in every art which softens the asperities of human existence ; and Villars resolved, he scarcely knew why, to give his daughter all her mother's accomplishments. It was like writing her epitaph on the heart of her child. This only seemed to show the least spark of feeling yet unextinguished in his breast, for there was now a degree of bitterness mixed with the original sternness of his character. He looked upon the world with disappointed eyes, and gladly turned away from the view, for there was nothing but a desert round about him.

France no longer needed defenders. His duty to his country was done ; and quitting the army, he collected together his little property, and retired to dwell near his native town of Arles.

It was more probably chance than any taste for picturesque beauty which directed him in the situation he chose for his future residence ; but of all the neighborhood it was the most lovely and the most retired. It was surrounded by wood, with the Rhone sparkling through the trees beyond, and the remains of an antique Roman arch crowning the hill above. The country round was covered with olive-grounds and vineyards, and sprinkled with small villages ; for a considerable distance round, indeed no where near, except in the town of Arles, was there a house of any consequence the proximity of which might have disturbed the solitude of his retirement. And here, for fifteen years, lived Armand Villars, secluded from a world he despised, seeking no commune but with his own thoughts,

and dividing his time between the cultivation of his ground, solitary study, and the education of the daughter whom Beatrice had left him.

On their first arrival at their new dwelling, little Julie offered no particular promise of beauty. Her large wild Italian eyes, and the dark hair which clustered round her forehead, were all that could have saved her from being called a very plain child. But as years passed over her head, and she grew towards womanhood, a thousand latent charms sprang up in her face and person. Like a homely bud that blossoms into loveliness, her beauties expanded with time, and she became one of the fairest of Nature's works.

Beauty can scarcely be well described. I know not how it is, whether imagination far exceeds nature, or whether remembrance is ever busy to recall what love once decked in adventitious charms, but every one has raised an ideal standard in his own mind which is fairer to him than all that painter or statuary ever portrayed. Description, therefore, must fall far short of what Julie really was : let every one then draw from his own fancy. She was lovely as imagination can conceive, and there were few of those who by any chance beheld her that were so critical or fastidious as to find or imagine a fault in her beauty ; and, as the strangers who did see, were ever sure to ask among the neighboring peasantry who she was, and to describe her by her loveliness, she soon acquired the name of the "*Beauty of Arles.*"

It seldom happens that many perfections cluster together. If beauty be granted wit is often denied, and if wit and beauty unite, vanity or some other deteriorating quality is generally superadded. But it is not always so ; Nature had dealt liberally to Julie of all her stores. She might know that she was lovely, for where is the woman that is not conscious of it ? but in her solitude there was none to tell her of her charms, and she was not vain of them. The bright wild genius, the warm vivid

imagination that revelled in her breast and sparkled in the dark flashes of her eye, were guided and tempered by the softest, gentlest heart that ever beat within a woman's bosom. She had no means of comparing her own mind with that of others,—she did not know that it was superior ; and all the accomplishments and knowledge that her father had taken care she should acquire, appeared to her, what all human knowledge really is, but little to that which might be known.

In the mean time the mind of Armand Villars had undergone scarcely any change ; his feelings were the same, or, if at all altered, they were only the harder and the more inflexible. If his daughter possessed his affection, it was seldom that any trait of gentleness betrayed it, and, as if fearful of again loving any human thing, he passed the greater part of his time in utter solitude, from which even his child was excluded.

Julie feared her father, but she loved him too. Her heart, like a young plant, clung to that which it grew beside, however rugged and unbending ; and in those hours which she was allowed to spend with her parent she strove to win him from the sternness of his nature, and draw from him a smile of affection or approbation, and, if she succeeded, it was a source of joy to her for many an after-hour. Her pleasures, indeed, were so few, that she was obliged to husband them well, and even to seek new ones for herself. She lost none of those unheeded blessings which Nature scatters in the way of ungrateful man ; she had joy in every fair sight, and in every sweet sound. To her the breathing of the spring air was a delight, the warbling maze of the brook a treasure ; the notes of the forest birds—Nature's own melody—were to her the sweetest concert ; and, thankful for all that a good God had given, she would long for the wings of the lark to soar into the blue air, and sing her gratitude at the gates of heaven.

She would wander for hours through

the fair lonely scenes around, when the prime of morning glittered over the earth, or when the calm evening, like a gentle mother, seemed soothing nature to repose; and her life passed like the waters of the broad Rhone, glittering on in one sunshiny course amidst all that is beautiful in nature.

Thus went hour after hour, and day after day, in peaceful solitude and undisturbed repose, ignorant of a corrupted world and all its arts, and blessed in her ignorance. It was one bright evening in autumn, when the world was full of luxuriance,—before the grape was plucked from its branch, or the olives began to fall,—or the robe of nature, though somewhat embrowned by the sun of many a summer's day, had yet lost all its verdure. Her father had shut himself up in his solitude, and Julie wandered out towards the ruined Roman arch that crowned the hill above their dwelling. From the height the whole country round was exposed to her view. It was a gay scene, where all the rich gifts of generous nature were spread out at large. The green foliage of the vine covered all the slopes, and olive-grounds, with their white leaves glistening in the sun-skirted vineyards, sheltered the peasants' houses and villages that were thickly scattered over the landscape, while the bright waters of the Rhone bordered it along, and formed a glittering boundary to the very edge of the horizon.

Julie gazed on it for a moment, and contemplated all its wide luxuriance. But there was something too general in it; she knew not why, but she turned away with a sigh, and descending into the valley, seated herself under some almond-trees, watching the lapse of a small brook that wound murmuring along towards the Rhone.

She was buried in contemplation, it matters not of what, when she was roused by a quick footfall coming down the little path that led from the hill. It was a stranger whom she had never before seen, and one that she

would have fain looked at again, if it had not been for modesty's sake, for he was a sort of being not often seen in that nook of earth. In the glance she had of him, when the sound of his footsteps first called her attention, she saw that he was young and handsome. But it was not that; there was something more—there was the grace, the elegance, the indescribable air of the high and finished gentleman; and Julie, as I have said, would fain, from curiosity, have taken another look; but, however, she turned away her eyes, and fixed them again upon the brook as if deeply interested in the current of its waters. The stranger passed close by her, and whether he turned to look at her or not matters little, but somehow it happened that, before he had got ten yards, he stopped and returned, and pulling off his hat with a low inclination of the head, asked her the way to Arles.

The direction was very simple, and Julie gave it as clearly as she could, but, nevertheless, the stranger seemed not quite to comprehend, and lingered as if for farther information. So seeing his embarrassment, she told him that if he would come to the top of the hill she would show him the line of the high road, and then he could not mistake; and accordingly she led the way, and the stranger followed; and as he went he told her that he had sent forward his carriage to Arles, intending to walk straight on, but he had been induced to quit the high road in order to see the beauties of the country. It was but a few steps to the top of the hill, and could but afford time for a conversation of five minutes, but for some reasons, which he did not stop to analyze, the stranger would not have lost them for all the world, therefore he had begun at once and he continued with ease, but with a diffidence of manner which showed he was afraid of offending. He spoke rapidly, as if he feared to lose a moment, but with that smooth eloquence which wins its way direct to the sources of pleasure

within us ; and to Julie's timid and simple replies he listened as if they contained his fate. When he spoke himself, there was something in his manner, perhaps, too energetic, but yet it was pleasing, and Julie attended with no small degree of admiration and surprise.

The high road lay at a little distance, and she pointed it out to him. The stranger thanked her for the kindness she had shown him, again and again, and still he was inclined to linger ; but there was no excuse for it, and taking his leave, he bent his steps towards the road. When he reached it, he turned his head to take one more glance at the object that had so much interested him, but Julie was no longer there.

The stranger hurried on to the town, and his first question on reaching it, was directed to ascertain who it was that he had seen.

" Oh ! " cried the Aubergiste, half interrupting the stranger, though respectfully, for he had sent forward a splendid Parisian carriage, with servants and saddle-horses, and more travelling luxuries than visited that part of the country in a hundred years—" Oh ! it must have been Mademoiselle Villars, the Beauty of Arles."—" It could be no one else," echoed the Garçon.

" Villars ! " said the stranger, " Villars ! It is very extraordinary."

Now why it was extraordinary nobody at the inn knew. But it so happened that early the next morning the young stranger ordered his horses to be saddled, and his groom to attend him ; and setting off with that kind of ardor which characterized all he did, galloped along the road towards the spot where he had seen Julie the day before. He gave a glance towards the hill—she was not

there ;—and turning his horse into a road which led down towards the Rhone, he rode straight to the dwelling of Armand Villars. It had been an old French country-seat or chateau ; one of the smaller kind, indeed, but still it possessed its long avenue of trees, its turrets, with their conical slated roofs, and a range of narrow low building in front, with small loop-hole windows, through the centre of which *avant-corps* was pierced the low dark arch that admitted into the court-yard. The stranger contrived to make himself heard by striking his riding-whip several times against the gate, which was at length opened by an old man who had long served with Colonel Villars in Italy, and had followed him to his solitude.

" Could he see Colonel Villars ? " the stranger asked. The old grenadier glanced him over with his eye, and seemed half inclined to refuse him admittance ; but on the young stranger's breast hung several crosses which told of deeds done against the enemy, and the heart of the old soldier warmed at the sight. " Colonel Villars," he said, " was not much given to seeing strangers, but if Monsieur would ride into the court he would ask."

The young stranger turned his horse to pass in, but his horse was not so much inclined to go through the low dark arch as his master, and showed symptoms of resistance. The stranger again reined him round, and spurred him towards the gate. The beast became restive, and plunging furiously endeavored to throw his rider ; but the stranger was too good a horseman, and, angry at his obstinacy, he urged him on with whip and spur. Unfortunately he did so : the horse plunged, reared, and threw himself over to the ground, with his master under him.

THE RHINE-FALLS.—WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

HARK !—'tis the voice of the falling flood !—
And see, where the torrents come—
Thundering down through rock and wood,
Till the roar makes echo dumb !
Like giant steeds from a distant waste
That have madly broke away,
2 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

Leaping the crags in their headlong haste,
And trampling the waves to spray.
Five abreast !—as their own foam white—
Their wild manes streaming far—
A worthy gift from a water sprite
To his ocean-monarch's car !

ILLUSTRIOUS VISITERS.

[The two last numbers of an English Magazine contain a highly entertaining paper under the above title. The design of its author is evidently to expose some of the fashionable vices and follies of the day ; and he does this in such a manner, that though the truth of his pictures of human inconsistency may be felt, the ludicrous absurdities they exhibit cannot fail to amuse. The article is avowedly, however, an attempt to commemorate the recent visit to London of the "COURT CARDS"—their Majesties of Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs and Spades. The writer does not undertake to explain whether it was political considerations, court intrigues, the influence of ministers, or a laudable desire of gratifying their own curiosity, which induced the four sovereigns to meet in England ; but after stating that *THEY CAME*, he proceeds to offer the public some particulars respecting their *séjour*. These particulars were obtained, he states explicitly, through no unhandsome *shuffle* of his own, but partly from observation, and partly through the *odd trick* of one of their *suite*, who permitted him to cast his eye over the journals of these kings and queens.—We have not room for the whole history of their visit to various places in London ; we shall therefore select those portions most likely to interest and amuse our readers,—and we will first introduce to them their majesties of Hearts and Diamonds.]

THE King of Hearts and the King of Diamonds have but too often been at variance with each other ; and where the former was most powerful, the latter kept aloof,—nay, was almost unknown : but at the period of which I am writing, a reconciliation—a temporary one perhaps—had been effected, and the two monarchs appeared together on the most intimate terms. How blessed was such a union ! An unrestricted association with the Diamonds rendered it all sunshine with the Hearts ; whilst the warmth of the Hearts added new lustre to the Diamonds, and made them doubly dear ! It was a gratifying sight to behold the noble family of Shropshire attending

the strangers in open carriages through the principal streets of London, and displaying the lions to the best advantage.

For a time the two pair of monarchs were delighted with all they saw, and truly there is much in the outside show of the metropolis calculated to gratify HEARTS, and to give even DIAMONDS an additional sparkle.

"What beautiful women !" said the Queen of Hearts, as they passed through the Park ; "so smiling and happy too. Who is that fair young girl in the green chariot ?"

"It is Lady Arnott," replied the earl.

"What a lovely laughing face ! Is she married ?"

"She has been married many years."

"Has she ! Oh, delightful ! See with what animation she leans from the carriage window to address her husband ; she even fondles his horse."

"Her husband ! where ?"

"On the gray horse, riding by her side."

"Your majesty is mistaken ; Lady Arnott eloped from her husband with that person, and deserted her children."

"Deserted her husband and her children ! yet she laughs and looks happy !"

The Queen of Hearts was puzzled.

"After all," said the countess in her usual depreciating drawl, "her smile is unnatural, and her color carmine."

"But is the lady mad ?" said the queen.

"Mad, madam ! No."

"Why did she run away from her husband ?"

"She was unhappy with him."

"Unhappy ! and did she expect to be happier when branded with infamy, shunned by society, separated from her children ? Was all this likely to render her happy ? How strange !"

Such conduct was unknown in the empire of Hearts.

The attention of the Queen of Hearts was now attracted by a car-

riage full of ladies, who wore white and silver favors ; their servants also sported white ribands.

"Is not that your symbol of a wedding?"

"Yes, that is Lady Wilton ; she has this day married her beautiful daughter to a million."

"To how many?"

"A million, your majesty."

"Does your law allow plurality of husbands?"

"To a million of money, I mean."

The King of Diamonds looked pleased.

"But," said the King of Hearts, "you have not mentioned the young bridegroom ; is he of age?"

"He is sixty-five, the lady seventeen ; the old man was a confirmed old bachelor, going about from watering-place to watering-place with his nephew, to whom he meant to leave his money ; but the Wiltons met him at Bath, and the mother and the daughter followed him and flattered him, till they made him believe that he was in love, and that his passion was returned. He made first an offer, and then a settlement ; was accepted with delight ; and the happy pair are now gone to Brighton for the honeymoon."

"More madness!" cried the queen ; "what could be their object?"

"An establishment."

"Mere board and lodging for life!" said the queen ; "and what becomes of the nephew?"

"He, poor youth, is going to be married to a wealthy widow of forty-five."

The like was never heard of in the empire of Hearts.

[On the Earl's assuring the Queen of Hearts that the English are a very humane people, and that they have humane societies, she replies:—]

"Yet your amusements are often of a horrid and unfeeling nature."

"What *can* your majesty mean?" said the earl.

"Why, at many of your amusements, the chief attraction consists in

the extreme bodily peril in which the exhibiter is placed. You took me to see a man walk up a rope, to an immense height ; and had his foot slipped, he must have been dashed to pieces. The place was crowded with persons who were in raptures ; yet had the man been dancing on level ground, he would have danced far better ; and the merit of the dancer seemed to consist in his giving the audience a *chance* of seeing him break his neck or dash his brains out ! If a foreigner were to announce that he would dance on a pack-thread, he would ruin the ropedancer, because, as the thread would in all probability break, his danger would be greater, and therefore his exhibition would be incomparable ! Then you all delight in distortions ; if a man can bend his back bone, or sit upon his head, you are in raptures, and seem to think it a good joke to see a fellow creature shortening his life. Then if any man will ride a dozen horses at once, without saddle or bridle ; or go into an oven and be baked brown, or eat a fire-shovel full of burning coals, or drink deadly poison, or fly off a church steeple, or thrust a pointed instrument down his throat, or walk on a ceiling with his head downwards, or go to sea in a washing tub, you would not lose the sight for the world ; you clap your hands, shout with delight, and hold up your little children, that they may share papa and unamma's rational amusement ! and yet you tell me your national characteristic is humanity."

"Pray, excuse me, but I must say, your majesty takes a contracted view of the subject. Believe me, we are nationally most sensitively humane ; you know we abhor the word slave."

"The *word* slave, I admit ; but it strikes me your abhorrence is directed principally against the mere name."

"How so?"

"Why, I have been told by those who have had opportunities of judging fairly, that slaves are well treated in the West India islands, and that they are as happy as the generality of ser-

vants in England : you know as well as I do, that servants here are too frequently haughtily and improperly treated. The servant of a bad British master would be better off as the slave of a kind and humane West Indian ; your indignation should therefore be consistent, and abolish servitude at home, as well as slavery abroad, because abuses may be discovered in both. Don't mistake me, I am not advocating slavery, but exposing inconsistency. If a chimney-sweeper drives a poor little half starved apprentice up a narrow chimney, and beats him when he comes down again, *there is slavery !* And many a fine emancipation speech has been made by popular senators, who would not walk to a house in Wapping to redress the grievance of a sooty apprentice. There is eclat in the former ; the cause of the slave is 'poetical, and his champion is immortalized : but the chimney-sweeper is vulgar, and the man who relieves him gains no glory, and does no more than mere parish officers ought to do for every ragged rascal who complains of ill treatment."

"You wrong us, you do indeed," said the earl ; "we are, I assure you, tender-hearted in the extreme."

"You certainly ought to know best," replied the queen ; "but, I confess, where *HEARTS* have dominion, many things which I see here would be deemed barbarous."

* * * *

"I see," said the queen, "that I shall leave England with a mere smattering of the *spirit* of your language ; there is so much that appears to me to be equivocal, and to have two meanings. I came to your country expecting to find you all (what of course you *are*) paragons of purity and propriety ; but, on account of my ignorance of your habits, I declare I have often been led to suspect that there is as much mischief going on in London, as in other places of less fortunate reputation : I begin to wish his majesty would take me home again."

"Is your majesty afraid of us ?"

"Yes, candidly, I am ; I am afraid of catching the popular complaint : all the professedly sane people here are so evidently mad, that I am led to conclude that all the supposed lunatics are in their sound senses."

"What can have caused your majesty to entertain so strange an opinion ?"

"Why, for instance, your gay people, who toil through nominal pleasures, dressing by rule and compass, lacing, bracing, patching, painting, plastering, penciling, curling, pinching, and all to go out and be looked at : going from party to party in the middle of the night, pretending not to be sleepy, suppressing each rising yawn, and trying to make the lips smile and the eyes twinkle, and to look animated in spite of fatigue : and all this for no earthly purpose,—too old to care about lovers, and without daughters to marry. Why should an ugly old maid of sixty-six take all these pains, or leave her own snug fireside, if she had not a touch of the popular complaint ?"

"Dear me ! your majesty !"

"Then your *man* of pleasure, risking his life at every corner in a cab, with a restive horse ; wearing all his clothes painfully tight to show off his figure, confining his neck in a bandage, pouring liquids down his throat, though he knows they will give him a headach, sitting up all night shaking bits of bone together for the mere purpose of giving somebody a chance of winning all his money, or offering bets on racehorses to afford himself and family an opportunity of exchanging opulence for beggary ! He has the popular complaint of course."

"Oh fie, your majesty !"

"Then your *man* of business : your public servant, toiling, and striving and fidgeting about matters of state, sacrificing health, and the snug comforts of a private gentleman, for the sake of popularity ! *His* complaint is popular indeed. Then your physician, courting extensive practice, and ambitious of the honor of never having time to eat a comfortable meal,

and proud of being called out of bed the moment he is composing himself to sleep! *He* must be raving. Then your barrister, fagging over dull books, and wearing a three-tailed wig, and talking for hours, that his client, right or wrong, may be successful! All these people appear to me to be awfully excited: the popular complaint is strong upon them, and I would put them all into the straightest waistcoats I could procure."

"Bless me, we call all that energy of character!"

"Oh, but you give things such contradictory names: What do you call the elderly man who rides one of the leaders when you have post-horses?"

"What, old John? oh, he is the post-boy."

"And what is the young lad who leaves the letters here in the morning?"

"Oh, that little fellow is the post-man."

"What do you call that work, in three volumes, all about religion and politics, which Lady Mary fell asleep over last night?"

"That was a new novel."

"And what was the book that amused you so much this morning?"

"Lectures on the first principles of science."

"Indeed! then novelists moralize, and lecturers sport with their subjects for your amusement! What was your youngest daughter about yesterday, when I saw her with a tall gentleman throwing herself into odd attitudes, first kicking up one leg very high, then kicking up the other—now hopping forwards, and now hopping backwards, and then throwing about her arms like the sails of a windmill?"

"She was learning her Calisthenics."

"What are they?"

"A material part of female education."

"Oh! I'll ask no more questions! How shall I ever get safe out of England without catching the popular complaint!"

[With their visit to Covent Garden Theatre neither of the crowned heads are very well pleased. On inquiring which is most attractive, tragedy or comedy, they are informed—and the same might be said with truth of other theatres than those of London—that "neither can boast much attraction,—*real horses, real fire, real water*, are the true magnets. The people can see these interesting realities every day in the open air; yet put them in a play, and print them in red letters in the bill, and the house will be full!"—We must conclude, for the present, with the visit of the King of Clubs to some of the "Associations" of London, and a short notice of the King of Spades.]

The King of Clubs indeed was anything but a lady's man. In his dominions men congregated together, enjoying all the luxuries of French cookery, and all the splendor of ormolu and scagliola, while the fair sex were left to the solitary enjoyment of home and its inferior accommodations. The Queen of Clubs was fortunately of a very domestic turn; she therefore was content to preside over her nursery and superintend preparations of pap, while her lord was far away enjoying himself in Old England. Escorted by the Earl of Shropshire, and followed by Mr. Silverton Candy, his majesty began his inspection of the clubs of the metropolis.

They entered a magnificent palace in St. James's Street, where the King of Clubs could not but feel at home.

"This is indeed," he exclaimed, "a truly royal abode; I have seen several of the residences of your nobility, but this, both in external and internal splendor, far outshines them all."

"This is the most celebrated establishment in England," replied the earl; "and here, with all due deference to your sacred majesty, reigns a King of Clubs, second only to yourself. This is a hell, and there sits the prince of darkness, Crockery by name, and originally a *Muscleman*: he is now at his desk, casting up his diabolical items."

"And who are his subjects? Are

these your young nobility, who lounge in his magnificent saloons?"

"Indeed," replied Mr. Silverton Candy, with a shrug, "his subscription list is not so select as we could wish it: here are nobles 'tis true, but their nobility would not render them welcome to him, were they not backed by a rent-roll. The balls on his coronet would never preserve a *poor* peer from being blackballed. The rich are always welcome here; yonder is an affluent professional,—there is the spendthrift, son of a once industrious wholesale dealer in bombazeens, and stretched on that gilded ottoman is a rich city merchant."

"A merchant! ought he not to be minding his ledger?"

"Ledger! no, no; legerdemain, sleight of hand—sevens the main,—hang the ledger! Young merchants now leave their day-books, attend to their night-books, and register debts of honor. The modern maxim is—'all work and no play will make Jack a dull boy.'"

"What a superb establishment! is it supported by annual subscriptions?"

"Nominally so; but the outgoings would very soon exceed the incomings were there no other resources. Crockery's cook is an *artiste* of the very first fame, and receives an income far beyond that enjoyed by the junior branches of most families. Oh, ye young cornets, and curates, and counsellors, when will your embryo talents realise such wealth!"

"Is the proprietor liberal?"

"Oh! vastly; gives the most perfect suppers, and the most exquisite wines."

"Gives them?"

"Yes, gives them; but after suppers play commences,—the *play*, the *play's* the thing' which remunerates the liberal host."

"Are any of his most noted *play-mates* now present?"

"Let me see: yes, there is a member of parliament, who, only last night, won from a young man all that he possessed: you see him to day all smiles and good humor, yet he knows that

the unfortunate youth must leave his country, and that his property must be sold. The debt of *honor* must be paid; and the right honorable winner is going down to his county, where he will be hailed by his constituents as a man of proper feeling and strict morality, because he will fine young clodpoles for playing chuck-farthing in a country churchyard; or send itinerant hucksters to jail, because in the depth of their booths, on the race course, may be discovered some unauthorised game of chance! Well done, thou supporter of Crockery!"

"Who is yonder gentleman?"

"Oh, the person so exquisitely dressed, so exactly the proper thing, from the primrose kid of his glove to the glossy jet of his moustache? That is the husband of one of the loveliest women in town."

"Happy man!"

"Oh very—that is, very happy in his own way no doubt. He has already dissipated most of his property, so that his fair wife's prospects are at best precarious: he is proud of having it said that he is the husband of a pretty woman, but leaves her to her own pursuits. He is to be seen here night after night, and seldom arrives at home till six in the morning."

The King of Clubs was of course in his element, and bestowed all due commendation on an establishment so highly creditable to its supporters, and so well calculated to improve the morals and the manners of the age.

From Crockery's his majesty proceeded to half a dozen other establishments in the neighborhood, where elderly gentlemen sit at large windows, hour after hour, discussing the demerits of pedestrians, and criticising coats and hats; or looking under bonnets, and praising "vastly fine women."

"This," said the earl, "is the Alma Mater Club, famous for port wine and portly personages. Here heads of houses and doctors and proctors enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*; and because they live together for three parts of the year at their

universities, and enjoy no female society, they have established this rendezvous that they may live together again during the short time they are in London, and see as little of the fair sex as ever."

"Dear me," said Mr. Candy, "the place has a very fusty smell—an odious odor of stale wigs! This is the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Club. Take an army list in one hand and a navy list in the other, and let us enter the messroom; it does one's heart good to look round it, and see the heroes, who have encountered perils and privations by land and by water, comfortably congregated together, enjoying the luxuries of Old England. This is the Castalian Club, specially established for literary men, and for the patrons of literature."

"Delightful!" said the King of Clubs, as he entered the saloon; "supported by talent and patronage! None of course are elected but persons of literary pursuits, either the readers or the writers of highly intellectual works."

"Oh dear me, no: it is, I believe, generally understood that the members of the Castalian Club *can* read and write; but *what* they read, and *what* they write does not much signify: they come here principally to read the newspapers, and write to country cousins. The latter by the by is an economical practice, as subscribers are allowed pens, ink, and paper, sand, wax, and wafers, paper-knives, seals, and blotting-books, without any extra charge. They have a tea party here once a week, during the sitting of parliament, the oddest looking thing in nature—a male tea party! I have often heard the tea-kettles singing as I have driven by to an assembly. Once I dropped in,—such a buzz of voices was never heard before—(that is, never at a *he* tea party!) There was a slight sprinkling of literati, and a slighter of rank: there was a full dressed poet or two, who had dropped in purposely to talk about "the first circles," and to mention *casually* that they were going to Almack's; and that really and

truly they never could by any possibility contrive to dine at the club, as the rank and fashion of London were boring them to death with invitations, and actually clambering over one another's backs to be the first to inveigle them into their houses."

"You are getting severe," said the King of Clubs.

"Not at all, such are too truly the littlenesses of great minds. Then there were professors of all sorts of *ologies*, in their morning costume, and shabby looking men talking over clever papers in the Quarterly, and elegantly dressed striplings just escaped from college, and just admitted members of the Castalian, lounging in one chair, with their legs in another, reading the last new fashionable novel written by the Countess of Carberry's lady's-maid."

"Of course the Literary Club possesses a splendid library?"

"No faith, very poor indeed. The members of the Club are entreated to present their works. But somehow or other the big wigs of literature turn a deaf ear to the entreaty, and it is only the scribblers, in a small way, who are liberal with presentation copies; *they*, you know, are glad of any opportunity of making themselves known."

The party now proceeded to the Omnium Gatherum Club.

"This," said the earl, "has one great recommendation for me; it is a medley. The members of all the other clubs are eligible for this also, and it strikes me, that a man may chance to be most amused and instructed at a place where the assembly is *not* entirely made up of persons whose profession and pursuits are exactly similar to his own. Were I an apothecary—"

"An apothecary!" cried Mr. Candy; "correct yourself, pray, the term is obsolete."

"Well, were I a *medical adviser*, I would avoid the united universal Pestle and Mortar Club, for in my hours of relaxation I should like a little variety."

"Did I hear you say that the term

apothecary is obsolete?" inquired his Majesty of Clubs.

"Oh, dear, yes, quite gone by: there are physicians, and surgeons, and medical advisers; but let the term apothecary slip out, and, like Lenitive in the Prize, your indignant attendant will, in a paroxysm of offended pride—"

"What—what will he do?"

"Send in his bill. But we really do want a new dictionary: we have no attorneys now; we have professional friends, and solicitors; cooks are professors of gastronomy; singers and dancers are *artistes*; and school-masters and mistresses are the heads of establishments and preparatory seminaries for young gentlemen and ladies."

The King of Clubs having made the tour of his dominions, returned to his chambers; and being out of hearing, I may venture a remark or two respecting the boasted advantages of these associations. Far more cheap, and far more commodious than hotels *used to be*, they assuredly are; and country curates, poor poets, and gentlemen who live on very small means, may now take a slice of the joint, with a quarter of a pint of sherry, for next to nothing at all; sitting, at the same time, with their feet on a Turkey carpet, lighted by ormolu chandeliers, surrounded by gold and marble, and waited upon by liveried domestics, with the additional glory of walking away, and "giving nothing to the waiter." Nay, the more dainty gentleman may order his *cotelette aux tomates* and his *omelette soufflée*, at a moderate expense. But, alas, the King of Clubs is anti-matrimonial, the dowagers know it, the governors acknowledge it, and the spinsters feel it most keenly.

Men, in most countries, owe what they possess of suavity of manners to their intercourse with female society. After the drudgery of a professional morning, young men used to brush themselves up for their evening flirtations; but now few feminine drawing-rooms can tempt them to leave their

luxurious palaces, where evening surtouts, and black neckcloths, and boots, may be freely indulged in. The wife takes her chop, and a half boiled potatoe at home, while her husband, who always has some excuse for dining at his club, is sure to enjoy everything, the best of its kind, and cooked *à merveille*. The unmarried ladies lack partners at balls; the beaux fall asleep after dinner on the downy cushions of the sofas at the Club, or vote it a bore to dress of an evening, when they are sure to meet pleasant fellows at the Alma Mater. As to the young gentlemen who reap the advantages of these cheap and gilded houses of accommodation, it may be questioned whether they are thus enabled hereafter properly to appreciate the comforts of a home, the decorations of the farm-house residence of a curate, or the plain cookery of the farmer's wife, who dresses his dinner without even *professing* to be a cook.

The King of Spades, also, went his rounds, accompanied by the most eminent architects and engineers of the day. He dug deeply into the secret histories of the foundations of our national buildings, saw through the disorders of the egg-shell school of architecture, kept clear of the tottering lath and plaster of some of the new buildings, acknowledging that if such materials *did* ever tumble down, it was a comfort to know that they were considerably lighter than stone and cast iron. He felt a great respect for such persons of rank as professed to be *supporters* of the drama, trusting that they would keep the ceilings of the theatres from tumbling into the pits. He spent great part of his time in the Thames Tunnel, and if he ever felt a doubt respecting the ultimate success of that undertaking, he did justice to the enterprise and skill of its projector, that illustrious mole, and sincerely wished that zeal and talent might ultimately be crowned with success. He took shares in many mining speculations, and, in many instances, lived to repent it; for he got into troubled waters, and sought for

his ore in vain. He attended agricultural meetings, and endeavored to comprehend that debatable query, the corn question; he argued the point, like other great people, as if he *did* understand it, and got into repute with the leading Chiropodists, or corn cutters, of the day. He went to Cheltenham, and became proprietor of an acre of ground, on which he dug a score of wells, and professed to find at the bottom of each of them, a spring of water sufficiently saline to pickle the constitutions of all valetudinarians. He was horticultural to a most praiseworthy extent, offering prizes to the ingenious young Meadows's who bring forth gigantic gooseberries, supernatural strawberries, and

miraculous melons. He went into the country, and endeavored to penetrate beyond the mere surface of things, listening to the speeches of county members, and dining diligently in warm weather with mayors, and people with *corporations*. He endeavored to detect the root of all evil, investigated the ramifications of radical reform, and exposed the ephemeral bulbous roots of speculation. Prejudice he found too deeply rooted to be dug up very easily, whilst the fashions and follies of the day seemed to him to lie so entirely on the surface of the soil, and to be so shortlived, that to throw away any manual labor in an attempt to eradicate them, would be absurd.

AN ARTIST'S FAME.—A FRAGMENT.

Painter. Let none call happy one whose
art's deep source
They know not—or what thorny paths he
trode

To reach its dazzling goal!

Marquis. What dost thou mean?

Painter. I'll seek a simile—Some gorgeous cloud

Of towers in wondrous majesty before ye—
It bathes its bosom in pure ether's flood,
Evening twines crowns of roses for its head,
And for its mantle weaves a fringe of gold;
Ye gaze on it admiring and enchanted—
Yet know not whence its airy structure
rose;

If it breathe incense from some holy altar,

Or earth-born vapors from the teeming soil,
When rain from heaven descends—if fiery
breath

Of battle, or the darkly rolling smoke
Of conflagration, thus its giant towers
Pile on the sky—ye care not, but enjoy
Its form and glory;—Thus it is with Art;
Whether 'twere born amid the sunny depths
Of a glad heart entranced in mutual love—
Or, likelier far, alas! the sorrowing child
Of restless anguish, and baptised in tears—
Or wrung from Genius even amid the throes
Of worse than death—Ye gaze and ye admire,

Nor pause to ask what it hath cost the heart
That gave it being!

GUY MANNERING.*

THE third volume of the beautiful reprint of the Waverley series is ushered in by an admirable introduction, referring to the hints on which the novel of Guy Mannering was originally founded, and pointing out the personages in active life who were, or who have been supposed the prototypes of some of its leading characters. After all that has been said and written on this latter topic, it is delightful to be let into the secret by the author himself, and to be made aware on how

slender a plausibility many people have been able to satisfy themselves regarding personal identities which had no ground-work save in their own teeming imaginations. Sir Walter Scott has also here let out—what indeed we ourselves never had any doubt of—that he has long been a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine; nor would it require a particularly discriminating eye to furnish out a list of his articles.

Sir Walter's account of the little

* The Waverley Novels; New Edition. Vol. III. Guy Mannering. Pp. 311. Edin. 1829.
3 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

incident which first suggested to him the rich and many-colored scenes of *Guy Mannering*, we cannot resist quoting.

"The novel or romance of *Waverley* (says Sir Walter) made its way to the public slowly, of course, at first; but afterwards with such accumulating popularity as to encourage the author to a second attempt. He looked about for a name and a subject; and the manner in which the novels are composed cannot be better illustrated than by reciting the simple narrative on which *Guy Mannering* was originally founded, but to which, in the progress of the work, the production ceased to bear any, even the most distant resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain dew over less potent liquors be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed. — A grave and elderly person, according to old John MacKinlay's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was benighted. With difficulty he found his way to a country-seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologised to him for a certain degree of confusion which must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father, for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such an emergency, the laird said, he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect. 'Not so, sir,' said the stranger; 'my wants are few and easily supplied; and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed of the exact minute of the birth; and I hope to be able to put you in possession of

some particulars which may influence in an important manner the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeful world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others who call themselves astrologers, for hire or reward; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest.' The laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions. The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him in the most solemn manner to cause the assistants to retard the birth, if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy. The astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast-table with looks so grave and ominous, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distinct branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room. 'I fear from your looks,' said the father, 'that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring.' 'Neither the one nor the other,' answered the stranger; 'unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and

in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover.' 'Your knowledge then can afford us no defence,' said the anxious father, 'against the threatened evil?' 'Pardon me,' answered the stranger, 'it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful: but He who made the heavens is more powerful than all; if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him to the utmost of your power from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of his twenty-first birth-day comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be otherwise'—The astrologer stopped and sighed deeply. 'Sir,' replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, 'your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests; but can you not aid me farther in this most important concern. Believe me, I will not be ungrateful.'

'I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action,' said the stranger; 'in especial for contributing all that lies in my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to.' He then gave his host his address, which was a country seat near a post town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell. The mysterious stranger departed; but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself. The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood, passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarene could not have been bred up with more rigor. All that was evil was withheld from his observation—he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice. But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character,

began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer, that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he showed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. 'He suffers,' continued the letter of the sage, 'from the awakening of those harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better, that they torment him by ungrateful cravings, than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence.' The dispositions of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind; and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die.

"The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destina-

tion till noon, on the day preceding his birth-day. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget, in some degree, what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend. The servants who came to take his horse told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure as well as gravity on his brow. 'Young man,' he said, 'wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?' 'I thought,' replied the guest, blushing and looking downward, 'that there was no harm in travelling slowly and satisfying my curiosity, provided I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge.' 'You were to blame,' replied the sage, 'in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite.' The old man led the way into a summer parlor, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sate down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely, that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to everything she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger, as she departed, a look of inexpressible anx-

iety and interest. The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions the astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies. At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands and feet, bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. 'Here,' said the astrologer, 'I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous.' His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, 'Dear child, at whose coming into the world I foresaw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!' The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the

sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female, when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colors; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was, therefore, deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness. As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the mortal senses of the victim, and the knot of the accursed sophistry became more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to pronounce the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. 'Say what you will,' was his answer to the Tempter; 'I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can ensure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and safety for my soul.' As he spoke, the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed, in the most glowing terms, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author, of the gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited; and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated struggle. The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him,

and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness."

The author then goes on to state that, in *Guy Mannering*, his original intention was to sketch out the character of a doomed individual, whose virtuous conduct and intentions were continually thwarted as by the intervention of a malevolent agency; yet who was at last destined to come off

victorious from the fearful struggle. It afterwards struck Sir Walter, however, that the science of astrology was now so generally discredited, that it was dangerous to draw so largely on the sympathies of the reading public, and what was originally the main-spring, he contrived to render subsidiary to the conduct and development of the other parts of his narrative.

HOW TO MAKE A PAPER.

SCENE—THE SANCTUM AT THE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE STRAND.

The Editor sitting with his hands in his breeches pockets, leaning back in his chair, and looking very earnestly at the ceiling. In about ten minutes he gets up and walks to the window, breathes hard upon the glass, and flourishes a capital R with his finger in the wet he has made. Looks at his watch, and rings the Printer's bell. Enter Printer.

Editor.—How much matter have you got, Mr. Pica?

Mr. P.—(after a pause.) Not more than two columns, sir.

Editor.—The deuce!—How many ads* can you muster to-day?

Mr. P.—Three columns and a half, sir, including quacks; but I must use "When men of education and professional skill," and the "Real blessing to mothers."

Editor.—Have you no standing matter?†

Mr. P.—Not a line, sir. I used the last of the standing matter yesterday, the account of the American Sea-serpent, which was left out full two months ago, to make room for the Fire in Fleet Street.

Editor.—(musing.) Very well: I'll touch your bell as soon as I have any copy ready.

Mr. P.—The men are all standing

still, sir, just now. If you have any matter which you intend to use a week hence, they may as well be going on with it.

Editor.—(Rummages among his papers.) Here—take this "Romantic Suicide." It will do for any day when you want half a column for the back page. [*Exit Mr. PICA; and a minute after, enter reading BOY, in a hurry.*]

Boy.—Copy—if you please, sir!

Editor.—I have just given Mr. Pica half a column.

Boy.—Oh—I beg your pardon, sir—I did not see Mr. Pica—I came from down stairs. [*Exit.*]

Editor.—(Puts his hands into his breeches pockets again, and begins to whistle a tune.) This will not do—I must write something—but what it is to be about, I know no more than the monument. (*Nibs his pen—settles his inkstand—and gets his paper ready.*) The parliament is up—the law courts have adjourned for the long vacation—the Opera House and the winter theatres have closed—and at the Haymarket and English Opera House, they have both brought out pieces which are having a run—nothing stirring—not even a case of decent oppression in a night constable—or of tyranny in a police magistrate. Whigs and To-

* i. e. Advertisements.

† i. e. Articles already composed, or in type, but not yet used; such as good jokes that will keep a week or two—murders in America—or curious discoveries in the East Indies; things that will read as well at Christmas as in the dogdays.

ries have shaken hands, and political delinquencies are too common to be either new or scandalous. The Editor of a daily paper may be aptly compared to a galley slave. When the winds roar, and the tempest is abroad, and the waves swell, his bark moves along swiftly; but when the calm comes, and the sky is serene, and the breeze is hushed, and the sea is smooth, it is then he must ply the oar, and tug, and pull, and toil to give the vessel motion. (*Takes his pen and writes furiously.*) That will do for one of those short leaders* about nothing—which look very much as if they alluded to something that could not be mentioned. (*Reads.*)

“There are certain rumors afloat—upon a delicate subject which has lately occasioned a great sensation in particular quarters. We are in possession of facts connected with this extraordinary affair, which we may perhaps feel ourselves at liberty to mention in a few days. Meanwhile, all we can say at present is, that disclosures must take place, however painful they may be to more than one distinguished individual. We shall only add, that the Duke of Wellington left Town yesterday in his travelling chariot with four horses for Windsor, after a private interview of nearly three hours with an ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE; and that it is reported his grace ordered summonses to be issued for a cabinet council this day, before his departure from London. We shall not lose sight of this

business.” (*Rings the Printer's bell—Mr. Pica enters.*) Make this the first leader, and you may as well put it in double leads.†

Mr. P.—Very well, sir. There's a long police case just come in, of a baronet's daughter taken up for shop-lifting; and an account of the bursting of a gasometer, which killed eleven men, three boys, and an old woman, who lived in a front garret over the way.

Editor.—Use them both; the shop-lifting under the head of “MYSTERIOUS CHARGE OF THEFT”—and the accident of the gasometer under that of “TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION! FIFTEEN LIVES LOST!”

Mr. P.—We shall do better with the ads than I expected. Robins has just sent a long list of his auctions, which he says must go in to-morrow; and Murray's clerk has left eight or ten good book ads, so I shall be able to make out a full page without using the quacks.‡

Editor.—So much the better. I abominate “Nervous complaints and debility,” or the “Patent bug destroyer by steam only,” side by side with “Thirty-five thousand pounds wanted,” “The daughter of a clergyman,” “To the nobility, gentry, and others,” and “Books published this day.” (*Exit Printer, laughing at the humorous vein of the Editor.*) Well!—One leader only won't do; I must write something else. No Paris Papers—no Dutch Mail—no Flanders Mail—no German Mail—no

* “Leaders” are those important articles in a paper, which are printed in large letters, and wherein the editorial we is supposed to utter oracles *de omnibus rebus*.

† “Double leads” is a technical phrase for a mode of printing which is employed only when an article is either supposed to be, or is wished to be supposed, super-important. The lines stand wide apart, and look like the bars of a gridiron; or as the finger-board of a piano forte would look, with all the white keys taken away.

‡ It is necessary to remark here, by way of explanation, that there are gradations of rank and respectability in advertisements; and that a high aristocratical feeling pervades their location in a well regulated paper. The *quack ads*, alluded to by Mr. Pica, are those benevolent offers of aid to the afflicted, which announce that “rheumatism and lumbago are effectually relieved by a new process;” that “the most excruciating toothach is allayed in one minute by an unrivalled anodyne cement;” that “gout is cured without medicine in a few hours,” and “blotched faces in no time at all;” that “red whiskers are changed in a single night to beautiful shades of brown or black;” that “the healthy functions of the stomach and intestinal canal are restored by an improved domestic instrument,” &c. &c. &c. These are never allowed to show their faces in the genteel company of the other advertisements, unless there happens to be a lack of gentility, but herded together in what is technically called the “back page” of the paper.

Mail from Buenos Ayres—no New York Papers! By the by, it will look like a piece of information to announce that there is nothing. (*Writes.*)

"We have seldom known a day so barren of intelligence of every description. There has not been a single arrival from the Continent, nor any ship, letters, or papers from the other side of the Atlantic. Whether this profound calm may be considered as the harbinger of a coming storm we know not: but when we remember the ominous complexion of the advices last received from the east of Europe, and the lowering aspect of affairs in general in the transatlantic hemisphere, it is not unreasonable to conclude that our next accounts from both quarters will be important. Our readers have not forgotten the opinions we expressed on Tuesday, and the comprehensive view we took on Wednesday, of the whole of our political relations. We are standing, as it were, upon the crater of a volcano, which may break forth every moment. The attitude of Russia is equivocal—the intentions of France are doubtful—Austria still wears her mask (though we are not deceived by it)—while the Peninsula becomes more and more embarrassing to the great powers of Europe. If we turn our eyes towards the United States of North America, what do we behold? Alas! this question needs no answer from us. And if we look at the new republics of South America, does not the same scene present itself? But we will not pursue the painful theme. A few hours, in all probability, will put us in possession of facts that will more than justify all our predictions." (*A knock at the door.*) Come in! (*DR. FROTH enters.*) Froth, how are you?

Dr. F.—Quite well, at your service, my friend.

Editor.—Thank you—but you may keep your health for yourself, and your service for your other friends—you shall not physic me.

Dr. F.—Ha! ha! ha! very good

—you are always brilliant—Any news to-day?

Editor.—Not a syllable, that I have heard. Have you any?

Dr. F.—(*looking grave.*) The king is very ill!

Editor.—Indeed!

Dr. F.—He is, by Jove! It won't do to mention it, because of the way in which it came to my ears; but you may depend upon it he is in a very ticklish situation just now.

Editor.—How do you mean? (*Dr. F. points to his head with a very significant look.*) Pooh! I don't believe a word of it! where did you hear it? (*Dr. F. looks round the room, and then whispers in the Editor's ear.*) That should be good authority, but—

Dr. F.—It is a fact, and you'll hear more about it before long. I met Mr. Peel on his way to Downing Street as I came here, and he appeared very agitated. He was walking uncommonly fast, though the day is so hot. But I'll not interrupt you any longer, for I know your time is precious—so good by. Do you happen to have the Haymarket card disengaged this evening? And if you could spare me your Vauxhall ticket for next Friday, I should be very much obliged to you. And, when you have no other use for it, I wish you would remember me for Matthews and Yates at the Adelphi. I have promised Mrs. Froth to take her; and she particularly desired me to ask you whether you have orders for any of the minor theatres? she does not care which—the Cobourg, or the Surrey, or Astley's—but she wants to give our cook a treat before the season is over.

Editor.—My Haymarket card is engaged this evening, I know; but the English Opera House is at liberty, if that will do.

Dr. F.—Thank you—I'll take it,—and perhaps you'll keep the Haymarket for me to-morrow evening? Can I have Vauxhall on Friday?

Editor.—Yes.

Dr. F.—You are a fine fellow.—

You'll not forget Mathews and the Minors.—Good by.

Editor.—No, no. (*Exit Dr. Froth.*)—D—n these tickets! I wish there were no such things. I never go myself—and it is half my business every day to remember to whom they are promised. (*Writes.*)

“There is a painful rumor in circulation this morning, in the highest quarters, upon a subject which is too delicate to mention more explicitly. We hope it may prove altogether unfounded, or at least much exaggerated; but the PECULIAR SOURCES from which we derive OUR information, justifies us in attaching more than ordinary weight to the distressing report. Should anything further transpire, after our paper is put to press, we shall not fail to communicate it to our readers in a second edition.”—(*Rings the Printer's bell.* MR. PICA *enters.*) Here are two more leaders, Mr. Pica. How does your *matter stand now*?*

MR. P.—I measured it just before you rung the bell, and I had about a column and a quarter open; but these leaders will make a third of a column.

Editor.—Rather more, I think. (*Exit MR. PICA.* As he goes out, enter MR. SNOOKS.) How do you do, Snooks?

MR. SNOOKS.—Fagged almost to death. What with the hot weather, and the hot water in which I am eternally kept in my theatre, I declare I feel myself getting quite ill.

Editor.—You don't look well.

MR. SNOOKS (*with a long face.*)—I am not well. It is too much for me, I do assure you. You have heard how Liston has served me; haven't you? You saw the paragraph in the Morning Post; didn't you? I will say it was a d—d shabby trick; wasn't it?

Editor.—Oh, he knows he is such a favorite with the public, that he can do as he likes.

MR. SNOOKS.—Yes; but, my dear sir, a manager's property, you know, is not to be made ducks and drakes of, because a popular actor thinks proper

to think he can take what liberties he chooses with the town.

Editor.—Certainly not.

MR. SNOOKS.—It is very hard upon me, you know, when I have made all my arrangements for the season, at an enormous expense, to be left in the lurch at the very moment when the theatre was beginning to pay itself, by a lucky hit; for I do call it a very lucky hit, the bringing out that new comedy with a character in it written expressly for Liston. Without him, it is nothing—absolutely nothing;—it is scandalous to think that there I am, stuck fast—and can't play it, because Mr. Liston, to whom I am paying thirty pounds a week, throws up his part in a huff. I do say 'tis scandalous—isn't it?

Editor.—It is too bad.

MR. SNOOKS.—Too bad! It is atrocious! For just observe—(*The Editor fidgets.*)—But I am taking up your time, else I could prove to you in one minute, that I am losing fifty pounds a night, at least, by not playing this new comedy. And I do say that's a cruel case—a very cruel case. Don't you think so?

Editor.—I do indeed.

MR. SNOOKS.—I wouldn't wish to ask you to do anything unpleasant to your own feelings—but if you have no objection to say a few words, just a little paragraph of half a dozen lines, treating the matter in your own way, it would really be doing me a service—for the public don't at all understand these things, and it is proper they *should* know how they are treated by those whom they patronise.

Editor.—The public, my dear Snooks, don't care a fig about your green-room feuds; and the less that is said about them the better. They look only to your bill, and the entertainment it promises. You'll never succeed in making them a party to your squabbles *behind* the curtain; and your best policy is to make them interested in what takes place *before* it.

MR. SNOOKS.—I dare say you are

* i. e. how much more do you want to fill the paper?

right ; but it is a shame notwithstanding. Do you think there would be any harm in calling public attention to the great efforts which I am really making, as you know, at my theatre ?

Editor.—How do you mean ?

Mr. Snooks.—Why—but stop,—as I am here, I may as well show you a few lines I wrote this morning myself. Just read that, and tell me what you think of it.

Editor.—(reads.) “We are too apt to complain that merit goes unrewarded in this country. For ourselves we believe that real merit is never neglected ; and if we merit a striking proof of our assertion, we need only refer to the crowded state of ——— theatre every night. Nor is this to be wondered at ; for the spirited and enterprising manager has collected such a host of talent in every department of the drama, that even the sultry weather does not deter the public from swelling the receipts of his treasury. We understand that hundreds are nightly disappointed unless they are there at the first opening of the doors. This is as it should be ; and while he thus continues to deserve public favor, we can promise him he will have it.” And you wish that this, or something like it, should appear ?

Mr. Snooks.—Exactly.

Editor.—Well, you can leave it with me. It certainly will not do in its present form, but, with a few alterations, it shall go in.

Mr. Snooks.—Thank you ; you are always very kind. After all, I think you are right about Liston. I have been turning it over in my mind, and I think you are right. But it is a hard case, though I can't help myself. Why, you never come near us—I wish you would look in now and then—there's my box at your service whenever you like—do come—I wish you would—will you come to-night ? well, some other night then—good day—I am very much obliged to you—good day. [Exit.

(*EDITOR alters Mr. Snooks' paragraph, and falls into a brown study, which lasts several minutes. It is*

interrupted by the entrance of the clerk, who brings him the card of a gentleman below stairs who wishes to speak with him for one minute. The clerk is ordered to show the gentleman up, and the Rev. JUDIAH FLINN enters.)

The Rev. Mr. Flinn.—Are you the editor of the ——— ?

Editor.—I am.

The Rev. Mr. F.—Then I have called upon you, sir, to request that you will contradict a most malicious and unfounded report of the death of my uncle, which appeared in your paper yesterday.

Editor.—With great pleasure, if it be unfounded ; but I can assure you there was nothing malicious in the statement. Who is your uncle ?

The Rev. Mr. F.—The Bishop of ———. There is a letter I received from him this morning, dated only yesterday ; and your paper says, he died suddenly at his episcopal place last Saturday. These false reports are not only most distressing to the friends and relations of an individual, but they are cruel disappointments to a numerous class of your readers. I have met three deans and one prebendary already, who have hurried up to town in consequence of the scandalous rumor.

Editor.—I am really very sorry ; but the fact is, the rumor did not originate with us : it was copied from another paper. However, I shall be most happy to give it a positive contradiction.

The Rev. Mr. F.—You may do so, as you see, by this letter, with perfect confidence. I can partly guess how the mistake originated. The Bishop of ———, who is upon a visit to my uncle, and who is in his eightieth year, actually lies at the point of death. His recovery is hopeless, I find ; but the blunder is the more awkward, because my uncle has long had the promise of being translated to the see of ———, if he outlived his friend.

Editor.—I shall not fail to set the matter right.

The Rev. Mr. F.—Sir, I am obliged to you. (*The Rev. Judiah Flinn*

puts his uncle's letter into his pocket and departs.)

Editor—(writes.) "We cannot sufficiently reprobate the manner in which some of our contemporaries give circulation to the most unfounded reports. We, yesterday, incautiously copied from another paper, a statement of the pretended death of the Bishop of ——. We have the best authority for asserting that this paragraph is wholly without foundation. We have seen a letter from the Right Reverend prelate, written four days after the date of his alleged decease, and at which period he was in the enjoyment of excellent health. We are happy in being thus enabled to dispel the gloom which the report of his lordship's death must have occasioned, wherever talents, piety, moral worth, private virtue, and public integrity are held dear. At any time, the loss of such a man as the Bishop of ——— would be severely felt; but at a moment like this, when the best interests of the church are in danger, it would be a national calamity. In the words of Shakspeare we are ready to exclaim—

———"He's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his country's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on 'em!"

"While, however, we heartily congratulate our readers upon this head, we deeply regret to add that the life

of the venerable Bishop of ——— is despaired of. He lies dangerously ill at the episcopal place of the Bishop of ———; and though he was alive when the last accounts came away, the severe nature of his malady at his very advanced age (for he is between eighty and ninety), forbids the most sanguine hope to calculate upon his recovery. He, too, is one of the pillars of the Church; and whenever it shall please Divine Providence to take him, this may be his epitaph:

"This bishop,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor. From his cradle

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.

He was most princely.

And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing
God." SHAKSPEARE.

Come—I shall do pretty well for leaders, after all, though there is nothing to write about. (*Rings Mr. Pica's bell.*) Here is more copy ready:—This is a leader—and this, a common *par* in l. p.†

Mr. Pica.—I have too much already, by at least half a column, and I don't know what to leave out.

Editor.—Half a column too much!—then you do not want any more from me.

Mr. P.—No, sir; I was thinking of keeping the "awful thunderstorm" till to-morrow, only it is a week old already.

Editor.—Never mind. We shall have some more thunder storms by

* A "common *par*" is a "common paragraph;" and "l. p." stands for that description of letter which is called *long primer*. Paragraphs, in a paper, have their places of precedence, and their select company, as well as advertisements. There is as much difference, in point of dignity and rank, between a l. p. *par* (or a paragraph in large letters), coming immediately after the leaders, and a scrubby *minion par* (or a paragraph in small letter), shoved anywhere, as between a minister's private secretary, and the private secretary's private clerk. Your l. p. *par* is a gentleman, and keeps good society. You will always find him in the midst of their excellencies the ambassadors, who have paid visits to the Foreign Office, or received despatches from their own governments; side by side with peers and west-end commoners, who have gone out of town, come into town, or given grand dinners; surrounded with princesses and other illustrious personages, who have taken an airing or paid a morning visit. But your *minion par* is a sneaking, shabby obscure little fellow, poked down in a corner by himself, or at best only permitted to associate with "melancholy accidents"—"daring robberies"—"more fires"—"extraordinary longevity,"—the puff particular of Warren's blacking, and the puffs universal of Colburn's authors. It is only when Parliament is sitting, or there is "a press of matter," that these distinctions are levelled in one common fate of *pars*, and even *leaders*. It is then only, that lords and ladies, M. P.'s and quack doctors, hops, crops, and concerts, fops, fiddlers, and philosophers, large turnips and theatrical stars, bishops and burglaries, are all equally the *minions* of the daily press, and distinguished only by their "station in the file."

to-morrow, in all probability; and then you can put them all together.

Mr. P.—Do you care about “the Grand Seigneur” and the “Flying Fish” going in to-day? Because if they are left out, I can make room for the “White Witch,” the “Persian Ambassador,” and “Waterloo Bridge.”

Editor.—Find a place for the “White Witch.” She has been standing for a long time; ever since Monday.

Mr. P.—So has “Waterloo Bridge,” sir.

Editor.—(with an arch look.) Yes; but that was intended to stand.

Mr. P.—(laughing as before.) I shall want two or three small *pars*, of about six lines each, to make out the columns, for none of the long articles will fit exactly.

Editor.—Wait a moment, and I'll give them to you. (*Writes.*)

“Mackerel are just now in season, and remarkably cheap. We are glad of it, for they furnish an economical and wholesome meal to the poorer classes, with a few potatoes.”

“The metropolis was visited by a violent storm last night. The rain fell in torrents. We have not heard whether it extended beyond the immediate vicinity of London.”

“If the hot weather continues much longer, there will be too much of it. The farmers are already crying out sadly for rain.”

“As a man was driving a pig yesterday down the Haymarket, the obstinate animal ran between the legs of an old woman who was carrying a heavy basket of cabbages on her

head, and threw her down. The poor old creature bruised her elbow shockingly. The pig ran off in the direction of St. James's Square. The writer of this saw the accident. What are the street-keepers about, to allow fellows thus to drive their pigs on the foot-pavement, in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis?”

“*Anecdote.*—An exquisite—that is, a tip-top dandy, was calling a coach the other day, opposite Southampton Street in the Strand. The delicate creature could not make his voice heard; when a rough Jack-tar, who happened to be passing by, hailed coaches in a voice like a speaking-trumpet. ‘Here,’ said Jack, looking unutterable things at the dandy—‘here’s something wants you.’”

“*A Legal Conundrum.*—When a ship of war has but an indifferent crew, and is ill provided with cannon, she is in want of the assistance of two learned counsel. Who are they? *Man-ning* and *Gun-ning.*—N. B. This is not one of Lord Norbury’s *lasts.*”

There are half a dozen *pars* for you. If you do not want them all to-day, use any of them that will fit, and keep the rest for another time.

(*Exit MR. PICA. The Editor puts away his letters and papers—locks up his writing-desk—washes his hands—adjusts his cravat—buttons his coat—puts on his hat and gloves—and sallies forth into Fleet Street or the Strand, to enjoy the fresh air, while Mr. Pica is using all necessary diligence to get the paper ready for publication.*)

[In a brief biographical sketch, in our last number, of Mr. Robert Montgomery, some extracts were given from his principal poems. As these were necessarily short and unconnected, we think the following entire poem from his pen will be acceptable to our readers.]

BEAUTIFUL INFLUENCES.

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

O FOR a summer noon, when light and breeze
Sport on the grass, like ripples o'er a lake
Alive with freshness! when the full round Sun,

With the Creator's smile upon his face,
Walks like a prince of glory through the path
Of Heaven!—Thou vast and ever-glorious sky,

Mantling the earth with thy majestic robe,
At such an hour, with what unsated eye
We look upon thee, till the soul is lost
In thine immensity, and we appear
O'erwhelm'd with mighty thought!

Say, care-worn man,
Whom Duty chains within the city walls,
Amid the toiling crowd, how grateful plays
The fresh wind o'er thy sickly brow, when
free

To tread the springy turf,—to hear the trees
Communing with the gales,—to catch the
voice

Of waters, gushing from their rocky womb,
And singing as they wander.—How sublime
Upon a time-blanch'd cliff to muse, and,
while

The eagle glories in a sea of air,
To mingle with the scene around!—Survey
The sun-warm heaven, and, at the dark-
some base

Of yon o'er-hanging rock, the ocean clad
With waves, all shining as they swell to
life,—

Spring-hours will come again, and feelings
rise

With dewy freshness o'er thy wither'd heart.

Nor is the scene, though unbeheld, forgot;
The eye is faithful to the heart, and when
Afar from some Arcadian haunt, we thread
The crowded city's unromantic streets,
The spot we love refreshing influence yields;
Beneath our feet a fairy pathway flows,
The grass still glitters in the summer breeze,
The dusky wood and distant copse appear,
And that lone stream, upon whose chequer'd
face

We mused, when noon-rays made the peb-
bles gleam,

Is mirror'd to the mind: though all around
Be rattling hoofs and roaring wheels, the
eye

Is wand'ring where the heart delights to
dwell.

Are there not hours of an immortal birth,
—Bright visitations from a purer sphere,
That cannot live in language? Is there not
A mood of glory, when the mind, attuned
To heaven, can out of dreams create her
worlds?—

Oh! none are so absorb'd, as not to feel
Sweet thoughts like music coming o'er the
mind:

When prayer, the purest incense of a soul,
Hath risen to the throne of heaven, the heart
Is mellow'd, and the shadows that becloud
Our state of darken'd being, glide away;
The Heavens are open'd! and the eye of
Faith

Looks in, and hath a fearful glimpse of God!

And, Genius!—undisputed gift of heaven,
From thee what feelings flow! the passions
own

Thy sway, and waken at thy quickening
power,

Like flowers expanding to the breath of
morn:—

Then bind his temples with a fadeless
wreath,

Give him the proudest seat, the princely
rank,

And all the deeper homage of the mind,
Who, like a God, among mankind is felt,
And, from the purest sunshine of his soul,
Sends forth the rays that glorify the world!

Who hath not felt the might of genius rise,
And stir his spirit to a storm of thought?—
Oh! I could kneel and worship at his feet,
Whose overwhelming lines of mind have
witch'd

My fancy, and unlock'd a thousand springs
Of feeling, that have never gush'd before;
So haughty is my joy, that I have blush'd
For all dark thoughts, and all demeaning
cares.

At such a mood, our solitude is fill'd
With bright creations, and Elysian scenes
Ope in a vision on the eye of thought.
Thus warm'd by genius, hie thee to the
haunts

—here Nature shows her blooming face:
how bright

The sun, how beautiful the liquid air,
What music from the streams, and from the
breeze

Around thee humming like a breath of joy!
A universal beauty clothes the world,
And one heart seems to beat for all mankind!
Till, full of glorious feeling, thou wouldst fain
Become an angel to adore thy God,—
A more than mortal to complete his praise.

And will not Mind a beauteous influence
yield?

Oh! glorious 'tis, amid some antique hall,
To worship all alone the pictured shapes
Bright with the hues of mind, where Genius
breathes

An atmosphere around, and where the eye
Feeds on the beauty of the painter's soul!—
Whether a landscape, whose ethereal lights,
Like gleams upon the water, glow o'er tree
And bower, and sky luxuriantly unroll'd,—
Or dream-like forms, or features bright'ning
forth

Like angels', woo th' impassion'd gaze—a
rich

Delight,—a harmony of feeling warms
The fancy, when again we greet the world;
The mind is filled with loveliness, which
joys

To throw enchantment over common scenes,
And make dull earth draw nearer heaven.—

Who hath not felt the magic of a voice,—
Its spirit haunt him in the romantic hours?
Who hath not heard from Melody's own lips
Sounds that become a music to his mind?
Music is heaven! and in the festive dome,
When throbs the lyre, as if instinct with life,
And some sweet mouth is full of song,—how
soon

A rapture flows from eye to eye, from heart

To heart—while floating from the past, the
forms
We love are re-created, and the smile
That lights the cheek is mirror'd on the
heart.

So beautiful the influence of sound;
There is a sweetness in the homely chime
Of village bells; I love to hear them roll
Upon the breeze; like voices from the
dead,

They seem to hail us from the viewless
world!

And yet, nor music, nor the painter's
mind
Upon his canvass breathed, imprints a charm
So deeply faithful as the piercing glance

Of young eyed Beauty.—Beauty!—she hath
been

The witching tyrant of the universe,
From her first blush in Eden's virgin bower;
Time cannot shake her throne, great Wis-
dom bows

Before her, warriors are her slaves, and half
A mighty world hath, worshiped at her
feet!

Her name is magic, and the mind is moved
Like air by music haunted, when her name
Runs through the ear, and reaches to the
heart!

Then cursed be he that with unhallow'd eye
Can look on Beauty, which is born of hea-
ven,

The boast of Nature, and the charm of souls.

A MODEST ODE TO FORTUNE.

“Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.”—HORACE.

O GODDESS FORTUNE, hear my prayer,
And make a bard for once thy care!
I do not ask, in houses splendid,
To be by liveried slaves attended;
I ask not for estates, nor land,
Nor host of vassals at command;
I ask not for a handsome wife—
Though I dislike a single life;
I ask not friends, nor fame, nor power,
Nor courtly rank, nor leisure's hour;
I ask not books, nor wine, nor plate,

Nor yet acquaintance with the great;
Nor dance, nor song, nor mirth, nor jest,
Nor treasures of the East or West;
I ask not beauty, wit, nor ease,
Nor qualities more blest than these—
Learning nor genius, skill nor art,
Nor valor for the hero's part;
These, though I much desire to have,
I do not, dearest goddess, crave:—
I modestly for money call—
For money will procure them all!

BOTANY.

It has been asserted that the study of botany is calculated to consume time without affording a sufficient recompense. That such is not the case is evident from its intimate connection with the sciences of dietetics, pharmacy, &c.; and surely whatever adds to our knowledge or to our pleasures, whatever has a tendency to call forth our better sentiments, or to elevate our minds to the contemplation of the Deity, through the medium of his works, is deserving the attention and study of mankind. No pursuit is more congenial to the human mind than the study of nature; and no one can pursue this most enchanting of all her walks—gaze upon the beauty and simplicity of the forms displayed—the delicacy and splendor of the colors—and feast upon the sweetness of the perfume, without feeling an awe and

admiration of the omnipotent source whence these pleasures are derived. The study of the vegetable kingdom leads the botanist to spots most richly decked with nature's bounties; to view “her stores unrolled, and converse with her charms.” To him the heath-clad moor, the lofty mountain, and the wild morass, are not the dreary barren wastes they seem to others. There, undisturbed but by the “fitting bird, or hum of insect sporting on the noon-tide air,” he finds food for contemplation, replete with entertainment and instruction. What is a more perfect emblem of purity than a mountain plant, whose flowers, blushing unseen and glistening with the morning dew, shiver in the breeze? And does it not forcibly impress upon our minds that the same hand which reared this lonely plant, destined, perhaps, to

perish unobserved, yet so perfect in all its parts, and evincing such consummate skill; that the same watchful power that hath been exerted for it, cannot be inattentive to man? Sentiments such as these, excited in the breast of Mungo Park by the sight of a humble flower in the middle of the desert, changed his melancholy forebodings respecting the fate awaiting him, into a cheering, pious dependence upon that all-powerful arm, which in the dreary waste, far from the abodes of men, had raised and protected, with a father's care, that lonely flower.

The endless variety, the diversity of form, and color, and structure, displayed in the vegetable kingdom, are evidently intended for the mind of man. Why should the gaudy tulip of the border be more splendid in its appearance than the humble *Thlaspi*, or shepherd's purse, of the road-side? Is it not that they should the more excite our attention, and "lead us from the works of nature up to nature's God?" It has been said that the study of botany affords pleasure but to puerile minds,—that "it is unworthy of the attention and pursuit of the philosopher and the sage, and that by them it has ever been despised and contemned. Lord Bacon says that the study of botany, and the pleasures to be found in the garden, "are the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man;" and, perhaps, it was among his shady walks, or in rambling over hills

and meadows, that he felt his mind purified from its grosser and more worldly affections; perhaps it was there he forgot that love of power and of place that made him, though "the greatest," yet "the meanest of mankind." Sir Isaac Newton was ardently attached to this pursuit. Pope was a celebrated gardener, and often in his letters to his friends mentions the delight he felt in the study of flowers; and Lord Peterborough, after all his victories in Spain, did not forget his rustic enjoyments. Addison says, "I look upon the pleasures which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights of human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before their fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind." Though all have not a garden to retire to, still they possess the fields; and in the words of Bigland, "the earth is but an immense garden, laid out and planted by the hand of the Deity; the lofty mountains and waving forests are its terraces and groves, fertile fields and flowery meadows form its beautiful parterres."

ON THE GENIUS OF WORDSWORTH.

The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts,
'Tis mine alone, within the forest shade,
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts.—*Hart-Leap Well.*

WORDSWORTH and Scott are the very antipodes of each other, in everything that relates to poetry. They stand as opposed in thought, subject, and execution, as the rocks of Calpe to the shores of Spain. The one puts forth his whole strength in physical, the

other in metaphysical delineations. Scott possesses a mind of great capacity, variety, and extent,—so does Wordsworth; but the area of their thoughts is stocked with very different materials. Both are poets; but they bring into the field very different pow-

ers to support their pretensions to celebrity. The one is an antiquary, and the other a metaphysician; the one makes his heroes inhabitants of a particular age and country,—the other pictures them out as individuals of a species. The one endeavors to build his verse on the universal principles of mind—on the moving power, and the motive—on the operation, and not on the effect. The other portrays to us the material beauty of objects, and the active energies of the mind; dazzles us by an endless concatenation of moving incidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field; and makes the heroes of history, chivalry, and romance, burst the carments of the tomb, and repass in glory and magnificence, like the phantoms of Banquo's mirror, in the eyes of the world.

It was obvious, therefore, at first sight, that Scott was to be the poet of popularity, and that the lucubrations of Wordsworth were to be confined to partisanship. If ever there was a time when a metaphysical poet had a chance of being attended to, it was the present. The grand political drama, unequalled since the days of Grecian and Roman enterprise, which has been so long exhibiting, and which has been but so recently brought to a termination; aided by the general diffusion of education, and the consequent produce of knowledge, roused mankind from their lethargy, and taught them to rest no more in quiet expectation; but to exert their energies, and to trace the effects of things to their causes. Moreover, Great Britain, more than any other country, has been remarkable for that speculative cast; for that grave, and serious, and manly deportment; for that energetic and untired perseverance, which is favorable to habits of inquiry, and is not easily startled at difficulties. The airy, the flimsy, the specious, and the fanciful, from novelty, or some other transient cause, have indeed been sometimes brought into the foreground, to the exclusion of less gaudy, but more solid materials; yet desert, in a more matured state of public taste, is always

sure to be crowned with success, while the tide of oblivion ultimately hurries away the worthless

“Down,—down, a thousand fathoms deep.”

Wordsworth has been popularly thought the apostle of childishness and simplicity. This may originate in one or other of two causes, or from both conjunctly. In the first place, it may be owing to the faults of the poet himself; and we will for a moment consider the grounds on which such an accusation may be founded. Were it asked what was the object of poetry, we would answer, throwing utility out of the question, that it is to impart pleasurable sensations. If so, can this be best accomplished by coinciding with, or running counter to, received laws and popular opinion; by erecting an imaginary standard of perfection; or by exhibiting the world as it is, and not as it might be?—Was man made to be the friend and associate of men, as being alone his equals, and the lords of creation; or, with the mountains and the natural world, as being soulless, inanimate, and unconscious of moral agency?—If we must pay obeisance to the beauty and magnificence of the material creation, is it consonant with truth that we must love nature less, in order that we may love man the more? Are wealth, and power, and honor (though they have no skill in surgery), and ambition, and the love of praise, possessions and passions which are inimical to purity, or utterly worthless in themselves? Whether are peasants or warriors, the noble or the ignoble, the lofty or the low, the passionless or the impassioned, the best subjects for the muse? Whether are pedlars or professors most likely to be acquainted with philosophy? We shall not attempt to make responses to such interrogations; it is sufficient that we know what Mr. Wordsworth would, and what the public would not say.

In the second place, the fault may lie not with the poet, but with his readers. It is remarkable that Wordsworth has been relished most by those

who possess, in some measure, the poetical temperament themselves; and, that to nine-tenths of the reading public, his works have been "a dead letter." Most of his contemporary brethren of the lyre have given in their suffrages in admiration of his genius; and, if this be fame, Wordsworth undoubtedly enjoys it; but it remains to be proved that poets are the best judges of poetry; and whether the eulogium that one bestows on another be equivalent to the award of posterity, or to the voice of the world. Much has been said adverse to, and something might be said in defence of, the principles of Wordsworth's poetry. Since it yields delight to the contemplative mind, and not to the men of social and busy habits, we must find the solution of the problem in its being philosophical, and not narrative.—Men of the world smile at simplicity of heart and purity of motive, not because such are contemptible in themselves, but because they are accustomed to meet with hypocrisy, and double dealing, and deceit, in the world and its intercourse. They think Wordsworth's personages mere novices in the drama of life, because they will not stoop to gain an advantage,—because they go straight forward to their purpose, and because they take every body at their word. They are inclined to be incredulous when a picture of true love,—of pure and unbiassed affection, is presented to them; and think that all the world are like themselves; who could ask, on hearing of the marriage of a friend, not "to whom," but to "how much." How forcibly are we reminded of the remark of Rousseau, that if we lean towards laughing at the romantic notions of chivalry, it is owing not so much to their extravagance, as to our own corruption of manners!

Wordsworth has no great reason to complain of the want of popularity;—that he has not been a general favorite is true, and that he can never be one is equally to be feared, from the very principles on which he has been pleased to construct his poetry.

5 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

According to scripture testimony, the sixth day of the world beheld the creation of man, male and female, and, after six thousand years of experience, it must be confessed that we still remain man, male and female; so far we agree with Wordsworth; but have we made no progress in art, science, or civilization? Have we been standing stock still, like the Egyptian pyramids; or have we been moving like the sun in a circle, performing a stated course, and then returning to whence we rose? Have our ancestors, of all ages and nations, been cyphers in the march of existence; have the mighty and the merciful, the wise and the good, all lived, and toiled, and died in vain? Has Shakspeare flashed the lightnings of his genius into the penetralia of the human soul; has Newton explained to us the mechanical laws of the universe, and neither left us a jot the wiser? Justice disclaims, and truth spurns at the conclusion. Society, in its progress, has modified and altered the institutions of things, and taught the weak to be subject to the strong. Mankind are, and always have been since the race multiplied, an ambitious, turbulent, dissatisfied, and dangerous mass, boiling and bustling in the turmoil of passion. In Wordsworth there is a still small voice heard in the solitude of nature; man driven forth from paradise, and condemned to wander in a lovely world; innocent, yet God-forsaken; and unfortunate, though as pure as the snow on the summit of the mountains. The patriarchal days have long since vanished like a vision, yet the landscapes and personages of Wordsworth breathe forth the air, and speak the language, of pastoral innocence and simplicity. His feelings are in the right; but his judgment, for the most part, unequivocally in the wrong. Godwin, the high priest of the visionary tribe in prose, has denominated the most popular of his novels, "Caleb Williams, or Things as They Are;" and Wordsworth, if he were not such an enemy to antithesis, might have entitled his

great work, with infinite propriety, "The Recluse, or Things as They Are Not."

Nothing can be more idle and absurd than the attempt to reduce poetry to a system. It is the most ethereal of all essences; it is of all things the farthest removed from matter. It cannot be shaven with the scythe, or squared by the plummet. It is elastic, and will not allow us to take its height or its depth, its length or its breadth. Whatever men may say, however philosophers may speculate, whatever may be the rules laid down, or the example followed, it is the invariable result, that we judge of the excellence of a production exactly from the effect it leaves behind. Genius is the lever, the moving power; give it but a spot to stand upon, and it will perform the promise of Archimedes, and move the world. Correctness, without this internal impulse, is like a dead calm at sea, fair to look upon, but hateful to the impatient mariner; it is like the lifeless body, possessing all the lineaments of external beauty, but deprived of the soul that lent it grace, and harmony, and motion. Wordsworth has endeavored to construct from his lyrical effusions a kind of intellectual paradise; he has divided the waves of his imagination; he has portioned out his feelings into sections, without considering that the most simple of our actions is combined with associations from the past, and regard for the future. It is as futile as the scheme of Joanna Baillie in allotting to every play an individual passion. On the same principle, and indeed with some show of propriety, Shakspere might have denominated *Romeo and Juliet*, Love; or *Macbeth*, Ambition; or *Othello*, Jealousy; but what was he to make of *Hamlet*, or *Cymbeline*, of *Lear*, or the *Tempest*? They could be considered as nothing else than beautiful nondescripts.

Wordsworth has made a sacrifice of his genius on the shrine of obstinate perseverance. He has been the greatest of any among the benefactors of modern poetry, at the expense of

what, to a poet, is the most invaluable of his possessions, his own fame. At the burning altar of the Greek tragedians, and the early English dramatists, he lighted the torch of his inspiration; but the labyrinths to which he directed his steps were unexplored, and dark, and "silent since the birth of time." If he had found a pathway, it would have been more to be wondered at than that he has bewildered himself. He has not left a clue behind by which he can retrace his footsteps; or, if he has, he seems determined not to avail himself of its aid; he would probably exclaim with the Roman, "it is too late;" while that internal splendor, which alone others have wanted to raise them into eminence, has been thrown away on wild themes or worthless objects, sung to inattentive ears, or only "wasted on the desert air."

Wordsworth has realized, in his private life, all the fictions of the golden age. Secluded from the scenes of busy life, he has kept the "even tenor of his way," surrounded by the endearments of domestic bliss, and devoting his hours to study and to serene contemplation. Such a life is worthy a poet and a philosopher; and that Wordsworth has a thousand times blessed the wisdom of his early choice, we have every reason to believe; yet, however captious, however paradoxical it may appear, we have no hesitation in saying that this very choice, and this very course of life, have been detrimental to his reputation. The glowing mind of a poet looks on nature and man, not with that cold and calculating indifference which are characteristic of the lawgiver, the politician, or the historian,—he gazes on them not through the spectacles of truth, but with the eye of affectionate partiality. His thoughts wander from himself; he becomes a portion of that around him; he pours forth his whole heart, and soul, and spirit, at the shrines of beauty and sublimity. His imagination is more comprehensive; his associations are deeper, and have firmer root in the heart, than those of

other men. He is a philanthropist, because man is his brother, and a part of the universe that he admires. He is an egotist, because his happiness depends on the employment of his faculties and endowments; and because his resources centre in himself. From this acuteness of feeling in the temperament of genius, many occurrences, which, to a common mind, would appear trivial and unworthy of regard, make an impression, and kindle associations, too deep for words to embody and unbosom. This is the case with Wordsworth, and "there hath been his bane." Secluded, in a great measure, from society, his very mind has incorporated with the landscape around him; and if he looks on man, it is with an utter disregard of all established order; with an utter neglect of the gradations of civilized life; with an utter defiance of all custom. He pays no regard to the pas-

sions or the prejudices of society; he lends a deaf ear to the voice of the world; he is either a child in the drama of life, or he despises to conform to its rules.

Wordsworth's great merit lies in his being a reformer of our national literature; in his again directing our eyes to the majesty of nature; in his having weaned our affections from the artificial rules of French criticism, and led us back to the "pure well of English undefiled." Next to the Holy Scriptures themselves, his writings exhibit a singleness of aim, and a simplicity of thought, which we would in vain look for elsewhere; and after perusing a fashionable work of the day, filled with the vices and petty artifices of society, we turn to the pages and pictures of Wordsworth, "like a captive long in city pent," to the lakes and to the mountains, to the days of primitive bliss and patriarchal simplicity.

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

E vos, amigas!
Cercay-me em roda todas, e podendo,
Defendey-me da morte que me busca!—FERREIRA:

O SUNSHINE and fair Earth!
Sweet is your kindly mirth.
Angel of Death! yet, yet awhile delay!
Too sad it is to part,
Thus in my spring of heart,
With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf
Touches no chord of grief,
No dark word in the rose's bosom lies;
Not one triumphal tone,
One hue of hope, is gone
From song or bloom beneath the summer skies.

Call me not hence away,
Death, Death! ere yet decay
Over the golden hours one shade hath thrown;
The poesy that dwells
Deep in green woods and dells,
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death!
Not for the vernal breath
Of winds, that shake forth music from the trees;
Not for the splendor given
To Night's dark regal heaven,
Spoiler! I ask thee not reprieve for these.

But for the happy love
Whose light, where'er I rove,
Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
Shedding on branch and flower
A rainbow-tinted shower
Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile!

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come!
Too beautiful is home,
A home of gentle voices and kind eyes!
And I the loved of all,
On whom fond blessings fall
From every lip—oh! wilt thou rend such ties?

Sweet Sisters! weave a chain
My spirit to detain;
Hold me to earth with strong affection back!
Bind me with mighty love
Unto the stream, the grove,
Our daily paths—our life's familiar track!

Stay with me—gird me round!
Your voices bear a sound
Of hope—a light comes with you and departs:
Hush my soul's boding knell
That murmurs of farewell!
How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts?

Death! Grave! and are there those
That woo your dark repose
Midst the rich beauty of the glowing earth?
Surely about them lies
No world of loving eyes—
Leave me, oh! leave me unto home and hearth!

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

WEDDING DRESS.

A round dress of Brussels lace over a slip of white *gros de Tours*; the body of the slip is cut low and square; the *corsage* of the dress is made up to the throat and fastens behind; it sets close to the shape round the upper part of the bust, but has a little fullness at the bottom of the waist. Long sleeves à l'*Imbécille* over the *manche à la bérêt* of the slip. A *biais* of white lace, finished at the upper edge by a white satin *rouleau*, goes round the skirt, and is surmounted by an embroidery of uncommon depth and beauty. A Turkish pelisse of white satin is worn over the lace dress; it is open in front, and the *corsage* open before and behind falls over the bust in a deep fold, which is divided on the shoulder; a satin *rouleau* edges the front and *corsage* of the pelisse; the bottom of which has no

other trimming than an *ourlet* of uncommon breadth. The hair is arranged in front in the Madona style, and disposed in full bows on the crown of the head. Head-dress, a garland of flowers (orange) and a Brussels lace veil; pearl necklace, from which is suspended a diamond cross; diamond earrings; gold bracelets, à la *Grecque*, with diamond clasps; white satin slippers laced in the sandal style; white kid gloves.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A gown of sea-green *gros d'été*; the *corsage* made up to the throat, and ornamented *en cœur* with folds which turn over *en schall*; they are edged with narrow scalloped trimming. These folds are arranged on the back and front, so as to form a complete heart; and being open on the shoulder, they form an epaulette. Long sleeve,

extremely full, but not falling over the hand, terminated by a very novel and original cuff, called *à la Dauphine*. We must refer our fair readers to our print for the shape of this cuff. The fulness of the skirt is more than usually thrown behind; the plaits at the sides being shallow, and not coming so forward as usual. The trimming consists of a Grecian border, formed by a *rouleau* of satin edged with a scalloped *volant*: this is surmounted by two *rouleaux* laid close together. *Collarette*, a double quilling of blond lace, put on so as partially to display the throat. Bonnet-cap of the demi-

eornette shape; the border is of blond lace and very full. *Chapeau demi-capôte* of Leghorn, ornamented under the brim on each side, with *nœuds* of lilac and white striped riband, intermingled with blond lace. The crown is trimmed with *nœuds* of gauze riband and white ostrich feathers, the latter falling in different directions. Gold ear-rings, and massive gold necklace, to which is suspended a gold enamelled *flacon* of the antique form; lemon-colored kid gloves, embroidered in colored silks: *botlines of jeune vapeur gros des Indes*.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the harvest of reflection home."

HOGARTH.

THE character of William Hogarth as a man is to be sought for in his conduct, and in the opinions of his more dispassionate contemporaries; his character as an artist is to be gathered from numerous works, at once original and unrivalled. His fame has flown far and wide; his skill as an engraver spread his reputation as a painter; and all who love the dramatic representation of actual life—all who have hearts to be gladdened by humor—all who are pleased with judicious and well-directed satire—all who are charmed with the ludicrous looks of popular folly—and all who can be moved with the pathos of human suffering—are admirers of Hogarth. That his works are unlike those of other men, is his merit, not his fault. He belonged to no school of art; he was the produce of no academy; no man living or dead had any share in forming his mind, or in rendering his hand skilful. He was the spontaneous offspring of the graphic spirit of his country, as native to the heart of England as independence is, and he may be fairly called, in his own walk, the first-born of her spirit. He painted life as he saw it. He gives no visions

of by-gone things—no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day—with the folly or the sin of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time. The morality of Hogarth has been questioned; and indeed the like has befallen Crabbe, We may smile as we look at his works, and we may laugh—all this is true;—the victims whom Hogarth conducts pass through many varied scenes of folly, and commit many absurdities; but the spectacle saddens as we move along, and if we commence in mirth, we are overwhelmed with sorrow at last. His object was to insinuate the excellence of virtue by proving the hideousness of vice;—and if he has failed, who has succeeded? As to other charges, preferred by the malice of his contemporaries, time and fame have united in disproving them. He has been accused of want of knowledge in the human form, and of grace and serenity of expression. There is some truth in this, perhaps; but the peculiar character of his pictures required mental vigor rather than ex-

ternal beauty, and the serene Madonna-like loveliness could not find a place among the follies and frivolities of the passing scene. He saw a way of his own to fame, and followed it; he scorned all imitation, and by word and works recommended nature for an example and a mistress in art.

NEW BATH.

A new shower-bath, so contrived as to throw the water equally upon every part of the body, with any degree of force required, is much spoken of in Paris, where it is said to have wrought cures, in cases of debility, almost approaching to miracles.

USE OF PUBLICLY ENDOWED SEMINARIES OF LEARNING.

A man without the aid of endowments will gain a livelihood by teaching anything that is of obvious application either to an art or calling, which is gainful. But for all that is arduous and sublime in mathematics,—for the methods of higher callings, the uses of which lie far remote, or are wholly invisible to the general understanding,—for those lofty devices and inventions of analysis, by which we hope to accomplish solutions hitherto impracticable, or to unravel mysteries in nature which have yet eluded the keenest search of philosophy; for all these, we contend, there is no such public request as would foster the growth and production of them to the extent that is at all desirable. There have been thousands in our land, the enamored votaries of science, who never would have felt the generous inspiration, had it not been evoked by the eloquence and the demonstrations from an academic chair, attended by them not of free will, but in conformity to statutes. The latent spark that was in them would have still remained in its dormancy, had it not been for the kindred touch which developed it. Philosophy at length became the mistress of their affections, but not till they were made to see her engaging mien, and to hear the music of her voice. It was a good thing to have

conducted them, even though as it were by the hand of violence, along the way of her fascinations.

PROFIT ON THE NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Estimating the number of copies sold, of the new edition of the "Waverley Novels," at twelve thousand, and the profit on each copy at 2s., calculations, in either case, by no means extravagant, the profit on the whole edition (40 volumes) will amount to little short of 100,000*l*. Such a sum, it is supposed, will relieve the worthy author from all his embarrassments. The pockets of a few booksellers, who may happen to have a stock of the old editions on their shelves, may perhaps suffer somewhat by the new publication: but the world at large will be the gainers; and the fraternity of publishers, we fear, will obtain but little sympathy; none, certainly, from those who partake the sentiment which dictated to Mr. Campbell, or somebody else, the naming of Bonaparte for a toast as a friend to literature, for having caused a bookseller to be put to death.

WOODEN WATCH.

A watchmaker at Memmingen lately announced in the *Courrier Commercial de Dantzick*, that he had just finished a watch of his invention, at which he had worked for thirteen consecutive years. It is made of wood, and not the smallest quantity of metal was used in its composition. The watch, it appears, only requires to be wound up once in three months; and when it is necessary to do so, it makes a report as loud as that of a twelve pounder. The inventor, M. Pippen, will give a twenty years' warranty, and the price he asks for it is 6000 ducats. He states that the Grand Duke of Hesse offered him 5000 ducats for it, which he refused.

CHANTREY AND CANOVA.

Accident is a necessary ingredient in the determination of man's destiny. Chantrey's mother had designed

him for the legal profession, and with that view sent him to a school at Sheffield. It chanced, however, that on his way to it his attention was attracted by the figures set up in the window of one Ramsay, a carver and gilder. This circumstance determined the character of the youth's future pursuits; and the mind which might have bewildered itself among the subtleties of Justinian and Coke, was directed by Ramsay in the track of its natural powers and impulse.—An accident was equally subservient to the determination of Canova's career. His native village of Possagno was a feudal appendage of the Falieri family. At a banquet given by the elder member of that family, when Canova had scarcely attained his twelfth year, he modelled the figure of a lion in butter with a spirit and fidelity which excited general admiration; and the humble rustic modeller was immediately adopted as a *protégé* of the Falierii, and sent to acquire the mechanical principles of the plastic art under the tuition of a sculptor at Bassano. The earliest successful effort of his chisel was an Eurydice in white marble, which he produced in his seventeenth year. We have seen that his first attempt was a lion; the same animal, wrought for the great monument which records the consummation of Swiss independence, was the closing achievement of his chaste and splendid genius.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

It is stated in a recent French paper, that during the last eight months not fewer than twenty political and literary journals have been started in the French provinces.

TEST OF PHILOSOPHY.

If you wish to know whether any body is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you. Diogenes Laertius tells us a story of his great namesake, that being once requested by a certain young gentleman to teach him philosophy, he gave him a piece of cheese

to carry; upon which the other immediately declined to receive his instructions.

UNASSISTED TALENT.

Of the various subjects for contemplation which human nature presents, certainly the most interesting and affecting beyond all comparison, are the successful efforts of unassisted talent to liberate itself from the thralldom of circumstances. What brighter spectacle, indeed, can be imagined than the human spirit breaking forth from mists and clouds that obscure it, dissipating by the vivid splendor of its rays the vapors that surround it, and shining forth after its struggle, all glorious in itself, a light to the world! We bury the roots of a chosen plant in a congenial soil; to favor and secure its sprouting, we enrich with new and invigorating matter the mould that covers it, and from which its fibres are to draw their sustenance and strength; we tend it with care in its growth, we prune its super-luxuri-ances, we train its branches, and are thankful and still admire, if in due season it thrive and blossom to our expectation: but how far more are curiosity, interest, and wonder excited, when we find that the rude-looking unprized and neglected bulb has germinated in some obscure corner; that without nourishment or culture, supported only by the scanty moisture which accidentally lay near, and which its roots have sought and spontaneously thrust themselves into as they grew, it has burst forth an elegant and lovely flower, by the simple means of the fervid force of life which it contained within itself.—And is not a theme for wonder still more exciting to be found in the history of human talent springing into life and exercise by its own internal force?

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT IN IRELAND.

We have received the prospectus of "the Oracle of Tralee," a periodical to be published in weekly Nos. The announcement states that it will contain, amongst other matter, "a week-

ly wreath of original poems on the most home subjects, with accounts of bull and cock fights," &c.; and concludes by expressing the hope, "that its purely original and very substantial merit will be its only and best recommendation!"

GIPSIES.

It may appear incredible to those who have not thought upon the subject, that, upon the lowest calculation, there are at present wandering about the united kingdom no less than 12,000.

ON THE ADULTERATION OF WHEAT FLOUR.

The following is the result of some extensive analyses performed by M. Henri:—"Many varieties of flour have been submitted to us to ascertain the presence of potato starch in them. By the aid of a good lens it was easy to see certain brilliant and crystalline points in them; but not being in this way able to ascertain the proportion mixed with the wheat, we thought it would be better to determine the quantity of gluten in them, and compare it with the quantity obtained from wheat flour prepared under our own inspection. Thirty specimens of flour, from the harvests of 1827 and 1828, were therefore examined, and the gluten separated; and without taking any note of the other principles present, we found that upon a mean they gave 10.25 per cent. of gluten, perfectly dry and pulverised; whilst the flour, supposed to be adulterated, gave only from 6 to 6.5 per cent. of gluten in the same state. Hence, it will be easy by an operation of this kind to tell whether a flour has been adulterated or not."

FRENCH JOURNALS.

It is stated in a letter from Paris, that of the proprietors of seventeen political journals published in that city, at least one-third are noblemen or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a duke, a count, and a baron. To be

a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

INTERESTING TO FLORISTS.

The carnation fancier will be glad to hear of an effectual preventive against the fly, which has hitherto proved so injurious to this beautiful flower:—Take some black pepper, ground very fine, and dredge it lightly over the leaves and stalk whilst the dew is on the plant.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. WHITTAKER & Co. are, we understand, making arrangements for the regular publication of three Series of Popular Histories, under the respective titles of the Cabinets of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political History. The co-operation of very distinguished writers has been either promised or procured; and the collection bids fair to be a valuable addition to our national literature.

Early in next season will appear the History of the Arab Domination in Spain, by William Fraser, Esq. The work is already in great forwardness, and is expected to make about two octavo volumes.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge is, we learn, postponed till next season. From a copy in our possession, we can speak highly of it, appear when it may.

A collection of Spanish and Portuguese Airs, by the most esteemed Composers of those Countries, is announced for publication by subscription. It is to be called Peninsular Melodies; the poetry principally by Mrs. Hemans, and selected and compiled by George Lloyd Hodges, Esq.

There is preparing for publication, Tales of an Indian Camp, by J. A. Jones, Esq., who long resided among the Indian tribes of North America.

Tales of my Time, by the deservedly popular authoress of "Blue-Stocking Hall," are very nearly ready for publication.

A work, that particularly recommends itself to the military reader, under the attractive title of Stories of Waterloo, may be very shortly expected.

Mrs. Heber is occupied in arranging the Correspondence of the late Bishop of Calcutta for publication, interspersed with memoirs of his life.

The author of "Reginald Trevor" has a new Novel in the press, entitled "Lawrence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales."

An Embellished Chart of General History and Chronology, in a Concise and Perspicuous Form, and upon an improved Plan, adapted to all Capacities, by F. H. Lightfoot, is in preparation.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 2.

ON SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A POET.

Oh, Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child ;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the fountain and the flood,
Land of my sires !—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

We cannot contemplate the world in a more imposing and magnificent aspect than with regard to the origin and progress of empires ; nor in a light of more impressive solemnity than in that of their decline and total annihilation. When we turn back to the years and the ages of antiquity, hallowed by distance, and silvered over by time ; when we revert to the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medes, and the Persians—when we reflect how they arose, and shone, and triumphed—how they flourished, and how they declined—what they once were, and what they now are—sage in council, and mighty in the field—subduing others by their temperance and zeal, then subduing themselves by their luxury and relaxation ;—when we contemplate these, we are struck first with admiration, and then with pity ; we behold the gigantic efforts of man, and the overthrow of his most daring schemes and most enterprising institutions.

Time—to use the emphatical words of Byron—is the beautifier of the dead. Of the past we are calm and unimpassioned spectators ; we pierce through the mists of prejudice with the microscope of truth. History is enrobed by distance in her most splendid hues ; it obscures and levels all insignificant objects, and leaves only the most pow-

erful and prominent outlines. It veils over the trivial necessities—the passing occurrences—the long and uninviting chain of every-day vicissitudes—and bequeathes us only the eloquence of the senate, or the heroism of the field—the sapient councils of the good, or the daring projects of the mighty. It is far otherwise with what we behold performing around us and before us. It is difficult to bring the diverging rays into a focus ; it is difficult to ascend above the prejudices of mortal men, and look down upon the reality of human pursuits ; we are not allowed to leap at once to the results ; we must trace operations through long and tedious details ; we are forced to hear the indiscriminating praises of friendship and the undermining harangues of the scoffer. We cannot hang over the lay of the poet, without being possessed with the alloying idea that the bard is a human being, subject to the same necessities and the same frailties as other men ; and that the oil of the midnight lamp has been wasted in the production of the beauties we admire. We cannot listen to the triumphant shouts of humanity, before we have unravelled the continuous and mazy clue by which error has been detected and crime punished. We cannot crown the conqueror with laurel without being aware that his

success is only the result of, perhaps, a single day, after long months or years of contention and difficulties ; of nights spent on the cold ground, with the grass for a pallet and the sky for a covering ; and of days in which he might well have said, "I have no pleasure in them."

If the recollections of the things that are past—if the memory of our own past lives be a source of pensive enjoyment, even though we are aware that we were then as subject to painful sensations of body and mind as we are now ; it is not to be wondered at that the days of remote antiquity should be sanctified in our eyes, since we first perused the relation of them with delight, and as they thus possess the advantages of a double association. The interest of historical narrative is, moreover, incalculably enhanced, when we descend to more recent eras, and to countries with the localities and topography of which we are personally conversant. Scott possesses too much discernment, and too much knowledge of the world to have neglected this, and to have overlooked a path which was to have conducted him to popularity. His first labor was, therefore, to gather together the ancient ballads, and superstitious legends, and traditional tales of a people, proverbial for their pride of ancestry, and their tenacious adherence to long established customs ; to collect the scattered relics of the olden time—the days of romance, of chivalry, and of heroism ; when every lord was a despotic prince, and had the power of life and death over his retainers ; when every house was a castle, and every citizen was a soldier ; when Scotland had to struggle for her independence, and in which "the bowstring of her spirit was not slack."

Whoever is acquainted with the literature of the latter half of the last century, will not be surprised that the Lay of the Last Minstrel was welcomed with a fervor bordering on enthusiasm, and read with an avidity to which there are few parallels. After having been worn out and wearied by

the declamatory harangues of satirists and rhymsters ; by the abortions of French criticism, and the prettinesses of Della Cruscan finery ; after having listened to the Whiteheads and the Darwins, to the Sewards and the Hayleys—it cannot be wondered at that our praises were unanimous and our admiration boundless. Here was a total overthrow of public taste—a revolution in the literature of our country—a new and extensive field opened, in which the pride of ancient days was recalled—in which the spirit of ancestry was awakened—the romance of the heart and the imagination re-kindled, and the freshness of external nature restored. After having so long wandered among pruned gardens, and among smooth-rolled gravel walks, and reposed upon sofas, and talked like young ladies, and dressed in the frippery of fashion, and adapted our countenances to the *faciometer* of the day, we were to mount the war-horse and ride the ring ; to put on the helmet and the steel jerkin ; to keep watch on the battlements, and make our couch of the heather. We were to let exercise give us an appetite, instead of taking cinchona, or gentian, or sassafras ; and to brace our nerves, not by means of electricity, but by breathing the atmosphere of the mountains ; not by taking steel, but by keeping the rust from our steel. We were not to attend to a strait-laced poet ; to one whose attention was directed to words, and not to things. We were to listen to tales of war, and rapine, and heroism—of love, and affection, and fidelity ; to one who rejoiced in his freedom and in his force ; to one who could exalt his moss-troopers into heroes, and could compare the foam on the surface of a troubled river to "the mane of a chesnut steed."

If invention be the surest pledge of genius, few will be inclined to dispute the right of Scott to that enviable distinction. He has peopled landscapes, drawn with the most scrupulous and exact fidelity from nature, with beings from the storehouse of his own imagi-

nation; yet with such delicate reference to the manners and customs of the times in which he fixes their appearance, that we are forever haunted with the idea of their reality. Nor are his historical characters less admirable. His delineations are in strict conformity to truth, where truth is requisite; and if they are called upon to act in novel situations, the elements of mind which characterized them are adapted to the season, and brought into action with a knowledge and ingenuity of which we have few examples. Generally speaking, it may be said that he oftener exhibits animation and activity, than strong thought or genuine depth of passion; but we are not sure that in this he is deviating from truth, or that he is much in the wrong with respect to the bulk of mankind. However well it may suit the purposes of poetry, pathos cannot be extorted from every character. Whoever has consulted the great book of the world is aware that for the few that possess independence of mind and sufficient energy to think for themselves—that are endowed with rectitude of principle and susceptibility of impression, there are an infinite proportion whose passions are lethargic, and whose feelings are callous—who are strangers to generous emotion, and very slaves to the tyranny of custom. Moreover, the stronger affections of the mind are not the food and fuel of every-day life; they are never exerted but in emergent circumstances, and on great occasions. By far the greater part of human life passes away in comparative inactivity; in thoughts of an hour; in schemes of a day; in employments too trivial to be remembered. It is not the great things we might have done or intended to do that will remain; actions alone are our epochs. If Scott does not make the tumult of the passions the ground-work of his narrative as Byron does, it will be owned that he is always great on great occasions, that he rises with the growing importance of his incidents, and kindles with his subject.

The writings of Scott are not more striking in any other point of view than with regard to their originality. He is equally a creator of his tales and of his manner of telling them. Conscious of his power and eager to obtain his end, his narratives possess a vigor and airiness which amply counterbalance the evident marks of careless and hasty composition. He tries every style, and succeeds in all; and though that which has been thought more peculiarly his own is apparently the most flimsy and the most easy of them all, yet the success of his imitators will sufficiently show that it is the most difficult of attainment, since the nicety of selection requires to be greater in proportion to the thronging and abundance of the imagery. Over this Scott has in a great measure triumphed; but it cannot be upheld that he is everywhere alike. So far from this being the case, we know of no author perhaps, excepting Shakspeare, who is so unequal. Whoever would form his opinion of Scott from the perusal of a few pages, would be as likely to be in the right as the man who would venture to decide on the architecture of a building from the examination of a handful of the materials of which it was constructed. Variety, and inexhaustible variety, is his attribute and grand excellence. It is the characteristic of his thought, language, subject, and execution. In his expression there is a richness and an apparent ease, a distinctness and an unlabored facility, which give a zest and harmony to every effort of his pen; and is one of the primal reasons why his poetry has been so generally read and so generally appreciated. When we add to this that his narratives are beyond all rivalry attractive and interesting, pregnant with incident and description, founded on the grand basis of human nature, and distinguished for their deep insight into the latent springs of human action; we shall at once have before us the causes of his popularity. But we must not overlook his accuracy and success as a delineator of nature, nor forget the

scenery in the subject ; as, in the case of Scott, we think it is equally worthy of our attention. It is true, indeed, that he does not portray nature with that luxuriance in which the immortal mind of Shakspeare arrayed her ; that he does not pierce into the spirit of her hues with that enthusiasm which forms the splendor and defect of Wordsworth ; and that he does not revel and riot among her charms with that untired delight which is characteristic of the pathetic and powerful genius of Byron : yet his landscapes are drawn with such a felicity, and such an accordance to truth, as at once to rivet the attention and call to mind associations with beauties already seen and admired. From among a hundred other instances we may cite, for example, the description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight—the scenery of Braid Hills, and the prospect seen from them—the setting sun on Loch Katrine, and the stern grandeur and bleakness of the inland solitudes of the Isle of Sky. His graphic sketches possess that distinctness which makes them start from the canvass, and that freshness which reminds us more of Chaucer than anything we have elsewhere seen. The singing birds and the green trees are every where around us ; the dews of the morning glitter upon the grass and the tender herb—the sunshine is breaking through the streaks that lace the severing clouds in the east, and happiness and glory are spread over the face of creation.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel is the most poetical of his romances ; though, taken as a whole, it is not the best. We cannot say that it has been the most popular, and we dare not say that it deserves to be so. What we mean is, that it bears the boldest impress of originality, and the most unequivocal marks of the author's genius. It is like a first love of the recollection ; and, though other attachments have succeeded, they have scarcely left such a steadfast and time-surviving remembrance. It is a glorious and glowing portrait of the feudal times—

it is a vision of youth rescued from oblivion—a more than spectral representation of the past—the reflected image of ancestral magnificence.

With less of enthusiasm and splendor, *Marmion* surpasses it in variety of conception, in tissue of incident, in ingenuity of plot, in mellowness of coloring, and in chastity of composition. It is more coherent, regular, and systematic ; its sketches are more delicately shaded, and its general tone of a more softened and sombre kind. It is fuller of character, and displays greater insight into the moral constitution of man. The description of the subterraneous judgment hall of the sisterhood is a little in the Castle of Otranto fashion, but possessing a deep interest, and leaving behind a fearful impression of reality. The dying speech of Constance is, beyond everything that the pen of Scott has produced, full to overflowing of passion, and pathos, and despair—of energetic tenderness, and heart-rending agony of feeling.

Marmion himself is a creation between Richard the Third and Macbeth, bordering on both, yet running into neither. Not so cruel and overbearing as the English tyrant, nor so relenting and generous as the Scottish usurper ; but goaded on by an unquenchable ambition, equal to either ; and counterbalancing his faults by a noble and heroic death. The whole representation of the battle of Flodden Field is just what it should be, and admirable in every respect. Without the energy and strong lyrical enthusiasm of the *Hohenlinden* of Campbell, (which, indeed, we scarcely know how we have mentioned, as its interest is wholly of another kind,) it combines historical accuracy with fine poetical embellishment. We take a part in the operations of the day ; we gaze upon the encountering armies, and the spears glittering in the sun. We are stirred up by the martial music ; we listen to the snorting of the horses ; to the clang of combat ; to the shout and to the death groan : while, through the whole, the land-

scape is vividly portrayed to us, and the whole pageant surpassingly magnificent. We feel that the contest is for death or life; that it is to be "the first and last of fields," a king-destroying victory; and, we may add, that it is a dirge worthy of such a monarch, and of such a field; in which, though the crest of Scotland fell, and the flowers of her forests were "wede away," her spirit was triumphant, and her martial character untarnished.

The interest of the *Lady of the Lake* is of a still more dramatic cast, and its tone of a more easy and equable kind; yet, we must think, that it derives as much of its popularity from the splendor of the scenery, and the beauty of the story, as from the depth of poetical enthusiasm that it displays. It is no miracle that it has been a general favorite; it possesses every requisite for exciting general attention; it has something in it for the appetite of all. It commences with a stag-hunt to interest the gentlemen; and concludes with a marriage to please the ladies. Helen Douglas is a fine personification of filial piety and amiable manners. She is a violet blooming unseen and unobserved—a rose wasting its sweetness on the desert air. The night rencontre between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu is finely conceived, and developed with that ingenuity and effect which are characteristic of true genius. There is rather too much visible effect in the peregrinations of the fiery cross—in its encountering a death scene and a bridal one; yet we are perfectly aware that it would be impossible to give a more striking illustration of the devotedness of the Highlanders to their chieftains, than that which Scott has here drawn. The lay of Allan Bane, in the prison of the dying Roderick, is vigorous and spirited; imitating, with great power, the vicissitudes in the tide of battle, and undulating, like the sound of the wintry tempest, among the leafless boughs of the forest—hurrying the mind on from the onset of the opponents—through the conflict of spears, and the murmurs of

battle—to the waning accents of defeat, and the wailing dirge over the departed.

Rokehy, considered as a whole, is certainly less felicitous than its predecessors, but may be taken in extract to infinite advantage. It may be remarked, indeed, that the genius of Scott is eminently national, and that he seldom exhibits the power of a giant, except when he touches his native soil, and tunes his lyre among the scenes of his youth, or amid the mountains "where Fingal fought and Ossian sung." Matilda is a favorite of ours. We admire her for her feminine softness, and warmth, and delicacy; though, now and then, she runs the hazard of coming into contact with boarding-school sentimentality. Wilfred is a beautiful portrait, and may be placed in the same gallery with the Romeo of Shakspeare—the Paul of St. Pierre—the Harley of M'Kenzie—the Selim of Byron—the Henry Waldgrave of Campbell—and the Azim of Moore. It exhibits with great felicity and truth the pining of a superior mind from want of fellowship and congenial intercourse—the tenderness of affection towards a beloved object, and the force of the righteous indignation which imparts strength to the weak, combined with a tinge of that romantic and delightful enthusiasm which adds grace, beauty, and dignity, to virtue itself.

Historians have unanimously and uniformly done justice to the memory of Robert the Bruce—that paragon of princely patriots—to his zeal for the independence of his country—to his magnanimity—to his heroic courage—to his splendid talents, and to his humanity. He loses none of his attributes, nor of his interest, in the hands of Scott; and is made to form a fine contrast to the more unbridled spirit of his brother Edward. The Lord of the Isles himself is a very perplexing, and not a very agreeable personage; nor is his bride more easily to be comprehended. Their motives are never sufficiently explained to us, and, most assuredly, they do not speak for

themselves. There is a want of distinctness, and of directness, about all that they think, and say, and do. Nay, we do not see any sufficient indication why things should not be concluded immediately on their introduction to us, any more than on their withdrawal from the stage. Nor is Isabel much more to our taste. She is assuredly preferable to Edith, but she is abundantly insipid; and, except for her princely kin, few would be inclined to fall in love with her. The scenery of the Isle of Sky, as we before mentioned, is an effort of complete success. We feel as if we were at once abstracted from all intercourse and communication with human kind, and do not even enjoy, like Crusoe, the luxuriancy of nature: all is waste and desolation; blankness, and bleakness, and vacancy; the very sun seems to have withdrawn his fostering influence, and the heavens appear to scowl upon the wilderness of rocks and rivulets. The company, and the hospitality that awaits them, is completely in unison with the scene; and, where nature presents us with nothing but savage desolation and wild rocks, we are instinctively prepared to look for inhabitants "with minds as barren and with hearts as hard."

To the works now mentioned, the *Vision of Don Roderick* and the *Field of Waterloo* bear little proportion either in bulk or merit. We shall barely mention them; and that mention cannot be very favorable, unless we were to sacrifice justice to our partiality for a favorite author—which we have no intention to do. Though the *Vision* possesses some brilliant passages, and some masterly versification, there is a want in it, for which no poetical excellence can atone. Political party zeal is utterly beneath noble and ingenuous minds: it is the shibboleth of a narrow and contracted spirit—and that Scott has on every other occasion put far from him. It ought to have been entirely out of the question in a poem intended to have been hung as a trophy on the car of liberty. We have not words to express our

admiration of Moore, who would have been an ornament to any country, in the brightest age of the world. We shall not attempt to do justice to his transcendent military talents—to his heroic ardor—to his unspotted honor—to his everything that makes him the pride and the glory of poor Scotland; it is enough that we mention his name, and "leave him alone with his glory."

Before concluding, it is necessary to say something about the lyrical pieces of Scott; more especially of his imitations of the ancient ballads, those models of pathos and beautiful simplicity. The Bishop of Dromore seems to have been the first to pay particular attention to this subject, and the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* will bear down to future ages a testimony of the zeal with which he prosecuted, and the talents with which he was endowed for such a task. Ellis's *Specimens* are worthy to stand on the same shelf: but Scott was to bring with him antiquarian diligence equal to either of them, combined with a degree of natural poetical power to which they could lay no claim. In many instances he has caught the tone and language of his predecessors so exactly, that unless his name prefixed denoted otherwise, many more knowing than ourselves might be easily gulled into an absolute belief of their antiquity. The additional part of *Thomas the Rhymer* especially is admirably managed. Has not Coleridge caught the tone and silvery cadence of it in his beautiful ballad of *Genevieve*? The *Eve of St. John* is also a very successful imitation, though inferior to the former. *Glenfinlas* is not so much to our taste. Of *Fitz-Traver's* song, and the ballad of *Rosabelle*, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; and of *Fitz-Eustace's* song, and *Lochinvar*, in *Marmion*, it would be impossible to speak in terms of exaggerated praise: yet, in the lighter species of sentimental and lyric composition, it may be said generally that he has met with moderate success; and he has

wisely given us but few specimens. The Verses with Flowers from a Roman Wall may perhaps be excepted.

Of the prose works of Scott we have already spoken. In a multifarious and powerful writer like this, it is almost impossible to do critical justice in a review; his beauties and blemishes so often approximate and

run into each other. All that can be accomplished is to exhibit in rapid and general outline, his excellences, and defects, and peculiarities: to be understood he must be studied; and no one who undertakes this agreeable labor, will be at a loss to account for the extent of his popularity, and the splendor of his fame.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"HEIGHO!" exclaimed Agnes Fitzroy, as she let her harp escape slowly from her hands, and its balanced position against her knee, while the last notes of a plaintive air of Mehul's were faintly dying off the strings. "Heigho!"—and she threw herself languidly back into her chair.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated her pretty, lively cousin, Jane Douglas, who was sitting at the window, twirling and untwirling round her fair fingers the gold chain, from which hung an eye-glass—not worn for ornament, but use—and not therefore a quizzing glass, but a necessary supplement to a pair of sparkling black eyes, whenever they wished to discern distinctly any object that was more than three feet distant from them. "Mercy on us! That was a terribly long and sentimental heigh—o! I wonder where it is gone to!—Positively I felt it fan upon my cheek as it escaped out of the window, and I declare," she continued, looking through her glass, with a well-feigned air of serious amazement, "I declare I can see it;—yes, there it goes, floating like gossamer, upon that soft, yellow moonbeam, over the grove of chesnut trees, in the very direction of the parish church!"

"How can you be so ridiculous!" said Agnes, half pouting, half smirking at the fanciful raillery of her sprightly cousin.

"How can you be so unamiable," retorted Jane, "to have for your companion such a discreet and trust-worthy personage as myself, and yet make your heart like the prison-house of

the ghost in Hamlet—the abode of untold secrets?"

"I can't say I understand you," replied Agnes, rising, and advancing towards the window with an exceedingly demure look.

"But I understand you," answered Jane, taking her hand, "thanks to these tell-tale fingers, and that terrible heigh—o, which by this time, I dare say, has arrived at its journey's end, creeping like a wreath of mist through the key-hole of the church door, and settling itself like a diamond dew-drop, or perhaps curled round in the shape of a ring, upon the altar table. Yes!" she continued, playing with the long taper fingers of Agnes, and addressing them as if they could understand what she said, "you are never tired—no, not you—of giving melodious birth to that sweetly plaintive and enchanting air of Mehul's, since it was so rapturously praised, and a repetition of it so beseechingly implored, the other night, by a certain tall, and tolerably good-looking young gentleman, who stood watching your fairy motions with so enamored a spirit, that he could not see who was laughing at his lack-a-daisical appearance."

"Go on—pray go on, my merry cousin," said Agnes; "you are quite poetical this evening, and it is really charming to listen to you."

"I have no doubt it is," rejoined Jane. "It is always charming to have other people do for us what we would fain have done, though we like not to do it, for ourselves."

"I dare say," said Agnes, "you

think yourself a wonderfully clever girl—the very Newton of petticoat philosophers, in the discovery of love secrets.”

“Not at all, my dear cousin,” replied Jane; “but you know it cannot be *so very* difficult to perceive the symptoms of any particular malady, in a person who is *so very* subject to its dreadful attacks. Let me see—it was last June twelvemonth, I think, when you were first seized,—but that was only a slight attack, for you got well before the end of the month. Then you had another, about the beginning of August following, which lasted nearly till Michaelmas day—then a third in November, and that stuck to you all the winter—like my aunt Rachel’s Christmas cough, as she calls it. You were just recovering from this in the spring, when—one, two,—yes, you had three terribly sharp fits, one after another, in that proverbially dangerous month, the month of May. It was hardly thought possible you could recover from the last of them, and so it was determined that the clergyman should be sent for, but——”

Agnes sprung to her harp, and leaning over it in a graceful, sylph-like attitude, first drowned the voice of Jane with an extempore prelude of crashing chords, and then silenced her, while she played divinely the saucy air of “Cease your funning.”

When she had done, there was a pause; and just at that moment the moon was partially obscured by a light fleecy cloud passing over it. Agnes had returned to the window, and her eyes were directed towards that mild, pale luminary, which was now beginning to edge, with a soft, silvery radiance, the border of the cloud from which it was slowly emerging.

“And so you think, Jane,” said she, taking her cousin’s hand, “that my heart is like that cold chaste orb, dimmed, ever and anon, by passing clouds; but like it, reappearing again as cold and as bright as ever? I wish I could think so! You deem it,

too, as inconstant—changing even as she does? Ah me! There are times when I fancy it rather the dove, wandering forth from its ark to find a resting-place, but destined to return with no olive branch!”

“Fiddle-de-dee!—fiddle-de-di!—fiddle-de-do!—fiddle-de-dum!” exclaimed Jane, mimicking the sorrowful cadence of her cousin’s voice. At the same moment she caught her round the waist, and, in spite of herself, made her waltz three or four times up and down the room, to the tune of “*Di tanti palpiti*,” hummed by herself. When she had dragged her about till they were both out of breath, she pulled her down by her side on a settee, and said, “Now talk to me again about chaste cold orbs, doves, arks, and olive branches; and if you do, you shall have another dance, till I have joggled this fine sentimental frippery out of you.”

“You are a strange girl, Jane,” said Agnes, “but I still hope to see the day when that heart of yours will do penance. Recollect the fate of our poor friend Harriet Lindsay! She laughed at love till she was nineteen, and then—died of it before she was one-and-twenty!”

“As I never shall, while there are fevers, inflammations, and consumptions, to hand me out of this world into the next,” rejoined Jane.—“And for my part, though poor dear Harriet had the credit of dying of a broken heart, because her lover died of a broken neck, by a fall from his landeau, I confess I always thought it was a surfeit of ice creams and strawberries that really killed her. If it had been a cold summer, and a bad fruit season, Harriet Lindsay might have looked a little pale, or so, and for a few days, perhaps, found the wing of a chicken more than she could eat at dinner; but by the end of a week, take my word for it, the knife and fork would have conquered the pocket handkerchief and the smelling bottle. Lord help us poor girls, say I, if we are born only to fall in love, and must die when we

fall out. I like not such grinning love, as Falstaff says of honor. It is all very well, I grant you, to have a nice handsome fellow, 'sighing like a furnace,' at your elbow, and growing as thin as a winter weasel in an empty barn, for your sake; and if, after you have used him for two or three years, to plague half a dozen of your best friends who envy your conquest, you find you can really make a decent affair of the heart of it, why then——"

"Why then," interrupted Agnes, "I suppose Jane Douglas, spinster, would be seen some fine morning, in the proverbially dangerous month of May, going in the same direction as my beigho! only, not like it, creeping in at the key-hole of the church-door."

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" exclaimed Jane, stopping her ears with her fingers,—how can you be so malicious as to use that horribly Gothic word? Do you think I would ever consent to be married by banns, and have myself proclaimed three several Sundays, with a public notice, that if any person or persons know any just cause or impediment why——Here!—be quick!—sprinkle a little Eau de Cologne upon my handkerchief, or I shall go into hysterics! How could you be so barbarous?"

In this vein of mutual raillery, and light-hearted mirth, did these fair cousins banter each other upon a subject which they were both afraid to discuss in a more sober strain. But though they shared a common fear, that fear had no common origin. Jane and Agnes were nearly of the same age; the former, however, having the advantage (I am not certain, by the by, that ladies are accustomed to call it an advantage) over the latter by seven or eight months, she being almost twenty, and Agnes almost out of her teens. They had been brought up under the same roof, educated in the same school, and from their cradles, to the period of which we are now speaking, had been such inseparable companions in all the daily occupations and amusements of their whole lives, that either might

have addressed the other, in the language of fond recollection used by Helena to Hermia—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have
spent

When we have chid the hasty footed time
For parting us—oh, now, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood inno-
cence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

But whatever were the secret sympathies and the hidden attractions—whatever the unseen, and to themselves unknown bonds of attachment which held them together—nature certainly never formed two creatures less alike in all those visible qualities of mind and character by which they were distinguished. Jane had such an exuberant flow of animal spirits, that it was the most amusing thing imaginable to see her seriously endeavoring to be serious. Her mirth was never broad or coarse; it had nothing of the hoyden or the romp in it; but it was a kind of constitutional vivacity, an inexhaustible spring of salient gaiety, which flashed incessantly in sparkling radiance from her eyes, or burst in frolic humor from her lips. Every day she lived, she shed tears; but it was because ten times in every day she laughed till they came; and so cloudless had been her sunshine hitherto, that they were almost the only tears she could recollect she ever did shed. This perpetual summer of the mind imparted a corresponding glow and animation to her manner, a freshness and genial warmth to all her actions, which made her presence the signal for merry looks and cheerful discourse. Her nimble and elastic step, as she entered a room, was nearly as irresistible an invitation to stand up for a quadrille as the sound of a fiddle;

while the contagious smile that ever played about her mouth, seemed to say, "Come, good folks, let us laugh at a world that only laughs at us!" And then her own laugh!—it was such a clear, hearty, chuckling laugh—there was such a breadth of hilarity spread over all her features, dimpling her smooth vermilion cheeks, and glistening in her liquid eyes, that, without saying a word, it never failed to provoke a chorus of giggling, (no matter how miscellaneous the company,) from the asthmatic wheezing of seventy, down to the shrill carolling of seven.

Agnes Fitzroy, on the contrary, though no foe to

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

had within her a chastening spirit of pensive sobriety, which kept her from ever rising to the same height of impetuous gaiety as her cousin. The risible faculty was not so strong in her, neither was the perception of the really ludicrous, or the disposition to convert into the ludicrous, words and actions which were not fairly amenable to that fallacious test. Her passions were calm and deep, and when most agitated, betraying least evidence on their ruffled surface of what was passing beneath. It was no superior self-command that imparted this character to her feelings; still less was it anything approaching to the mastery of refined artifice which made her look a mask for her thoughts. It proceeded entirely from an excessive sensibility of disposition—a shrinking within herself, as if she feared, whether in trouble or in joy, to find no second self; no other human heart that *could* give her back her smiles, or receive her tears, in that spirit which had called them forth. What we should pronounce reserve in the cold, and caution in the cunning, was in her an almost morbid delicacy, an ingenuous timidity, which hesitated to disturb the serenity of others, by imparting its own particular grief. Perhaps, too, there was a little alloy, a slight mixture of

pride in this feeling—that stern pride of silent sorrow, which is so apt to frown upon the weakness of seeking pity, and to scorn it when proffered. Yet were there any art by which what passed within could be read in looks and actions—if it were really possible to interpret the very language of a smothered sigh, a gathering tear, or a restless manner—if these outward denotements of a perturbed spirit could ever be construed with fidelity, and be made to express what they only indicate, poor Agnes might as well have proclaimed with her tongue, at once, what the secret workings of her heart proclaimed without it. For though it was true that her passions were deep and calm, and that, when most agitated, they least betrayed on their ruffled surface the swift and vexed under-current, still the havoc they made could not always be concealed.

Jane, who had been her inseparable companion for so many years, had gradually acquired a tolerably quick and accurate perception of her character, and could draw shrewd conclusions from sufficiently slight circumstances. But her sagacity was sometimes at fault; and it had never been more so, than when, in her usual strain of joyous raillery, she pretended to trace the flight of her cousin's "heigho!" towards the parish church, and to catechise her fingers for lingering so fondly amid the harp-strings upon that plaintive air of Mehul's. That exclamation was breathed by Agnes, at the close of a silent meditation upon a subject which is very apt—yes, very apt indeed—to intrude itself, by moonlight, upon *young ladies of eighteen*. I am thus particular in mentioning the age, because I have never been able to discover the precise period when a lady herself allows she is not young; and, as I happen to entertain some rather heterodox notions touching youth and age in the fair sex, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do consider every lady young who cannot either write or tell her age without employ-

ing the *teen*. Farther than this dependent saith not.

And what was that subject? And why did the meditation of Agnes end in such a terribly long and sentimental heigh—o, as Jane described it? And why were they both afraid to discuss it in a more sober strain? And why, though they shared a common fear, was that fear without a common origin?

Jane was beginning to fear that she never should fall in love; that is, she was afraid no "nice handsome fellow" would grow as thin as a winter weasel for her sake, and so give her a decent excuse for taking pity upon him. And a great pity she thought it. She knew herself to be naturally of a compassionate disposition; she felt that amiable quality grow stronger and stronger within her every month; and she longed so vehemently for an opportunity of displaying it, that she was fast becoming a confirmed philanthropist. She had even begun to consider very seriously what could be the reason why love-making should always commence with the other sex, and had lately started the problem to an old bachelor, who visited the family, and who had already passed his grand climacteric. The question was popped so suddenly, that at first the old gentleman was posed; but gradually recovering from the shock, he replied very gravely, "I'll tell you, Miss Jane, wooing is but an affectionate seeking. Now, we seek not for that which we have, but for that which we have not. It is more proper, therefore, for the man, in this love-search, to seek for what he has lost, than for the woman to seek for what she already has. The man, you know, has lost his *rib*, and he seeks after her that has it; whereas it would be folly in her to seek it, because she has it. And that, Miss Jane, is a good and sufficient reason why women woo not, but are wooed."—"I wonder who has got your *rib*," said Jane, laughing. "You have never been able to find her out, it seems. And some of you men must have had three or four of your

ribs stolen; or else, I suppose, when you marry three or four wives, you seek after other folk's *ribs*."—"Never mind my *rib*," replied the old gentleman; and then slyly added, "but take care that you, yourself, are not like the man who had liberty given him to go through a wood, and make choice of the best staff he could find, provided he chose one in his going on, and not in his returning."—"What did he do?" inquired Jane, not at all aware of what was to follow. "Why," continued my bachelor, "he walked along, and with a curious eye observed where he might best suit himself; he saw many that were tall, and straight, and good-looking, and well adapted for his purpose; but no; these would not content him; so on he goes, still expecting better, till at last he came to the end of the wood, and then he found none but crooked and ill-looking ones to choose from; and no great choice of them either."—"I know which end of the wood you grow at," said Jane, tossing her head. From that moment, however, she considered herself in a wood, and was terribly afraid lest she should not be able to suit herself among the tall, straight, good-looking trees; but vowing, at the same time, that if she did get to the other end, she would never choose one of the crooked walking sticks. Yet, as she had a very laudable dread of dying an old maid; and, as the love she bargained for in her own mind, was a good, homely, every-day sort of love,—a love that would stand wear and tear, and not get out of fashion too soon,—she did not absolutely despair of finding such a commodity, though she *was* almost twenty.

Such were the meditations, the doubts, and the misgivings of the light-hearted Jane; but *not* such were the meditations, or the doubts, or the misgivings, of her fair cousin. Agnes feared lest she *should love*; or rather, lest she should love too soon, and be doomed to experience that utter wretchedness of loving, not "wisely"

at first, but "too well" afterwards. She had proved, and she had sometimes shrunk with dismay from the proof, that she was more susceptible of those impressions which are akin to love, than might be compatible with her future happiness; and those very "symptoms" upon which Jane had so sportively rallied her, were to herself the source of many bitter forebodings. "Yes!" she would often mentally exclaim, "it is too true; I *have* thought myself in love, and I have thought how blest my condition might become, if while the dream lasted my hand could have followed my heart. But a few short months dispelled the dream; and then, alas! I have only thought how miserable must have been my lot, if my hand *had* followed my heart!" It was the dread of such a fate as this that haunted her; the dread that in some similar dream, some trance of passion, some fancied devotion of her soul, she should approach the altar, and awaken, afterwards, to the tremendous knowledge, that a cold sense of duty was all that remained of the glowing vision. These were no idle self-tormentings; for she needed but to remember what had been, to add what might have been, and the dark picture was at once completed! There had been moments, when she believed the passion—which some hearts ever feel, and which no human heart ever felt twice—*was* roused, and she only knew it was *not*, because its resemblance had died before herself.

At other times she was pursued by fancies, which, though but fancies, had a possible, perhaps a prophetic reality for her! Might she not love, and her own sad heart be at once her love's cradle and its tomb?—like an unseen flower that blossoms in the wilderness, exhales its perfume, then fades and dies? Even as such a flower might love rear itself in the solitude of her own heart, called forth without her will, and drooping to decay in its own withering soil! It is no wonder, therefore, that poor Agnes dwelt sometimes with a melancholy foreboding

upon the subject; and she had just burst the fetters of one of those gloomy musings when her merry cousin gave so false an interpretation to the "heigho!" with which it terminated.

Agnes Fitzroy was the youngest of a numerous family, all of whom had survived their father, a general officer, of distinguished character, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo. Two of his sons had embraced the same profession; a third was in the navy, and the eldest had acquired some celebrity as a diplomatist. She had five sisters, who were all married, but only two of them resided in England.

Jane Douglas, who was a niece of Mrs. Fitzroy's, had been brought up by her from her infancy, in consequence of the death of her parents. Though the bulk of her father's property went to his male kindred, as he died intestate, they generously relinquished such a portion as enabled them to make a more than adequate settlement upon her; and, as Mrs. Fitzroy religiously abstained from appropriating any part of it towards the expenses of her maintenance and education, it had gone on accumulating for nearly twenty years, till now Jane Douglas might almost call herself an heiress. Assuredly, it had grown to an amplitude which, if a mere fortune-hunter would have sufficed, was an abundant security against her dying of that dreadful complaint, *old-maidism*.

Separated as Mrs. Fitzroy was from the rest of her children, Agnes had grown up in her affections with much of that exclusive love, and of that singleness of attachment, which twine themselves so closely round an only child. To her, indeed, she had long been as an only child; for though scarcely a week elapsed which did not bring dutiful and affectionate remembrances from her absent sons and daughters, and though the two which resided in England never failed to pass some portion of every summer with her, still they had each become the centre of a little circle of domestic

ties, of sympathies, and duties of their own, and no longer dwelt, as it were, within that of which she was herself the centre. They were themselves fathers and mothers; they had taken their appointed stations in the great march of human life; and whatever fond recollections might linger round the home from which they had begun their journey, they necessarily grew fainter and fainter, as the distance increased, and as they mingled with the widening stream of social and individual charities. But, in exact proportion as the tide of maternal solicitude, in the heart of Mrs. Fitzroy, had narrowed its channel, and contracted its course, its fertilizing waters flowed with an augmenting volume towards Agnes; till now, when she was ripening into womanhood, and the gentle qualities of her naturally amiable and susceptible character were unfolding themselves, she had become the constant companion, the only friend, and the *favorite* daughter of her mother. Jane, perhaps, divided with her the first; was second in the second; but in the third, though Mrs. Fitzroy loved her with a fondness that might be called parental,—yet, when some passing cloud of sickness dimmed the lustre of Jane's eye, and when it sate in ominous shadows upon the melting azure of those of her own dear Agnes, nature, faithful to her holiest yearnings, quickly informed her which was the child of her blood, and which of her adoption.

Among the neighboring gentry, whose seats were near that of Mrs. Fitzroy, and whose estates encircled, as it were, her little domestic paradise, of some fifty or sixty acres, was the family of Sir Frederick Trehearn, with whom a very intimate acquaintance had been kept up since her husband's death. Sir Frederick was a widower, and, for a time, it was positively settled by all the match-making gossips in the county, that Mrs. Fitzroy would certainly appear as Lady Trehearn at the next triennial music-meeting. But that next triennial music-meeting came; and another; and

still there was no Lady Trehearn; a circumstance which was wholly inexplicable, for the vicar's wife knew, from the very best authority, that the wedding dresses were ordered, and the Hon. Mrs. Tittletattle had joked the baronet upon his approaching happy change of condition, at which he only laughed! This was pronounced a decisive proof of "malice prepense" on the part of Sir Frederick; and when coupled with the suspicious fact, that the best bedroom at Trehearn Lodge had been newly papered and painted, what further circumstantial evidence could be reasonably required? Now it was certainly true, that the worthy baronet had been guilty of these two alleged crimes, in so far as related to the best bedroom, and laughing at the Hon. Mrs. Tittletattle's joke; but the most serious part of the charge, that of ordering the wedding dresses, resting, as it did, upon the unsupported testimony of that notoriously lying witness "best authority," turned out, of course, mere fabrication. Still it was generally acknowledged by all persons, except the two who were most competent to judge of it, that it "would be a nice match; for the gentleman was not too old, and the lady was not too young." I hate mentioning ages, after people get beyond that uncertain time of life which is called a "certain age;" so I shall compromise the matter, by giving the sum total of both their ages, leaving it, as it may chance, to the sagacity or gallantry of my reader, to adjust the difference in such proportions as may warrant the aforesaid declaration, that the "gentleman was not too old, nor the lady too young." Sir Frederick, then, was exactly —; Mrs. Fitzroy within three months of —; which, by the simple rule of addition, will be found to give the joint-stock amount of ninety-three, throwing in the lady's quarter of a year.

Sir Frederick Trehearn had two sons, George and Edward; and one daughter, Emily. Edward was the elder, and of course heir to the title

and estate. George was a miserable cripple, in consequence of an accident which befell him in his infancy. Of Emily, everything is told when it is said she was not ugly, and not short; not ill-natured, and not stupid; not too fat, and not too pale; not too talkative, and not too grave. To complete her negative character, however, it must be added, she was *not* the affirmative of any of these negatives. In fact, she was one of those girls of which a million are made according to pattern every year; and which it would hardly be fair to consider as the workmanship of "Nature's journeymen" even, but rather of her apprentices; while the mould in which she was cast must certainly have been in use ever since Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise. There is no more marked difference between one of these two-legged human machines, and the mob of others, than there is between one white-heart cabbage and another, or between half-a-dozen blue-and-white tea-cups belonging to the same set.

Edward Trehearn, the "young squire," as he was usually denominated, was in his twentieth year, had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and bade fair to reflect honor on both those eminent seats of learning. To what specific purpose his natural endowments and scholastic attainments were to be applied—what his future course was to be—were, as yet, left to the future.

In the close intimacy which, as has been mentioned, subsisted between the families at Trehearn Lodge and Fitzroy Cottage, (as the elegant residence of Mrs. Fitzroy was modestly designated,) Edward, of course, became a frequent visitor at the latter; while, somehow or other, it always happened that he was at home whenever the Fitzroys were known to be coming to the Lodge. It was soon settled, therefore, by those who had made the match between Sir Frederick and Mrs. Fitzroy, that one would certainly take place between Edward and either Agnes or Jane. But it

would have perplexed the most expert interpreter of amorous hieroglyphics to decide whether Edward cared for either Jane or Agnes, so impartially were his attentions bestowed upon both. He was, indeed, the frequent companion of their walks and rides in summer; would read to them in the long dreary evenings of winter; and sometimes take his part in singing a duet, or accompanying them with his flute, while they exerted their own skill and science alternately upon the harp and piano-forte. Occasionally, too, he might be detected in a *tête-à-tête*, at one time with Jane, at another with Agnes, either in the drawing-room or upon the lawn, or sauntering through the grove of quivering poplars, whose trembling leaves chequered their path with dancing moonbeams. It happened, however, that these latter walks were more frequent with Agnes than with Jane, not because they were sought or contrived, but simply because Agnes was more prone to seek such quiet rambles than her mercurial cousin. Edward, with all his book-knowledge, was but a tyro in self-knowledge. He would have discovered else, and soon enough to save a pang, which he was every way too manly and too honorable to appropriate as a triumph, that he was heedlessly strewing with roses the beginning of a path whose end was the grave.

Time glided on, and month after month saw Edward Trehearn a more and more frequent visitor at Fitzroy Cottage, when one morning, about two years subsequently to the period at which this narrative commences, Sir Frederick came alone, and with an air of mysterious importance, requested the honor of a private interview with Mrs. Fitzroy. They were all seated in the breakfast parlor when Sir Frederick arrived, and Mrs. Fitzroy immediately retired with him to another apartment. Jane, who was embroidering a beautiful veil of Brussels lace, instead of continuing her work, could do nothing but look again and again at that portion of it which

was already finished, as if she were suddenly struck with the extreme richness and elegance of the pattern. Agnes was reading; but the hand which held the book dropped upon her knee, and while a faint flush came across her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of Jane, who, for once in her life, looked serious and thoughtful. Was it not strange, that neither spoke to the other, when it would seem to be so natural they should interchange thoughts upon the object of Sir Frederick's visit? But they were silent. And the only interruption of their silence was now and then a tremulous sigh, which breathed through the lips of Agnes.

In about half an hour Mrs. Fitzroy returned to the room, for Sir Frederick had taken his departure. She approached Jane, took her hand affectionately, and as she tenderly leaned forward to kiss her forehead, exclaimed, "I have long expected such an interview with Sir Frederick Trehearn." Jane looked up. There was a radiant smile upon her features which caught the eye of Agnes. She read all its meaning, and smiled too; but the light of her smile, as it spread itself over her pale cheeks, was like a wintry sunbeam upon a bed of snow. What followed will be as easily anticipated, I doubt not, by the reader, as it was by both Jane and Agnes. Mrs. Fitzroy, having seated herself, informed her daughters, (for such she always styled Jane,) that Sir Frederick had waited upon her to make certain customary inquiries, in consequence of having learned from his son that he was desirous of being permitted henceforth to consider himself the acknowledged suitor of Jane; a desire which he had no wish to oppose, provided he was satisfied with respect to her family and fortune, taking it for granted that Edward had already ascertained the inclinations of the young lady herself. "And you may be sure, my dear child," added Mrs. Fitzroy, "I had nothing to say which was likely to interpose an obstacle, except indeed, upon the score of your fortune,

which, though hardly sufficient, perhaps, to match with the large expectations of the heir of the Trehearn estates, is enough, coupled with the rich dowry of yourself, to make you the worthy sharer of a dukedom. Sir Frederick, I am happy to say, estimates the money value of what you possess, in the same liberal spirit. So now, my child, you have only to consult your own heart well, before you finally take a step, in which, according as the heart is well consulted or not, must be ever the chances of its after felicity."

The affectionate and parental tone with which Mrs. Fitzroy uttered these words, was answered by the tears of Jane, as they fell fast upon the veil she still held in her hands: but Agnes, advancing towards her, and tenderly throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, as she gently kissed her, "Happy, happy Jane!" in accents that too well suited with her own tears, which now mingled with those of her cousin. In a few moments the struggle was over; and then, what a touching contrast there was between the beaming countenance of Jane, suffused, each instant, by the mantling tinge of conscious joy, which maiden bashfulness, at times, deepened to the blush of virgin modesty—true love's silent rapture!—and the feverish crimson that burned upon the cheek of Agnes, now quenched, and now revived, as hope's expiring torch shot forth its dying flashes in her stricken heart—true love's silent agony! She, like her mother, had long expected such an interview as Sir Frederick Trehearn had that morning sought; but her altered anticipation of its object was scarcely a month old. Alas! our own desires are swift and treacherous pioneers of our secret hopes. While they seem to remove all difficulties, to level all obstructions, and to open before us a straight, smooth path, for the attainment of what we covet, they only dig pitfalls, and prepare ambushes, to betray or surprise our steps in the pursuit. Agnes, who had followed in

their track, found herself engulfed in one of their snares. She awakened as from a dream. But it availed her nothing that her reason told her it was a dream, that she knew she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment had dissolved away. The scene, indeed, might vanish; but where it had once been remained a ruin! She had realized her own prophetic fears. In the solitude of her heart, love, which had reared itself unbidden, now drooped to unseen decay, in the withering soil of its birth; and she was ready to exclaim, in the beautiful language of one of her favorite authors,—

“Thou Holy One, take thy child again!
I have tasted of earthly bliss;
I have lived, and I have loved!”

They know little of this passion, who deem it the offspring of sighs and protestations, of oaths and tears, of prayers and entreaties, and all the small artillery of courtship. These are but the husbandry which calls forth the common produce of common soils; the needful aliment of that great principle of nature, which alike peoples our cities and our plains, our rivers, and the air we breathe. In many a heart, where it has never been awakened, lies the subtle essence, which, when touched by a kindred essence, starts at once into giant life. And how manifold are the channels through which that kindred essence works itself a passage to the sleeping mischief! A word, a look, a tone of the voice, one pressure of the hand—though a hundred and a hundred have preceded it—a simple “Good night,” or a parting “God bless you!” from lips that have pronounced the former for months, shall, in a predestined moment, be, like the spark that falls upon the nitrous heap, followed by instant combustion. And then, what a revolution is effected! The eye sees not—the ear hears not—the mind perceives not, as they have been wont. A new being is created—the past is obliterated:—nothing seems to remain of what was; and the very

identity of the object, by whom this delirium of all the faculties has been produced, is destroyed. We strive, in vain, to recall the mere man or woman we have known, in the lover or the mistress we now adore. Spellbound in the fascination, enthralled in the idolatry of suddenly awakened passions, we discover wisdom, wit, beauty, eloquence, grace, charms, benignity, and loveliness, where hitherto we beheld them not, or, at the most, had only dim and visionary glimpses of their possible existence. Picture to yourself the block of rough and shapeless marble, before the magic touches of a Canova, a Chantry, or a Flaxman, have chipped and chiselled away the superfluous rubbish that conceals the living Venus, or the speaking statesman, and you have the best comparison I can imagine of that transformation which the idol of the human heart undergoes, at the moment when the heart creates its idol.

Poor Agnes had found *her* predestined moment. She knew not why, but of late the presence of Edward Trehearn seemed to tranquillize feelings, which disturbed and harassed her when he was absent. And then, too, everything he said, everything he did, everything he thought, had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. He could not be wrong; and she was surprised how any body could think or act otherwise than as he thought and acted. If he admired a flower, or dwelt rapturously upon the beauties of a landscape, that flower immediately possessed some hitherto undiscovered fragrance or unnoticed elegance in the eyes of Agnes, and that landscape straight had charms which she had never seen before. If he condemned another's conduct, Agnes at once thought the object of his censure vile; and if he spoke with enthusiasm of any passage in the poet he was reading, Agnes read it so often afterwards, that she could soon repeat every line. When he was expected at the cottage, neither her books, nor her music, nor her

needle, could fix her attention; her thoughts still ran before the hour; and many a treasured feeling was hushed into repose till the moment when it could come forth in his presence. Sometimes, indeed, she paused to ask herself the meaning of all this; to question her heart, why it turned so instinctively towards him, for the gratification of all its most cherished emotions? It was a fruitless scrutiny; a baffled inquisition; for all she gained by it was to know the fact, but not to find the cause; and as there was perfect felicity in the knowledge, why should she care for further investigation? The only thing she fancied she was certain of was, that love had no share in what she felt; she had been in love, *she knew*, more than once; and it was not at all like what she now experienced. Besides, Edward had never spoken of love to her; and love, therefore, must be out of the question. This was her consolation for a time; but it gradually departed from her, to be succeeded by other thoughts and other hopes. The first startling consciousness of what was really the truth, burst upon her one evening when Edward was reading to Mrs. Fitzroy, Jane, and herself, Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. She had often read it alone; she had once before heard Edward read it; but *this* time, she felt a strange interest, an unwonted sympathy, in the romantic sorrows of *Viola*; while her heart palpitated violently as the words of *Olivia* fell upon her ear:

"How now?

Even as quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes."

But what were these emotions, compared with the deep, still thrall of her soul, as she slowly raised her large blue eyes, and fixed them with unconscious earnestness upon Edward, while he gave utterance to the following passage, in a tone fraught, as she imagined at least, with surpassing pathos?

Viola. Aye, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

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Viola. Too well; what love women to men
may owe;

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord! She never told
her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought,

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?"

The sigh that burst from the lips of Agnes, as her eyes dropped, and she resumed the fancy-work she was about, responded with mournful eloquence to the thrilling question.

It was little more than a month after this evening that Sir Frederick Trehearn called upon Mrs. Fitzroy, and within the same period Agnes had fatally discovered that which caused his visit. No preparation can completely arm us against the shock of an anticipated blow when it really comes: and hence the brief struggle with herself which has been described. But that brief struggle was ALL. Agnes was too proud to confess a sorrow of her own creating. She could not stoop to acknowledge she had nourished, not merely an unrequited, but an unsought, an undesired passion; and she was too noble-minded to disturb the happiness of one she so loved, by the selfish obtrusion of her own wretchedness. Not a word ever passed her lips, therefore, that could betray what was passing in her heart; and yet, many a sharp and bitter pang was given to her heart when Jane, ignorant of its sufferings, would strive to cheer the drooping spirits of her melancholy cousin, by joyous anticipations of her own approaching felicity, or sprightly predictions, that the example she was about to set would soon be followed by Agnes herself. These were her most trying moments; for there are no moments so trying as when we are called upon to participate, only, in joys which we have once expected to revel in alone; to see the garland which has faded off our own brow freshly blooming on the

brow of another. Agnes, however, save that sometimes her smiles were cold and languid, and that her answers denoted she was more engaged with her own thoughts than with Jane's discourse, bore her trials meekly. Once, only once, she permitted an expression to escape her which had reference to her situation.

"I wonder," said Jane, one evening, in her usual rattling manner, after the day had been fixed for the celebration of her marriage with Edward, "I wonder whether marriages in a family are like misfortunes, which they say never come alone? What do you think, Agnes?"

"I wonder," replied Agnes, pensively, and with a slightly tremulous voice, which she strove to conceal by a faint effort of gaiety in her manner, "I wonder whether I shall be made to waltz again, if I compare my heart, *now*, to the dove wandering forth from its ark to find a resting place, but returning with no olive branch?"

Jane was silent. The word *now* had been pronounced in a tone of such deep melancholy by Agnes, and with an emphasis so peculiar, that, though Jane knew not its meaning, she felt it had a meaning which could not be sported with; and Agnes herself immediately changed the subject of conversation.

The bridal-morn came, and Agnes descended from her chamber a bride's maid! She would have it so, in spite of all the fond entreaties of her mother to the contrary. And why were those fond entreaties urged? Alas! The grief that speaks not—that weeps not—that will not complain, but dwells in silence in the heart, is the grief which consumes the heart. Other sorrows quench themselves in their own tears—or are scattered by their own sighs—or discharged from the oppressed bosom in each word of gentle lamentation: but the ravages of a lonely sorrow are fatal! Like the worm that never dies, it gnaws and gnaws, from hour to hour, and from day to day, till the last thread

of the vital cord gives way, and the poor sufferer is at rest. The health of Agnes had gradually declined; and though she strove to conceal as well the symptoms as the cause of her increasing debility, she could not allay the anxious fears of her mother, as her wan face, painted with the hectic glow of a wasting fever, told

"How painful disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon her maiden cheek."

Mrs. Fitzroy had watched these symptoms with uneasiness, but without any serious apprehensions, till the rapid strides they latterly made inspired her with alarming thoughts of the danger they portended. In fact, there was but too much reason to dread that Agnes was becoming consumptive, if she were not so already. The languid glare of her full blue eyes, to which a frightful prominence was given from the hollowness produced by the wasting of the flesh round their orbits—the quick breathing, and the panting cough, brought on by the slightest motion—the wayward appetite, that now loathed and now craved for food—and the laboring respiration, as well as the flushed face, which followed every meal—together with the emaciated appearance of her whole frame, were fearful indications of the existence of that hopeless though deceitful malady. Medical aid had been called in, but the most skilful remedies had failed to arrest its progress. Yet there were some days when a treacherous hope of amendment was held out, to be followed only by a more severe and searching relapse.

It was in this delicate and dangerous crisis of her health, that the appointed wedding-day arrived; and hence it was, that both Mrs. Fitzroy and Jane earnestly dissuaded her from encountering the fatigue and excitement of the ceremony. But no; it was her wish, her prayer almost, that she should attend, and that she should be her cousin's only bride's-maid. And she did so; and she *was* her only bride's-maid; and she stood, like one entranced, before the altar;

and when the ring was on the finger of Jane, she smiled, and in a whispered exclamation to her own breaking heart, she said, "I have done well! I have triumphed over myself! I have calmly witnessed the consummation of a felicity which should have been my own; and now I may depart, and bury my secret with me." Jane was a happy bride, but Agnes felt that she was a happier bride's-maid, for her last and hardest trial was over, save one, and that she prayed for as the end of all.

Her prayer was heard. The moon, whose silver crescent rose pale and bright in the evening of that day which saw the nuptials of Jane Douglas, shed its waning beams upon the grave of Agnes Fitzroy! On the eleventh morning she died; but death stole over her so gently, that she was as one who sunk to sleep only in his grim embrace. And as she seemed to fall asleep, her finger dropped upon the melancholy but faithful picture of her own sad fate, drawn with prophetic fidelity by one who, like herself,

had bowed his head to the "worm that preyed upon her youthful bloom." A volume of Kirke White's Poems was in her hand; she had been reading his *Fragment of an Eccentric Drama*; and the book lay open before her, where the Goddess of Consumption is supposed to speak in the following fanciful strain of her fell office. It was probably the last object upon which the dying eyes of Agnes rested!

"In the dismal night-air drest,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek and bleach her skin,
And prey on the silent fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes;
When they sparkle most she dies;
Mother, do not trust her breath,
Comfort she will breathe in death;
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her.
The coffin must be her bridal-bed,
The winding-sheet must wrap her head:
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie!"

Reader! if I have shown you a picture of FIRST Love, which your heart recognises, you will know that such love is FIRST and LAST!

RURAL SIGHTS AND RURAL SOUNDS.

'Tis sweet, in flowery vales to hear
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
When labor's laugh salutes the ear,
And ceaseless clacks the busy mill;
The wild bee humming on the hill,
The cushat cooing in the glen,
The blackbird's whistle, sky-lark's trill,
Loud quacking duck and cackling hen,
Blithe milk-maid's song, lambs bleating
shrill,
And echo answering all again:
On earth, in air, and all around,
Floats harmony, and joy in every sound.

'Tis sweet, when soft the light breeze blows,
To hear it in the woodlands die;
Or when the zephyr fans the rose,
In whispers soft as lover's sigh.
How sweet when floating in the sky
The joyful sound of Sabbath bell,
And sweeter still the harmony
Breathed from the cottage in the dell;
The vesper song ascending high,
In cadence soft, or solemn swell;
The simple incense offered there
Of grateful praise, and humble heart-felt
prayer.

'Tis sweet to mark the morning's dawn,
The landscape spreading to the view;
The dusky veil of night withdrawn,
And nature clothed in graces new;
Like thread of gold on ether blue,
Where first appears the lord of day,
And every blade with pearly dew
Reflecting the refulgent ray;
While fleecy clouds of varied hue
Surround his throne in rich array;
Woods waving in the morning breeze,
And blue smoke curling o'er the village
trees.

How sweet to mark each varied bloom
On green-wood glade, or sunny plain;
The wild rose, hare-bell, yellow broom,
And summer's countless flowery train;
In sunbeams shines the gentle rain;
Stretched o'er the sky heaven's arching
bow,—
From blue hills to the watery main
Is spread the rich ethereal glow;
While peasants to the hallowed fane,
Wind slowly down the vale below;
Its moss-clad walls with ivy bound,
And daisies deck the humble graves around.

'Tis sweet to breathe the balm of morn,
 When wafted on the mountain gale,
 From dewy birch or blossomed thorn
 That mingle branches in the dale ;
 Or violet blue, or primrose pale,
 The odors of the flowery bean,
 And modest lily of the vale,
 Beneath the spicy woodbine seen,
 Where eglantines their sweets exhale,
 That mock the rose, the garden's queen ;
 And sweeter still, at close of day,
 Or dewy morn, the scented half-won hay.

O these are pure and simple joys ;
 Try them, ye lovely young and fair ;
 Can crowded scenes of bustling noise
 With rural sights and sounds compare ?
 Can city smoke and splendid glare
 Of crystal lamps, and midnight hours,
 Be prized beyond fresh mountain air,
 And meadows gay with scented flowers ?
 There haste the calm delights to share
 Of waving woods and leafy bowers ;
 If nature is preferred to art,
 Her rural charms must captivate the heart.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE result of the prolonged existence of the earth has been to extend the field of man's free and unfeared agency. This is the natural effect of accumulating experience.

The ancient world, so far as any single nation knew it, was a narrow island of solid soil, rooted to the centre and overarched by its own definite firmament, while all beyond was vision, mystery, and the substance of a dream. Men looked from their fields and watch towers into distant lands as we gaze from some hill-side upon the vague brightness and mingling colors of the evening clouds and the calm ocean. The earth of which they had knowledge was encompassed by imagination and tradition, with a thousand mythological kingdoms, with the cities of Meru, the golden bowers of Olympus, the gardens of the Hesperides glimmering through the desert, the icy habitations of Caucasus, and the banquet halls of Ethiopia. The Greek who saw the stars arising out of the sea might fancy that they had won their brightness from the glorious islands of Antilla or Atlantis, in which they reposed by day, and which were hidden in the distance from the eyes of men. Along the doubtful margin of the actual world gigantic monsters and lovely shadows walked half visible. Mighty lands in the conception of the Christian, around the more certain sphere in which he dwelled, were peopled with the holy descendants of Seth, with the progeny of demons, with angels themselves, and loathsome fiends, and innumerable wondrous mi-

nisters of human temptation or servants of saintly triumph. A broad belt, filled with beings as strange as the shapes of the Zodiac, encircled in the mind of every one the little region to which he was himself accustomed, commanded his awe, and repelled his inquiry.

Of the men who have dissipated these fancies, have fixed the clouds into solidity, and chased the shadows from the ends of the earth, the chief is Columbus. He accomplished more than any one else towards making us masters of the world on which we tread ; and giving us, instead of yawning abysses and realms of vapor, wide waters for our ships and lands for the city and the plough. He has rendered to the world an imperishable service. He stands in history as the completer of the globe ; the conqueror who has added to the commonwealth of mankind unheard of provinces and barbarous tribes. The barrier within which we moved with reluctant terror, like a lion in a circle of protruded spears, impetuous but fearful, was broken down by that Genoese sailor, and all around us was laid open to our onset. The mound on which so many phantoms poised themselves, and displayed their wings, was by him uprooted from its foundation, and made to mingle with the sky. Thenceforward there was no limit to the action of any thought ; no walls confined the arena of human enterprise but those which the nature of things has appointed.

The kind of good resulting from

the success of Columbus is one peculiarly adapted to win the admiration of the present age. He enlarged and strengthened the mechanism by which we work, the material on which we employ ourselves. Could all knowledge of the man be destroyed, the great action of his life would be commonly held up as the most beneficial that any one could perform; for it dispelled innumerable visions, valuable only to men's fancies and affections, and incapable of being employed in the sphere of reality. It brought under our certain knowledge, and subjected to our activity, regions and faculties of nature, from which we have drawn unmeasured physical advantages. Neither was there anything even apparently accidental in this acquisition: Columbus always pointed it out as the certain consequence of his design. The bringing together distant countries, the increase of wealth, the excitement of commerce, were inherent in that thought which occupied half his life. Was he then nothing else than such a man as may invent a spinning-machine or a steam-boat—as may originate great changes in the material possessions of society,—as may show himself earnest in opposing, and incapable of comprehending the seers of visions and the dreamers of phantoms? Did he resemble the idols of the nineteenth century? or was he fit to be a great man of that age which produced the Reformation?

The greatness of that period, no more than of any other, consisted in the neglect of mechanical and material objects, nor naturally involved it; but it implied the estimation of mechanical things as instrumental, and not as ends; and never but in this way has aught seminal been done even in mechanic discovery. So was it with Columbus, who more than almost any man augmented the *means* of mankind. Look at his whole life and all we know of his mind, and see what it is that distinguishes him. Not that he discovered America, for a fisherman driven to sea by a storm might have done this; but he is marked out from

other men by the spirit in which he conceived his enterprise and the objects which he proposed to himself. His intention was to clear up doubts, to solve difficulties, to disperse a thousand misty errors, to gain for Europe an action a new and immense field; but his motive, and it is from this that we must judge the character of the man, was chiefly religious.

In his own letters, addresses, and narratives, that which strikes us as different from the writings of any other bold and instructed seaman, is the constant appeal to religious authority. He looks forward with joy and confidence to the reception of the true faith by great countries, and to the acquisition for himself of wealth which shall enable him to make another crusade, and recover the holy sepulchre from the hands of the unbelievers. He asserts again and again, as the foundation of his enterprise, the trust and certainty that God had given him, in the hope of leading the way for Christianity to vast and unknown kingdoms, then pagan and blind; and, in addition to those sound and scientific reasons for the existence of a western land, which no man in his own day could refute, and the accuracy of which was proved by his success, he supports his plan by a strange variety of arguments taken from religion and prophecy. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and from it he draws a hundred misapplied predictions. In his conviction, the attempt to which he devoted himself was designed from of old by Providence, and he, as its selected minister, was watched over by saints and angels, and the mother of the Lord pointed his path along the waters. The cross was the ensign of his triumph; and his task was almost accomplished when he had first displayed the emblem of his faith on the shores of the new world. Year after year, through all the changes from success and honor and delegated sovereignty to sorrow and shame, amid the vicissitudes of poverty and disease, until his melancholy death, he was constantly occupied by thoughts of the

vows which he had made in the freshness of his hopes, and which he had not been able to fulfil; his dreams assumed the shapes of heavenly messengers, and uttered to him discourses of providential warning or holy comfort; and when courtiers and adventurers were alike intent on the one object of enriching themselves in the colonies he had discovered and then commanded,—when the priests who had been sent to aid him were busy in plotting against his power, he meditated on the prospect of rescuing Jerusalem from the Mussulmans.

Columbus, the great overthrower of the fantastic and mysterious idolatries which were founded on the ignorance of mankind, the man who more than all others routed the vague phantoms that, to the mind of every one, filled the unknown earth, did not therefore want a child-like simplicity of faith in the truths of religion. He separated forever the two worlds of the infinite and the finite, and cleared our knowledge of each by drawing a broad line between them. His genius enlarged and completed the domain of man's physical exertion; but his mind was still as true as ever to the existence of a higher region needing not the patronage of courts for its discovery, and revealed to us by a mightier being than he. He explored and opened to the light of day the provinces of fancy and mythology; but woe be to the dishonesty of those who overlook that he left to the spirit its own serene kingdom, and bowed before its heavenly tabernacle. What he added to our material world he did not take away from the immaterial; but while he excluded forever from a part the shadows and superstitions of ignorance, he would have subordinated the whole to religion.

It is true indeed that the religion of Columbus was not the purest Christianity, though exalted in his mind to a nobler faith than that common in his age. He sustained himself through a thousand conjunctures of uncertainty and danger by a trust in Providence, which was the most remarkable qua-

lity of his character. In him the latest brightness of Roman Catholicism displayed itself, and when in that form Christianity had reached, if not subdued, every portion of the world, nothing remained but the task of internal reformation.

But though the mind of Columbus was in many respects dark and weak, in this it was strong; in a religious hope and reliance, which taught him to refer immediately to God whatever of clear knowledge and new illumination he possessed. He felt himself marked out and appointed, with the other especial servants of Heaven, to perform a high spiritual work. The vividness of his intuition, the strength of his hope, he did not seek to account for from the accidents of his character or the scattered learning of his life. He thought that all was given to him for a predicted purpose, and that he was ranged among the patriarchs and prophets chosen from of old to do the work of Providence. The wise men of our day will mock at him for his childish credulity; but let no one despise this holy enthusiasm, unless he too has felt as strong a faith as belonged to Columbus in the distant and hidden, and as ready an energy in attempting to substantiate for all men that which before existed but in the thought of one; and having felt these, can assert the possibility of their action without any mixture of humble piety. He was indeed in all things childlike: childlike in his humility, childlike in his confidence, childlike in the keenness and freshness of all his sensations; yet was it he who discovered, and by this very unfearing simplicity of heart, that new world which has changed the whole condition and subsequent history of the old.

The name of the discoverer of America would give us, if we wanted accurate knowledge, the conception of a vast and iron mind, trampling over obstacles, compelling kings and seas to yield to him, and realising the cloudlike dreams of antiquity by an act of will as imperative and irresistible.

ble as that by which the ocean god framed and lifted over the waters the island of Apollo. He connects himself with the stern benefactors, the heroic shadows of antiquity, Jason, and the warlike Bacchus, and the wandering Hercules. The fancy naturally conceives of him as a mighty spectral shape leaning, like some old sea phantom, on a gigantic rudder, and fixed forever in dim and unmoving sublimity on some icy crag of Darien, with two worlds of water spread below him. A form remote, immense, and unapproachable, alone seems suitable to his fame. We cannot imagine him as a man beat back by daily opposition, impeded by the follies of the vulgar, checked and stung by the reptiles of society; and the act which revealed a second world likens itself in our thought to the simplicity and singleness of a creation.

But alas! this bold, imposing, and right-onward course, this unity and distinctness of action, can scarcely exist among men but in some false and melo-dramatic appearance. To struggle and agonise, to win a little way by much exertion, to be attended in our completest triumphs by the shame of some particular failure, or to be cut off in the midst of hopes brighter than any we have realised, is the fate of humanity. In Columbus we do not discover one great inspiration displaying itself in action as soon as attained, and leaving to him whom it favored, nothing for the future but to die in his renown. He does not delineate himself in history with a few vague shadowy lines, in which none of the half tints and finer lineaments of man can be discerned. But we see him throughout made up of much greatness and some weakness, encompassed with obstructions so petty that one would wish him to blow them away like cobwebs, yet so strong that giant as he was he frequently could not escape from them; often baffled and sometimes irritated by the despicable; and such, that his effigy ought to be moulded by the historian in gold, not virgin, but tormented into purity by the furnace.

We trace him with more than the interest which follows a hero of romance through the doubtful and adventurous years of his earlier life. There is a meditative curiosity which yearns to discover in what obscure and silent conjuncture of his vigorous manhood the idea of the world's completion by his means first dawned over his imagination: we can only know that his mind was built up into its strength amid the incessant affairs of Mediterranean commerce and war,—by experience gathered for a vile price, and at the risk of life,—by knowledge slowly and dispersedly collected, and above all by faith the master-principle, not to be learned from without, but drawing the life and strength and loveliness of all things to its own high inward service. With how many strange doubts and misgivings, and momentary temptations of a magical fancy, and recurring terrors at the very rashness of his own conception, must this great man have contended, whether in his narrow chamber, or on the unsteady deck of some paltry bark, guided, between Spain and Italy, with a crew of a half-score men, by him who was first to break the gates of the Atlantic! Image him in his little cabin, studying by the flickering light of a solitary lamp, and to the sound of the winds and waters, the marvellous descriptions of Marco Polo, or the more pregnant pages of Scripture, in which with tremulous yet confident expectation, he taught himself to read the memorable prophecies of his own enterprises, and evidences of his special selection. Image the poor adventurer, the son of the Genoese wool-comber, and a sailor since his early boyhood, wrestling for the sense of some dark saying which he wanted learning to interpret, and finding its significance come gradually glimmering, as it were, out of the page at the call of his earnest reliance; conceive him weighing, hesitating, trembling, turning to the stars an eye of hope, repeating a hasty supplication to the saints, reviewing in his thoughts the large and mixed array of testimonies on which he had

employed years in building up his trust, resting at last with secure triumph in the certainty which God had given him, till again he turned away with terror to consider the inadequacy of his means for the fulfilment of his mission: thus by the effort of an honest imagination let us paint Columbus, and we shall help ourselves to think what and how great he was.

The wondrous magic-lantern of history shows him to us a poor wayfarer, accompanied by his son, and appearing on foot at the gate of a monastery to implore bread for his boy. The tall and majestic pauper, with his ruddy cheek tinged by years and hardship, and bright hair so early turned to snow, must have presented a singular portrait of freshness and courage, battered, but not overthrown by misfortune. There was a spirit in his clear grey eye which while he discoursed to the Prior of Santa Maria de Rabida, on his designs and convictions, would indicate that he had in himself that union of the heroic and saintly character required for so perilous an enterprise. And probably he who heard Columbus speak with the honest and earnest simplicity through

all his life so peculiarly belonging to him, must have perceived a power in his words that softened the contrast, so strange to us, between the condition of the solitary beggar, and the vastness of the thought which he announced.

O! immeasurable scope of human genius! O! mighty strength of trust in God! O! miserable inequality of earthly fortunes! O! mysterious complication of mortal power and weakness! how wonderfully are they all displayed in the story of Columbus! And how much of faith in the sincere and humble workings of the mind may we certainly derive from the contemplation of this minister of Providence a mendicant at Palos; in his frail skiff the discoverer of the largest of the world's continents; at Barcelona received by kings, with more than the honors of a triumphant consul; then brought in chains from his own new world; and at last on a neglected bed of pain and death, carrying with him amid his heavenly hopes, the consciousness of how noble a deed his life had accomplished, and leaving to mankind the inheritance of America, and the memory of another pure and creative mind.

THE CITY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

At day-break, on a cloudless morning in September, the Italian month of Ireland, when a sky of sapphire, and a calm and Sabbath-like repose of the season, repay us for the scorching heats and drenching rains of summer, I obeyed the call of my restless spirit, and set off for Glendalough.

Who has not heard of Glendalough, the far-famed valley of the Seven Churches; the cradle and the grave of Irish Christianity, the seat of early literature and piety, in the forgotten days, when Ireland gave philosophy and religion to Europe? You need not stare; if you know anything about ecclesiastical history, it is unnecessary to tell you that previous to

the English invasion the Church of Ireland was primitive, and independent; she acknowledged no foreign supremacy, spiritual or temporal; her bishops were nominated by domestic suffrage, and the pious and learned were glad to fly from the anarchy of Europe, to the peaceful retirement of the Island of Saints. Pray have you ever heard of Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms?—take my advice, and read his *Essays on Irish Antiquities*; don't puzzle yourself with the rhapsodies of bards, or the solemn Baalam of fabulous annalists, lay or ecclesiastical, but take information from a dispassionate writer (and he an Englishman), who has

made the study of antiquity his profession, and you may find that the ancient Irish were wiser than you take them to have been, notwithstanding the follies and vices of some of their descendants in modern times. *A propos*, I warn you that there are impostors abroad; and that a good half of those who now-a-days figure as the "sons of Irish kings," have no more claim to the title than you have.

The city of the Seven Churches is indeed a "city of the dead;" its pastoral warriors and sages are gathered to their fathers, their far-off history is lost in the dimness of antiquity, their very name is an apple of discord among antiquarians, and nature has resumed the domain which they held at her hands. The eternal mountains are there, unchanged, unchangeable; the deep blue lake still sleeps in the silent valley; and the bright swift stream, that flowed past the ancient city, still slakes the thirst of thoughtful idlers, like myself, who moralize among its ruins. Methinks there is something in this silent triumph over all we love—this decay, and death, and oblivion of all we have fondly devoted to immortality, that reads a deeper lesson to the heart than a thousand homilies.

In the centre of the valley rises one of those tall, pillar-like towers which have baffled the dark industry of our most indefatigable antiquarians. Though inferior in height to many that I have beheld, it adds much to the picturesque character of the scene: it speaks of a race utterly gone by, of manners and of a religion which the depths of time have buried forever; we stand upon the brink of the gulf, and cast our little nets into the deep waters, but we draw up no memorials of its primeval architects—we might as well fish for elliptic springs, and chariot wheels, in the Red Sea. For my part, I like to see this confounding of the wise in their own conceit—this stumbling of the race who forever look back, while they walk forward. The study of the past, when applied to the instruction

and improvement of the present, is eminently useful; but I would not give a fig to know who rotted in the great pyramid. I leave the survey of the Garden of Eden to more imaginative engineers. I shall never hunt for the timbers of the diluvian first-rate (I disclaim the pun) among the snows of Ararat. I am not to be found among the busy purblind pack, who would unearth old Time, and run down Antiquity as if she were a fox.

At the same time, I confess a strong—I had almost said a superstitious reverence for the memorials of elder times; I love to peep into the dim nooks of ancient cathedrals, and hallowed crypts, while some hoary-headed peasant tells me reverend lies of their saintly founders. I love to uncover my reason of its tiny cap of knowledge, and to wander bare-headed among the dusky solitudes, where Fable mutters her lulling spells over sleeping History. By Jove, I would duck the officious antiquary who would attempt to awaken her. Peace be with the pleasant days of childhood, when schooled by my simple nurse, I had mysterious knowledge in the genera and species of *faeries*, and could class them as you would butterflies, by their painted wings. Many a golden day-dream I have lost since they left me. Farewell to the charmed harmony of the lonely Rath—the graceful revelry of the ancient oak—a long farewell to the lively train that peopled the moonlight vigils of the harmless peasant, in better and less enlightened days—before St. Patrick's Alien Act was broken—before venomous reptiles returned from transportation—before misrule and absenteeism brought forth her noxious brood of middlemen to vex the land. The squireens appeared, and the *faeries* vanished; the orgies of the rack-rent votaries of freedom of election smothered them like bees: the Peace Preservation Bill interdicted them; they dare not appear after night-fall, and vulgar daylight is too coarse for their delicate frames. I wish I could give them a little dusky corner in my

mind, to play at hide and seek with sturdy reason.

It is a pleasant thing to sit in the creative twilight of an autumnal evening, in the ruined strength of some ancient castle, when the season and the hour seem gently to acquiesce in your feelings, and to sadden while you moralize upon the downfall of the strong,—it is then pleasant, I say, above all pleasant things, to bid that jewel of a pyrotechnist, the imagination, light up the scene with the splendor of chivalry and beauty,—to lean from the lofty gallery over the dazzling festival—to listen to the daring vows of the youthful aspirants, “before the peacock and the ladies,” while they bind the golden chain that a valiant deed must loosen, or to watch the heaving of the noble and gentle bosom, and the softened lustre of the downcast eye, “struggling through tears unbidden,” as the high-born maiden, half in fear and half in love, turns from the glittering pledge that devotes her faithful knight, or the brother of her heart, to glory or the grave; while high above the splendid scene, the gallant minstrel blending poetry and music into a lofty harmony, invokes immortal fame upon the beautiful and the brave.

“Could I have kept my spirit to that height, I had been happy.”

But the longest vision will have a close—a moping owl will scare the phantom train; the uncourteous elements, that would not spare the fairest “queen of beauty and of love,” that ever crazed a troubadour, will wash away the picture in a trice; or fail all else, the sullen night will steal upon the autumnal evening, and fling her murky mantle over the pageant and myself, and I may chance to break my shins, as I stumble from the ruined hall.—I will return to Glendalough.

I left the aged Churches, and bent my course to a favorite haunt of mine, “The Burial-place of the Kings.” It is a solitary nook, not far from the margin of one of the lakes, from which the valley takes its name, where, beneath the half ruined walls of an antique oratory, roofed with the green old age of a venerable ash, repose the shepherd kings, who swayed the patriarchal sceptre of this sequestered valley, when the golden age was not all a fable, among the pious race who nestled in its bosom. A simple stone, with a simple, but emphatic inscription,* has covered their remains for eight hundred years. Their annals have perished with their kingdom, but tradition, that most affectionate historian, has embalmed the memory of their paternal virtues, and consecrated that stone in the kind and grateful superstition of the inhabitants of the glen.

Well, I have told you that my intended path led me to this tomb, and I had reasons as plenty as blackberries for my choice. I had passed through the ancient gateway of the silent city—I had moralized among what might be the remains of the palace—I had peeped into the ivyed recesses of the reverend Churches—I had theorized upon the lofty tower, and a natural conclusion led me to the tomb, that from the nearest eminence in the neighborhood I might gather into one view this miniature of the ruins of empires—this epitome of human ambition, and its reward,—the kingdom—the city—the palace—and the grave.

I was more than surprised when I reached the little sanctuary of ivy and alders that surrounds it, at finding that rude hands had been upon them, marring their green beauty. Hastily, and not without foreboding, I passed on to the tomb—it was defaced and broken. In this era of civilization—

* “Behold the resting-place of the Body
of

Mc Mithuil the King
Who died in Christ 1010.”

in these days of peace and good order—in this Augustan age of art and science, when antiquarians bow down before idols, and worship graven images—a solitary ruffian—he must have been alone—who would have shared the cowardly guilt?—what two (for villains despise each other) would have encountered the mutual scorn?—had stolen into the quiet of this so long venerated sanctuary, to destroy the monument, whose pious simplicity six hundred years of desolating strife had spared!

As I was looking on the broken stone, full of a vain wish that I had come upon the mutilator in his spiteful sacrilege, an aged mountaineer approached. His dark brow, and gaunt muscular figure, would have been a study for Salvator, as he bent

over the tomb, and muttered an imprecation that Shakspeare might have copied;—it was not needed; the cold and sordid cowardice which prompted the act is a seven-fold and abiding curse.

I do confess to you, that I am unwilling to commit to paper the full extent of my feelings on the subject, but you shall not tell me that I *have* spoken too warmly. The Christian religion, by affirming the doctrine of the Resurrection, has hallowed the tomb. The grave of her votary is not a pit of rottenness and corruption, but a place of rest; he closes his eyes in the assurance that he shall sleep but for a season; his bones, while they moulder, are consecrated to immortality, and the hand that disturbs them is sacrilegious.

ILLUSTRIOUS VISITERS.*

MUSIC—DEVOTION—GOOD AND BAD STYLE.

THE Queen of Hearts was one night at the opera, attended by the Countess of Shropshire and her daughters. The king of Diamonds was absent at the Crockery Palace, and the King of Hearts was lounging behind the scenes, touched by the fascinations of a favorite figurante.

"How full the Opera House is!" said her Majesty of Hearts; "your countrymen seem very fond of music."

"They wish to *seem* so: would you believe it—not one in ten of those you see here know one sentence of what is sung; and, being ignorant of the language, they peep surreptitiously into the diabolical attempt at a translation of the opera, which is sold at the doors."

"But the English love good music?"

"Look at them to-night,—observe their countenances, and attend to their applause; then take the same set of people to an English playhouse to-morrow night, let somebody sing them a ditty of the true hey diddle

diddle school, and then, when you see and hear their raptures and encores, tell me what sort of music the English's best understand."

"But see how they receive the foreign favorite!"

"Yes; she came with a foreign reputation, and on these occasions the English know how to follow a leader. But I am not jesting when I tell you, that had it been possible to have play d off a hoax on the public—(mind I speak of the mass of metropolitan opera frequenters, for of course even *here* we have *some* good judges)—well, I say, *had it been possible*, after puffing, praising, and duly announcing the foreign star, to have disguised Miss Martingale in a flaxen wig, and sent her on the stage as *the* stranger, she would have been accepted as the 'real Simon Pure;' and the purity of her style and her taste would have been the theme of general panegyric!"

"Oh you slanderer! you deserve

* See page 18.

to be exposed to the just indignation of the pit." * * *

"I wish to know," said the Queen of Hearts, "what is meant by devotion. My dictionary informs me that to be devout is to be pious, religious, and sincere; but I have been puzzled beyond measure, for it is evident to me that I do not properly comprehend what *your* view of the subject is: now tell me, *what* is devotion?"

"Oh! devotion," replied the countess, "is — hem — saying one's prayers, going to church, and—and duly observing the sabbath."

"Saying your prayers? Ay, that is private devotion, and of course implies, I conclude, not only a repetition of a form of prayer, but a deep feeling of the meaning of what you are saying. Well now, I cannot imagine what time *you* can find for this duty, but that is no business of mine. Going to church comes next in your definition of devotion; *that* you consider an imperative duty?"

"Absolutely requisite."

"Well, as far as I have been able to judge, going to church and observing the sabbath amount to this: You get up late, tired to death with the fatigues of the week, and particularly with the opera and supplementary supper party of the preceding night; you breakfast in a hurry, but by the time your hair, hat and shawl are adjusted to your satisfaction, it is a quarter of an hour past the time at which the service commences. You then drive to your chapel, selected because it is fashionable, and almost as exclusive as your assemblies; parade up to your pew with a servant after you, because you cannot *condescend* to carry your prayer-book, and then go through the established forms of kneeling, bending the head, and covering your eyes with your lily hand; you look round the chapel, mentally criticising bonnets and gowns; smell to salts, and complain to your neighbor that you are suffering from the heat, (*you* who have spent the last six evenings in rooms lighted and crowded to suffocation!)

After the service is over, you nod to all your friends, chat to those who are near you, hope no colds were caught at balls, and fear that Ascot will ruin the next opera night. If the solemn service just concluded is alluded to at all, it is with a sneer at the drawl of the reader, or a note of admiration earned by the white hands and gentlemanly delivery of the preacher. After church, you admit visitors, and laugh over the luncheon tray; then drive in the Park, or walk in Kensington Gardens; then dine out, or receive company at home; and in the evening go to an assembly or a concert, given by some dame of fashion, who regularly lights up her house, and scandalizes her neighborhood by collecting frivolous crowds *within*, and swearing footmen *without*, her doors on the evening of every sabbath day. This seems to me to be the devotion of the fashionable world; and surely this is not piety, religion, and sincerity."

"This is a serious subject, which I do not profess to be competent to discuss; we consider it bad style to interfere in such matters."

"Well then, to turn to matters of less import, may I ask what you mean by style?"

"Style—oh, there is a good style and bad style, and high style and low style—"

"Well, to begin then, what is good style?"

"All that is *comme il faut*, all that is fashionable, all that is French. Good style of living consists in having a mansion exquisitely fitted up with all the expensive bijouterie compatible with true elegance, yet avoiding the lavish superabundance of gimcrackery which borders on vulgarity; comely serving men in suitable liveries, all so well initiated into the mysteries of their respective duties, that a guest could imagine himself in a fairy palace, where plates vanish without the contamination of a mortal finger and thumb, and glasses move without a jingle: then the feast is exquisitely cooked and exquisitely served; the

table groans not, the hostess carves not; but one delicious dainty is followed by another, and each remove brings forth a dish more piquante than the last: everything is delightful, but there must appear to be an abundance of nothing; two spoonfuls alone of each delicious viande should repose under its silver cover; and he who dared ask to be helped a second time to anything ought to be sentenced to eternal transportation from the regions of haut ton."

"Dear me! and what is bad style of living?"

"Shocking even to describe! A large house in streets or squares unknown; hot, ugly men servants, stumbling over one another in their uncouth eagerness to admit you; your name mispronounced, and shouted at the drawing-room door; your host and hostess in a fuss, apologizing, asking questions, and boring you to death; dinner at length announced, but no chance of extrication from the dull drawing-room, because the etiquette of precedence is not rightly understood, and nobody knows who ought to be led out first; all the way down stairs a dead silence, and then the difficulty of distributing the company almost equals the previous di-

lemma of the drawing-room: wives are wittily warned against sitting by husbands, and two gentlemen are facetiously interdicted from sitting together; the hostess takes the top of the table to be useful, not ornamental, for fish, and joint, and turkey, must she carve; whilst her husband, at the other end of the mahogany, must equally make a toil of a pleasure, and yet smile as if it were a pleasure to toil! The beasts of the earth and the birds of the air appear upon the board, scorning disguise, in their own proper forms, just as they stepped out of Noah's ark, always excepting those who are too unwieldy to be present in whole skins; and even they send their joints to table in horrid unsophistication! Sweets follow, but how unlike the soufflés of Ude! Grim green gooseberries, lurking under their heavy coverings of crust; and custards, the plain produce of the dairy, embittered with bay leaves, cinnamon, and cloves! Cheese follows, with the alternatives of port wine and porter; and all this weary time the servants have been knocking your head about, thumbing your plate, or pouring lobster sauce into your pockets!"

"Truly a tale of terror!"

ETCHINGS FROM HISTORY.*

[Setting forth how King Robert Bruce, when under hiding, received a lesson from a spider; very profitable for all in like circumstances.]

"FAREWELL, farewell, my dreams of pride,
Farewell my country's libertie;
My bravest men lie low in death,
The crown of Scotland's not for me.

"My palace is a grewsome cave,
My throne the rock, my drink the rill,
Alone, forsaken, feeble, poor,
Farewell, my country—fare-thee-well.

"Where are ye all, my trusty men,
Who fought so well for libertie?
Your bones are bleaching on the hills,
Or rotting in the stormy sea.

"I'll doff my robes for pilgrim's garb,
My helmet for a pilgrim's hood,
I'll wander forth to Palestine,
And die beside the holy rood."

Thus spoke the king, and the salt tear
Of hopeless grief welled from his eye,
When on the cavern's rocky side
A little spider he did spy.

It strove to climb—but strove in vain,
For aye its feeble thread gave way:
Still, undismayed with toil or pain,
Six times it boldly made essay.

Small things, when far from human ken,
Attract the hermit in his lair—
The monarch saw—and while he gazed,
Strange thoughts broke in on his despair.

Wearied and vexed, the little wight
Agnin his slender thread ascends—
It bore his weight—the top was gained,
And safe his pain and peril ends.

* The foundation of the foregoing ballad will be found in the first volume, first series, of "*Tales of a Grandfather*."

Up rose the king—his sword he grasped—
 Lowly he kneel'd upon the rock—
 "God of my fathers, by thine aid,
 Again I'll brave the battle shock."

"Now hold your hand, my servitor,
 No spider shall meet harm from me;
 For through a spider I am king,
 And Scotland's fair domains are free."

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.*

WE have already spoken favorably of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and enriched our pages by extracts from it when these fell within the scope of our own publication. The present Part, we are free to say, meets with a higher share of our applause than either of its predecessors—amusing and instructive though they have been. It is, as its title indicates, a history of the difficulties encountered and overcome in the pursuit of knowledge; and the example of many distinguished individuals is given, all well calculated to illustrate this design. From among these, we quote that of Professor Heyne, of Gottingen.

"The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age; and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the 'Memoirs of his own Life,' Heyne says, 'Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands,

as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!' His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, to read and write. Having learned everything comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of four-pence a week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him; at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself

* The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. III. Part I. The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; illustrated by Anecdotes. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1829.

knew. At this time, his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education : and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighborhood ; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony ; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens ; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the period was come when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university ; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city accordingly with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon, except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he

shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardor for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week ; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence,—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, '*To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.*' In the mean time, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies ; and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused, in the university town. This, of course, relieved for a time his pecuniary wants ; but still the ardor with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources ; so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and as destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to set out for the court at Dresden, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune ; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from

the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of copyist in the library of the Count de Bruhl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about 17*l.* sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, beside performing the duties of his situation, to do a little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipsic. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favorite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the Seven Years' War had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dresden, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with

him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property. At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden; and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the professorship of eloquence in the University of Gottingen had become vacant by the death of the celebrated John Mathias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony from Ruhnken was at once the most honorable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the professorship; although so little known, that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held this appointment for nearly fifty years; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of

the classical scholars of his age ; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death, in 1812, felt that their University and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction."

Of the many reflections which are interspersed among the anecdotes and notices which are avowedly the chief object of this work, and the force and weight of which are increased in an incalculable degree by being so accompanied and set forth, the following breathe such sound and lofty views, and have a tendency so truly beneficial, that we cannot pass them by unextracted :—

" Thus, by his own persevering efforts, did this great man [Thomas Simpson] raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame,—than either the honors which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory,—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being ; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness,—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition,—the only satisfying reward of all labor, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least, on their own account ; that the many who spent their lives in their original

sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it : but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy,—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future,—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station ; these are comparatively nothing ; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them ; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction,—no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone,—no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly ; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it : it is the labor necessary for its acquirement that scares them ; and this labor they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained, that knowledge derives at least half its value ; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it ; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source : besides that, the labor itself soon becomes an enjoyment."

These sentiments are truly delightful ; and it is a happy reflection that the author from whom they proceed must speak from personal experience of their truth, since the book he has produced abounds with proofs of knowledge acquired, and of the labor so sweet employed in its pursuit.

TO * * * * *, WITH FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the Beautiful ! To them belong
The lyre, the garland, and the voice of song—
All that like them are lovely—all the earth
Brought forth to glad them when she gave them birth.

Flowers to the Beautiful ! For thee I save
These opening blossoms from an early grave ;
Snatched from the dark cold earth, to thee they come,
And in thy bosom find their happy home.

All wildly sweet and fresh they fly to thee,
Types of thyself—the innocent, the free :
Beneath thy sunny smile, oh ! bid them bloom,
And yield their kindred tribute of perfume.

Short are their lives, but lovely. Time, who brings
Sickness to us and sorrow, o'er them flings
Sunshine and joy ; and, dying, they bequeathe
Their breath to Beauty—to the Muse a wreath !

ROMAN BEGGARS.

THE houseless wretch, who has no other resource upon earth, is sure to escape starvation by undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy City, in which the lucrative professions of singing, praying, and begging, are practised without intermission. There he is sure to obtain a portion of soup and bread at noon in every monastery, and the faster he can swallow his soup and run from convent to convent the more soup he will get. It is ludicrous to see the beggars every day at noon carrying their soup-jugs, and running like mad along the streets. This practice proves the want of a better system and a better police ; but it is not displeasing to reflect that there is one place on earth where the utterly poor and destitute cannot perish with hunger. Here, too, the beggar enjoys extraordinary privileges ; and, however ragged and disgusting in appearance, he can enter with impunity the most brilliant Cafés when crowded with well-dressed people, walk round the circle, and address his petition to each individual. A negative is usually expressed by the phrase, "Non c'è niente !" (I have nothing for you.) Should the beggar persevere, he is never harshly dismissed, but is given to understand by the words, "Iddio vi provvederà !"

(God will provide for you !) that he has nothing to expect. The usual formula of mendicants is, "Date qualche cosa per l'amor di dio !" (Give something for God's sake !) and this "date qualche cosa," is eternally resounding in the ears of strangers in every quarter of Rome. Some beggars are extended on the ground, exhausted, and apparently in the very "article of death," and yet still soliciting relief from the passengers. Others merely extend their palms, and withdraw them in silence when repulsed with a "non c'è niente !" Most of the Roman beggars exhibit mutilated limbs, and not a few of them were deliberately injured in infancy by their parents, for the purpose of making them objects of charity : thus preserving them alike from the risk of want and the dreaded miseries of labor. The Romans dread the fatigue of labor more than contempt, disease, or even death itself. For every exertion they exact an extravagant remuneration, and after performing the most trifling service, they complain long and grievously of the fatigue it has cost them. With this deeply rooted aversion from labor of every kind, it is not wonderful that many of them rejoice in their mutilations, and prefer the passive

trade of begging to every useful occupation. So far, indeed, is this hatred of labor carried, that some mendicants do not hesitate to assign it as the ground of their claim upon your compassion. One of them, a robust young fellow, who walks about in a black coat, thus words his petition for alms, "Sono cascato dalla scala di pigrizia, ed ho rotto il braccio!" (I have fallen from the ladder of idleness, and broken my arm.) Many people are so much amused with the naïve sincerity of this despicable plea, that they give the fellow a trifle for his honesty in confessing a motive which most beggars endeavor to mask under deception and falsehood. A sturdy and powerful youth of nineteen, whom I see every morning on the Corso, holds out a lame, stiff hand, and shouts with the lungs of a stentor, "Non son buono per faticare!" (I am not able to work!) "date mi qualche cosa per l'amor di dio!"

The income of these beggars bears a relative proportion to their outward infirmities. One of the most distinguished is a well-dressed, corpulent, and jovial-looking man, without legs, who crawls daily about the Corso, and by merely holding out his hat, obtains a donation from almost every passenger. This mendicant is so well provided for by the want of his legs, that many hundreds of the fraternity regard with envy a mutilation so obvious and so productive. Conscious of his advantages, he says it is better to be envied than pitied, looks the picture of contentment and good cheer, and discusses politics, wind, and weather, with the residents on the Corso, who regard him as a sort of neighbor. Another thriving beggar is a dwarf named Bajocco, who daily posts himself before the Grecian Coffeehouse in the Strada Condotti. Nature has been but a step-mother to this poor fellow, and yet his manifold infirmities and deformities have proved a most productive capital to him through life. In stature a dwarf, and with hands and feet strangely deform-

ed, he appears rather a moving mass of flesh than a human being. He has nevertheless reached the advanced age of eighty years, and calls himself the poor *antique* Bajocco, an epithet which falls strangely upon ears to which the usual association of the word antique is familiar.

There is also in Rome a class of privileged beggars, who rattle large copper boxes, and collect alms for the souls of the poor in purgatory, on the amount of which they receive a percentage from the monks who employ them. For this service, such beggars are selected as are most disfigured by disease or mutilation, or such as, from their cadaverous appearance, look like ambassadors from purgatory, sent back to earth to plead the cause of their fellow sufferers. These ghastly objects entreat your compassion for "le povere anime benedette del purgatorio," and in tones which become more hollow and sepulchral as the day advances, until in the evening they are hoarse and exhausted with unceasing repetition.

According to Romish dogma, death brings no relief from suffering, and all good Catholics believe that prolonged tortures await the unfortunate soul which has left no provision on earth to purchase release. This prevalent belief readily opens the hearts and purses of the benevolent when petitioned to remember the suffering souls of the poor, and thus the priests obtain their dues from the most destitute of the deceased poor through the sympathy of the living. Even the poorest beggars will often bestow their last copper coin upon this work of Christian charity.

Amongst the various stratagems of mendicity in Rome, is one practised by these agents of the monasteries, which makes so powerful an appeal to the strongest feelings of human nature, that it rarely fails to extort a contribution even from the most destitute. Two beggars, man and woman, place themselves at some distance from each other, and sing in hoarse and powerful voices alternate

verses of a tremendous death-song, supposed to be chanted by the dead in purgatory. The aged father beseeches his surviving son, the deceased son his surviving mother, dead youths and maidens their surviving brothers and sisters, to sacrifice a small sum for the peace of their departed souls, and thereby to prove their affectionate remembrance of the dead, and their earnest desire to atone for any unkindness or neglect towards them during life. As this awful appeal to the affections and the conscience may be heard half the length of a street, there are many listeners, and amongst them not a few, who, having lost near relatives, are effectually reached by this imposing formula. There are indeed few families in Rome which have not the loss of a member to mourn for, who was either beloved during life, or became dear after death, and for whose benefit the survivors would eagerly make any sacrifice. And here is a remedy provided to meet this strongest yearning of human nature; to alleviate heart-rending sorrow; to bring healing to the wounded conscience. No zealous and warm-hearted Catholic can resist such an appeal. Windows

are opened in all directions for the passage of contributions, and the mites of the poor, carefully folded in paper, are handed to the hoarse and greedy collectors, who receive them with ill-concealed exultation, and drop them into their copper boxes. These huge receptacles are emptied every night into the treasury of some convent, which derives a luxurious support by thus preying upon the sympathies of bereaved and mourning relatives.

Often have I heard the hoarse voices of two collectors resounding from each end of the short street in which I reside. Their cry is, "*Io sono la tua madre,*" &c., or, "*Io sono la tua sorella,*" &c. (I am thy mother, or I am thy sister, and suffering in purgatory.) These awful words, uttered in deep and hollow accents, which seem to issue from the tomb itself, are well adapted to call up a vivid recollection of loved and lost relations in the minds of the desolate survivors. The success of this ingenious device was never failing. I never looked out of my window without witnessing the donations of my devout neighbors to these truly privileged mendicants.

VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.*

I APPROACHED the house with a feeling of awe I could not overcome; the high walls that surrounded the building, the massive bars that closed the gates, the gloomy windows that overlooked the entrance, all contributed to inspire a stranger with ideas that were likely to unfit him for an immediate interview with the celebrated owner of the mansion.

After the gates were thrown open I was surprised to observe a thousand little elegancies in the distribution of the walks, and the adjustment of the flower pots in the court through which

I passed. Everything without was wild and barbarous, and all within confessed the hand of taste. I was led from the court into a little garden, at the extremity of which there was a sort of kiosk, consisting of two rooms, a sitting-room and bed-room, furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables. Everything seemed to have been prepared for my arrival, and in a short time an excellent dinner was served up, and various sorts of the choicest wines of Lebanon were laid on the table. It seemed to me as if I was in some enchanted palace;

* The above account of a visit to the English Lady Hester Stanhope, one of the most extraordinary personages this age has produced, is from Mr. Madden's recently published "*Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia and Palestine.*"

the servants came and went, but never opened their lips ; I spoke to them, but they answered me with bows and nods. I would have given the world to have had somebody to talk to ; in the evening, however, I received a note from her Ladyship, stating that business prevented her from seeing me till the *mogreb*, or sunset ; and in the event of my wanting anything, that I was to write it down on paper and commit it to the servant. The formidable moment for the interview arrived at last ; I decked myself out in my finest Mameluke apparel, and followed the servant who brought her Ladyship's message.

The room into which I was ushered was in the Arab style ; a long divan was raised at the end, about a foot and a half from the ground, and, at the further corner, as well as a glimmering lamp would allow me to distinguish, I perceived a tall figure in the male attire of the country, which was no other than Lady H. herself. She received me in the most gracious manner, arose at my entrance, and said my visit afforded her great pleasure. In the course of one hour we were on the best of terms ; we conversed like people who had been acquainted for years ; and, indeed, her Ladyship was so well acquainted with my character within the first two hours of my interview, whether by physiognomy or the stars, that she acquainted me with every peculiar lineament of my mind, with as much facility and as much correctness as if she had been tracing those of my countenance. I was certainly astonished at her penetration ; but I have no doubt, that in judging of the characters of strangers, her Ladyship "consults the stars" less than the features of the person whose intellect she wishes to ascertain. For seven hours that I had the honor of sitting with her Ladyship, there never was a pause in the conversation. Every subject connected with oriental learning was discussed, and every observation of her Ladyship's evinced a degree of genius that astonished me, and was couched in such forcible and energetic

language as to impress me with the idea that I was conversing with a woman of no ordinary intellect. The peculiarity of some of her opinions in no wise detracted from the general profundity of her reflections ; and, though I could not assent to many of her abstract notions regarding astral influence and astrological science, I had still no reason to alter my opinion of her exalted talents, though, it might appear, they were unfortunately directed to very speculative studies.

To one who knows the Arabs well, the natural simplicity of their character, their generosity, and their kindness of heart, there is no small pleasure in remaining amongst them, and especially in the character of a benefactor and a chief, who is looked up to by them, not only as a ruler, but as a being of a superior order ; and, in this light, both the Arabs of Mount Lebanon and the Bedouins of the Desert look upon Lady H. S. But her influence over the Turkish Pachas of Syria has, indeed, diminished greatly.

She has now been seventeen or eighteen years in the country ; and, for many years after her arrival, to gain their protection, which was very desirable in such an unsettled region, it was necessary to make considerable presents annually, which no private fortune could be equal to for any length of time. So long as the presents were made, the Pachas were all courtesy, and the name of the *Sittee Inglis* was a passport over Syria ; but, latterly, that her hand has ceased to lavish the shawls of Cachmire, the silver mounted pistols of England, the swords of Damascus, the muslins of India, on these rapacious governors, their friendship has waxed cold ; and, in some instances, has been converted into enmity : such is the case with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and the Emir Bechir of the Druses. The latter has taken every occasion of thwarting her, and has latterly issued a firman, which he procured from Acre, forbidding any Mahometan subject, on pain of death,

to remain in her service, or to carry water to her house, with which it is supplied from a river three or four miles distant. The consequence of this edict is, that she has been left without servants, and her beautiful garden has gone to ruin for want of irrigation.

Her establishment formerly consisted of thirty or forty domestics, and a great number of girls whose education was her employment: but they have all deserted her, with the exception of five servants, and on their fidelity her life is now dependent. Several attempts have been lately made to break in at night; people have been found murdered, who were attached to her, and the corpse of a stranger, a few days ago, was found lying near the gate.

Having smoked and conversed till half-past three in the morning, I retired, delighted with a conversation in which the natural eloquence of this lady was only surpassed by the originality of her observations. Her habits are peculiar: she retires to rest at the dawn and rises in the afternoon; she takes her meals in her own apartments, and never with her guests; she drinks no wine, and very seldom eats meat. Other nights it was still later when I retired; tea was sometimes brought in towards two in the morning.

"As to leaving this country," said Lady S. "your advice is vain; I ne-

ver will return to England. I am encompassed by perils: I am no stranger to them; I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the Desert, and when my servants quaked I have galloped in amongst them and forced them to be courteous; I have faced them;—and when a horde of plunderers was breaking in at my gate I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand, and after convincing them that, had they even been inclined, they could not hurt me, I fed them at my gate, and they behaved like thankful beggars. Here am I destined to remain; that which is written in the great book, who may alter? It is true I am surrounded by perils; it is true I am at war with the prince of the mountains and the Pacha of Acre; it is very true my enemies are capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms, good Damascus blades; I use no guns, and while I have an arm to wield a *hanjar* these barren rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter before "my face looks black" in the presence of my enemies; and two hundred years hence, the Bedouins of the Desert shall talk of the *Sitte Inglis*, how she sate her Arab steed, and fell like an Arab chief, when the star of her glory had set forever!"

THE LONE GRAVES.

Why should their sleep thus silent be, from streams and flowers away,
While wanders through the sunny air the cuckoo's mellow lay;
Those forms, whose eyes reflected heaven in their mild depth of blue,
Whose hair was like the wave that shines o'er sands of golden hue?

Are these the altars of their rest, the pure and sacred shrines;
Where Memory, rapt o'er visions fled, her holy spell combines?
The sire, the child, oh, waft them back to their delightful dell,
When, like a voice from heavenly lands, awakes the curfew bell.

And have they no remembrance here, the cheeks that softly glow'd,—
The amber hair, that, on the breeze, in gleaming tresses flow'd,—
The hymn which hail'd the Sabbath morn,—the fix'd and fervid eye;
Must these sweet treasures of the heart in shade and silence lie?

Oh, no! thou place of sanctities! a ray has from thee gone,
Dearer than noontide's gorgeous light, or Sabbath's music tone;
A spirit! whose bright ark is far beyond the clouds and waves,
Albeit there is a sunless gloom on these, their lonely graves!

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the harvest of reflection home."

ANECDOTES OF PALEY.

HE preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was brow-beaten by the questioning counsel:—"I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?" The witness calmly replied: "I *was* a charity boy; and all the good that has ever befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school." Paley drew hence an argument in favor of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. He said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is,—The tap is out." "The Archbishop of York," said he, speaking of a late primate, "preached one day at Carlisle: I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear*; a passage that is often quoted and well known." "Now," said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, "guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this,—I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him."

"When I set up a carriage," said Paley, "it was thought right that my

armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*"

ARTIFICIAL RIPENING OF FRUIT.

The custom of gathering fruit before it be quite ripe, and allowing it to mature by keeping, is, we believe, by no means unusual. It is, however, an usage, in most instances, rather adopted from the observation of its successful results than from theory. A short notice in the last number of the "Gardener's Magazine," while it encourages the practice, explains the principal on which the effect proceeds, by inferring that "the organic elaborations of the constituent parts of fruit are all finished in the early stages of their growth, or when arrived at their full size, and that their ripening is a process of chemical changes similar to fermentation, which, with a sufficient and regular application of heat, goes on, in some degree, independent of the living principle." Mr. Howison, the gentleman who furnishes this explanation, gives the following examples of the successful adoption of artificial ripening:—"Pears," he says, "gathered some weeks before they were ripe, owing to the danger of their being stolen from the trees, were placed in the drawers of a book-case, in a room

where a fire was constantly kept, and the temperature from 58 to 68 deg. After ten or twelve days the jargonelle, and after a month the moor-fowl egg, were found ripe, and better flavored than if matured in the open air. Melons gathered in the end of October, and supposed useless, were, after lying in the same room till the end of December, found nearly as highly-flavored and juicy as those ripened in the frames. In 1816, when wall-fruit in the upper part of Lanarkshire did not even arrive at its usual size, fire heat had the effect of rendering such fruit more eatable than any ripened on the tree in one of the warmest situations of Scotland."

HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN WILKES.

This singular performance originated in a quarrel with that witty libertine, and his associate Churchill the poet: it immediately followed an article, from the pen of Wilkes, in the North Briton, which insulted Hogarth as a man, and traduced him as an artist. It is so little of a caricature, that Wilkes good-humoredly observes somewhere in his correspondence, "I am growing every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth." The terrible scourge of the satirist fell bitterly upon the personal and moral deformities of the man. Compared with his chastisement, the hangman's whip is but a proverb, and the pillory a post of honor. He might hope oblivion from the infamy of both; but from Hogarth there was no escape. It was little indeed that the artist had to do, to brand and emblazon him with the vices of his nature,—but with how much discrimination that little is done! He took up the correct portrait, which Walpole upbraids him with skulking into a court of law to obtain, and in a few touches the man sank, and the demon of hypocrisy and sensuality sate in his stead. It is a fiend, and yet it is Wilkes still. It is said that when he had finished this remarkable portrait, the former friendship of Wilkes overcame him, and he

threw it into the fire, from which it was saved by the interposition of his wife."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, received a morning visit in his closet, or *cabinet*, as the French would call it. The visiter, Dr. Sibthorp, said to him, "Mr. Warden, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat." "I do not want to swing a cat, Dr. Sibthorp." Wisdom can teach few lessons of greater utility than not to desire what we do not possess. We are told of an ancient philosopher, who, on beholding the splendors of a great palace, cried out, "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Was he a greater philosopher than Dr. Barton, who was contented with a space too narrow for an amusement in which he did not wish to exercise himself?

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Keepsake is in a state of great forwardness: among the contributors' names are the following: Sir Walter Scott—Lord Byron—Lord Holland—Lord Normauby—Lord Morpeth—Lord Porchester—Lord Nugent—Hon. George Agar Ellis—Hon. Charles Phipps—Hon. Henry Liddell—R. Bernal, M. P.—Theodore Hook—S. T. Coleridge—Archdeacon Spencer—J. R. Gowen—William Roscoe—W. Jerdan—Lady Caroline Lamb—Miss Landon—Thomas Haynes Bayly—Charles Brinsley Sheridan—the Authors of "Anastasis," "Granby," "O'Hara Tales," "Frankenstein," "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba." Of these we hear that Sir Walter Scott's contribution is a dramatic romance, alias a tragedy, in five acts, written in imitation of the German, and founded on the Free Knights: and Lord Byron's are ten letters of the most interesting nature, beginning with his settlement at Pisa in 1821, and ending at Missolonghi in April 1824, a few days before his death.

Hood is about to convert his Whims and Oddities into a regular periodical, under the title of the Comic Annual. The punning author says in his announcement, "for those who have relished his cuts before, the designer has more cuts behind, with the addition of some head and tail-pieces which he has tossed up for the occasion. In short, there is a *funny* club established for the designs, and a *cutter* for the wood engraving."



Painted by Lithog. Boston.

CARRIAGE DRESS. FULL DRESS EVENING COSTUME.

For Cottens Athenaeum.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 3.

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

An Apparition hung amid the hush
Of the lone vale ; whether exhaled from
earth
Or dropt from heaven, as yet my beating
heart,
That quaked unto the sudden solitude,
Knew not, nor cared to know—a mist—a
cloud—
Material shadow—or a spiritual dream !
Slowly and waveringly it seemed to change
Into a hoary Edifice, o'erhung
By hoary trees with mouldering boughs as
mute
Even as the mouldering stones—a ghost-
like show !
Uncertain in their tremor where to rest,
Like birds disturb'd at night, my startled
thoughts
Floated around the dim magnificence
Of air-woven roofs, and arches light as air
Spanning the faded sunset, till the Pile,
Still undergoing, as my spirit gazed
Intenslier and intenslier through the gloom,
Strange transformation from the beautiful
To the sublime, breathing alternately
Life-kindling hope and death-foretelling
fear,
Majestically settled down at last
Into its own religious character,
A House of Prayer and Penitence—dedicate
Hundreds of years ago to God, and Her
Who bore the Son of Man ! An Abbey fair
As ever lifted reverentially
The solemn quiet of its stately roof
Beneath the moon and stars.

And though that Time
Had hush'd the choral anthems, and o'er-
thrown
The altar, nor the holy crucifix
Spared, whereon hung outstretch'd in agony
Th' Eternal's vision'd arms, 'twas dedicate
To prayer and penitence still ; so said the
hush
Of earth and heaven unto the setting sun,
Speaking, methought, to nightly-wandering
man,
With a profounder meaning than the burst
Of hymns in morn or evening orisons

11 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

Chanted, within Imagination's ear,
By supplicants whose dust hath long been
mix'd
With that of the hard stones on which they
slept,
The cells that heard their penitential pray'rs,
The cloisters where between the hours of
prayer
The brethren walk'd in whispering solitude,
Or sate, with bent-down head each in his
niche
Fix'd as stone-image, with his rosary
In pale hands, dropping on each mystic bead
To Mary Mother mild a contrite tear.

Moonless as yet, without one single star,
Lay the blue amplitude of space serene,
Which we in our delight call heaven. No
cloud,
Nor thought of cloud, that region all divine
Reposed on or pass'd by ; its holiness
Seem'd perfect in its pure simplicity,
Absorbing the whole being like a thought,
Till sky and soul were one. It was that hour
When Gloaming comes on hand in hand
with Night
Like dark twin-sisters, and the fairer Day
Is loath to disappear ; when all three meet,
Gloaming, and Day, and Night, with dew-
drops crown'd,
And veil'd, half-veil'd, each with her sha-
dowly hair ;
When unseen roses, known but by their
balm,
Full-blown or budding, from their humble
beds
Breathe incense to those dim divinities
Pleased with the transient scent of transient
things,
As heaven still is with earth ; when all Three
meet
In the uncertain dimness of the sky,
Each with a beauty of her own combined
Into harmonious coloring, like a tune
Sung by three angel voices, up in heaven,
Unto the rapt ear of the listening earth.
It was an hour for any hallow'd thought
Akin to grief, the highest mood allow'd

To mortal creatures, for all happiness
 Worthy that holy name seems steep'd in
 tears,
 Like flowers in dew, or tinged with misty
 hues
 Like stars in halo. Feelings that had slept
 For long long years, o'erlaid within the soul
 By brooding passions, rose again to power,
 As sweet as when they first their lustre lent
 To life's young morn, that needed in the sky
 No sun to light the glorious universe.
 As sweet but for a moment—for they die
 Away into the melancholy breathed
 From a profound conviction conscience-
 born,
 That they no resting-place on earth have
 now,
 All phantoms! doom'd to glide back to
 their cells
 And haply there, beyond the reach of day,
 To lie forevermore! In such an hour
 Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,
 Restored to its original characters,
 Gleams on our eyes again, until we wish,
 In love and pity of the yearn'd-for dead,
 So passionate our desolate spirit's throes,
 That we had ne'er been born, or even now
 Were with th' invisible in weal or woe
 To all eternity! How burn our hearts
 Within us! while they strive to grasp again
 First loves, first friendships from the clutch
 of death
 That will not lose its hold; when brethren
 blest
 Renew'd some sacrament of sighs and tears,
 Religious far beyond the weight of words,
 Voiceless in sanctity! When days divine,
 Closing on nights diviner still, bequeathed
 New treasures to augment th' unhoarded
 store
 Of golden thoughts, and fancies squander'd
 free
 As dew-drops by the morn, yet never miss'd
 By th' innocent prodigal, who flung them
 back
 Into the lap of Nature showering still
 Her orient pearls for his especial joy!
 As o'er some chosen vale the rainbow hangs,
 Tingeing the heavens with beauty, till they
 sing,
 A new song to the pathway of the Power
 Beloved by gods and men, the Spring who
 comes
 To glorify the earth! Of partings then
 We do remember us made long ago,
 When youthful heads to stern necessity
 First bow'd astonish'd,—of embraces torn
 Asunder, felt to be embraces still,
 Divided though they be by winds and waves,
 And isles, and continents, and months, and
 years,—
 Vain barriers to the reaches of our souls,
 That in the midst of life's great desert meet
 From far, as on two whirlwinds borne, or
 wings
 Stronger than Jove's own bird's, the plumes
 of thought,
 Winnowing their way across the wilderness.
 Or to strange glamor, lo! deathbeds spread

Their shroudlike whiteness, and their grave-
 like calm,
 Again before our eyes that may not shun
 The mortal vision! There a parent lies,
 Unhappy only that no voice is left
 To utter benediction on our heads,
 Not one small word for all that love so great
 That gushes out with the last sob of life,
 And leaves us orphans—in our agony
 Loading those temples with remorseless love
 Whose gray hairs haply when they waved
 with life
 We heeded not, even in the hour of prayer.
 Oh! oft on nights so beautiful, comes back,
 All of her own accord, like some fair bird,
 That, flying far away over a wood
 Or mountain, seeming to be lost forever
 Among the clouds, in sunshine reappears,
 At first a dim speck, soon a shining star,
 Till, folding up at once her lovely wings
 Into composed brightness, down she drops
 Into her nest, by that sweet singer left
 But for one hurried hour of homeless joy!
 Oh! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,
 All of her own accord, unchanged her eyes,
 Seraphic sweetness, and the glow unchang-
 ed
 Of that refulgent head, which when it rose
 Of old before me through the twilight dews,
 I felt that the whole region of the heavens
 Needed no other star—comes back, God-
 sent,
 From the dim mountain-range beyond the
 grave,
 Whose awful summits, sometimes seen in
 sleep,
 Sublime our dreams beyond the poetry
 Of mightiest bards, when chain'd by fleshly
 bonds
 Within this waking world—comes back
 from bliss
 My holy orphan! She had heard a voice
 Calling upon her, one still Sabbath morn,
 When like a lily of the field array'd
 For going to the house of God, to lay
 Her Bible down, and come away to heaven!
 Even in one hour she died—just as the psalm,
 Through which her singing like a silver harp
 Was wont to lead the sacred melody,
 Came to her ear, across the banks and braes
 Of yellow broom in which her father's cot
 Nest-like was built; nor ever mortal eyes
 Saw that sweet bird in living beauty more!

How reverend the old Abbey's ivied walls!
 How pleasant in their sweet solemnity,
 Unto my spirit, long disturb'd by grief,
 Nor less by joy, now tranquil as the core
 Of that hush'd chancel, as the inmost heart
 Of that night-darkening oak! Many long
 years,
 Since I last visited, then all alone,
 The Vale of Nightshade. Wandering up
 and down
 Earth's Deserts and her Edens—in the flush
 Of flowery fields enamell'd by the spring
 Now forming fancy-garlands—in the gloom
 Of forests, where no hermit had his cave,
 So sullen that o'ershadowing solitude,

Weaving a net of necromantic dreams—
Now by the shore of some great inland loch,
Or sea-arm tossing white among the hills
To the black thunder-cloud, sole sitting
there

So motionless the long-wing'd heron away'd
His flight not from the stone of which I
seem'd

A part, incorporated with the dash.
Of howling waves, and savage blasts that
shook

The avalanche from the cliff, descending
swift

Down to the glen, as the scared eagle soar'd
Up into heaven! Now down the broomy
burn

That wimpled on round garden'd villages,
Angling along, attended by a group
Of eager children, their short sunny hour
Of mid-day play devouring; then away,
Each with his scaly treasure held aloft,
Shouting out praises of the stranger's skill
And bounty—lavish of the silver fry.

Now by some moorland stream-fount well-
ing out

A sheep-surrounded circle of bright green,
That would have shamed the emerald,
'neath a rock

Fern-feather'd, and with white-stem'd
birch-tree crown'd,

Lying remote above the hum of man,
With face up to the sky, nor wanting food
For meditation, while one single cloud
Came journeying from afar, or Beauty
breathed

Upon the braided sky most delicate
A fleecy whiteness that subdued the blue
To cloudy character without a cloud!

Thus wandering, wafted like the thistle-
down,

Yet not so wholly aimless, not so moved
By impulse from without, liker a bee
That with the wind goes humming, yet
directs

At his own gladsome will his gauzy wings
Right onward to the honied sycamore,
Or silent peal of pendant fox-glove bells,
Or mountain-bosom from a distance seen
Pitch-black, but near as winds his shrilly
horn,

Brighter than purple on a monarch's robe,
And bathed in richer perfume—wandering
thus

In ignorance of the future of my life,
Nor caring, wishing, hoping, fearing aught
Beyond the pregnant present—each wild day
A world within itself, my griefs and joys
All at my own creation and command,
As far as human soul may be let loose
From impositions of necessity,
Forgetting oft in self-will'd fancy's flight
All human ties that would enchain her
dreams

Down to a homelier bliss, and loving more
The dim aerial shadow of this life
Even than the substance of the life itself,
Morn found me on the mountain-tops, and
Night

Descended on me in the glens, where hut
Or shieling scarcely hid me from the stars,
All shadows then of life how beautiful!
As sometimes when the sunset spell is strong,
And all the elements seem rarefied,
Mountains and woods and towers delight
the soul

On an inverted world in wonder down
Deep-gazing, as it hangs in the abyss
Of the evanish'd lake, far, far beyond
The real mountains, where the living flocks
Are browsing or at rest—the real woods,
Where flit the living birds from shade to
shade,

Or in the sunshine sing—the real towers,
Where chime the clear-toned Sabbath eve-
ning bells

Unto the real clouds, whose purple light
On people walking to the house of God
Falls gracious; for all *these* are what they
seem,

And but by common things inhabited;
But *these* are all ideal in that glow
So evanescent in its purity,

And appertain to a remoter life
Untouch'd by sin or sorrow, not a sound
Disturbing their beatitude divine,
Transmitted, through the silence of the eye,

To that congenial region of the spirit
Where all reflections from this noisy world
Hang floating in their beauty, till the breath
Of some rude passion curl along the calm,

And all at once is gone! Then reappears
The daily bosom of our mother earth,
Where weary feet are pacing to and fro;
And weary hearts are wishing they were laid
In her insensate dust!

Those days are gone;

And it has pleased high Heaven to crown
my life

With such a load of happiness, that at times
My very soul is faint with bearing up
The blessed burden. For that airy world,
So full of coruscations and strange fires
Electric, one that by a golden chain
Hangs balanced in its planetary peace,
I love to dwell in now; and in the mists
And storms that sometimes stain its atmos-
phere,

Or shake it till the orb doth seem to quake
Even to its centre, I behold the hand,
I hear the voice of my Creator's love.

And now the Genius of the household fire—
The Christian Lar, who hath our Sabbath
hours

Under his felt protection, whispers low
His gentle inspiration through my heart
Which loveth dearlier now a homeborn
song—

That I may chant unto my children dear,
Not undelighted with a father's voice,
To them made music by a father's love—
Than wildest strain in silvan solitude
Piped to the strange-faced rocks, and figures
grim

That frown in forests, when the day is dark
As night, in spite of the meridian sun.
What tho' Imagination's wings be chain'd?

Form'd are the fetters of soft balmy flowers,
 Gather'd by angel-hands in Paradise.
 No need that I should with creative eyes
 Raise up fair shadowy creatures, racing fleet
 On the hillside, or lying fast asleep
 On mossy couch, beneath the mossy arms
 Of antique oak—some Shape of beauty rare,
 Orcad or Dryad—or in grotto cool
 Among the music of the waterfall
 Naiad as pure as the small silver spring
 In which she had her birth, on some May-
 morn

Issuing in pearly beauty from the gleam,
 And disappearing like a foambell there,
 When first she hears the harmless stock-
 dove's voice.

For rising up throughout my wedded years
 That melted each away so quietly
 Into the other, that I never thought
 Of wondering at the growth before my eyes
 Of my own human Flowers most beautiful—
 So imperceptible had been the change
 From infancy to childhood—lovely both—
 And then to grace most meek and maidenly,
 Three Spirits given by God to guard and
 keep

Forever in their native innocence,
 Glide o'er my floors like sunbeams, and
 like larks

Are oft heard singing to their happy selves,
 No eye upon them but the eye of Heaven.
 And now, revisiting these Abbey-walls,
 How changed my state from what it was of
 yore,

When mid an hundred homes no home had I
 Whose hearth had power to chain me from
 the rest!

No roof, no room, no bower in the near
 wood

In which at once are now concentrated
 All the sweet scents and all the touching
 sounds,
 All the bright rays of life.

Link'd hand in hand,

Mute and most spirit-like, from out the gloom
 Of the old Abbey issuing, all their smiles
 Subdued to a sweet settled pensiveness
 By the religion of the Ruin, lo!

The Three came softly gliding on my dream
 Attended by the moonshine; for the Orb
 Look'd through the oriel window, and the
 Vale

Soon overflow'd with light. As they ap-
 proach'd,

My heart embrac'd them in their innocence,
 And sinless pride express'd itself in prayer.
 From morn they had been with me in the
 glens

And on the mountains, by the lakes and
 rivers,

And through the hush of the primeval
 woods,

And such a beauteous day was fitly closed

By such a beauteous night. No word they
 spake,

But held their swimming eyes in earnestness
 Fix'd upon mine, as if they wish'd to hear
 My voice amid the silence, for the place
 Had grown too awful for their innocent
 hearts;

And half in love, and half in fear, they prest
 Close to their Father's side, till at a sign
 They sate them down upon a fragment
 fall'n,

With all its flowers and mosses, from the
 arch

Through which the moon was looking; and
 I said

That I would tell to them a Tale of Tears,
 A Tale of Sorrows suffer'd long ago!

Close to our feet an antique Tombstone
 lay,

Which time, with reverential tenderness,
 Had seem'd to touch, so that the Images,
 There sculptured centuries ago, were yet
 Perfect almost as when they felt the shower
 Of the first agony! All in mail, from head

To feet, the Figure of a Warrior stretch'd
 His height heroic, by his side a sword

Such as of old, with huge two-handed sway,
 Made lanes in battles, but the giant-hands,

Palm unto palm, even like a saint's in pray'r,
 Upon his breast were folded piously,

And meek his visage as a child's in sleep.
 Across the stone and at that warrior's feet,

The Figure—so it seem'd—of female young,
 In simple vestments, such as worn of old

By one of low degree, the child of Hind
 Or Forester. The very winds of heaven,

As if in pity of their mournfulness
 Had spared the lineaments of that gentle

face,
 And delicately, in its dove-like calm,

Her bosom now did in the moonlight lie;
 No wrinkle on her forehead, and the hair,

Though stone-wreath'd, seemingly as soft
 as silk

Beneath a silken fillet that upbound
 The gather'd locks into a simple snood,

Such as in olden time each maiden wore
 Before her bridal day. In lowliest guise!

As if unworthy by the side to lie
 Of that great lord, whose lineage high was

drawn
 From crowned kings—an Image he of

Pride,
 And she of most abased Humility,

As far beneath that mighty one in death
 As she had been in life, when palace-halls

Hung o'er his unhelm'd head, or banners
 proud

Rustled o'er his plumes in battle—She the
 while

Plaiting her rushes by the cottage door,
 Or singing old songs in the silvan shade

To her sole self, among the spotted deer.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

I HAVE never been able to understand why some men have ten thousand a year; others fifty thousand a year; and some a hundred thousand a year, while I can't get anything like the least of these sums. And yet I am quite sure it has not been for want of wishing; for, to say the truth, I am prone to that which Young calls "the constant hectic of a fool," though, at the same time, to do myself equal justice, I am far from being averse to that which I consider better than wishing, doing. I have been doing something all my life; even when I have had nothing to do, I never did nothing; and I may add, that, like the ostler at the Elephant and Castle, who "never does nothing for nothing," I have always made it a rule to have my *quid pro quo*. Why, then, am I doomed, every time I put on my hat, "to clap a ring fence round my whole estate?" Why are the pockets the only part of my nether garment which are always as good as new? Why, in short, as often as I look in a glass, do I behold, at one view, the whole of my personal property, and find myself forced to confess I have the appearance of a man of substance, though the very confession arises from a sort of personal reflection upon the nature and bulk of my real property? I could ask a dozen more questions, all of them as much to the purpose as those I have asked, and yet have as far to seek as ever for a sufficient answer to my main one. Touching the reasons why I cannot have all the money I could spend, while there are so many in the world who cannot spend all the money they have, and so many more who get all the money they want. I know it may be said that both these many put together, would not amount to a thousandth part of that huge colossal many, who are in the same predicament as myself.—Granted. But as it could not be proved, I take it, that if there were a hundred men going to be

hung, the disagreeable sensation of that ceremony would be divided between them, instead of each individual of the party having his separate allowance of rope; so, I maintain, it is equally incapable of proof, that the knowledge of their being ten thousand, or ten hundred thousand empty pockets, is, or ought to be, sufficient to produce in any one of them the same sensation as a purse would which is never empty. Besides, every man is the best judge of his own wrongs; or, at least, of the degree in which he feels an injury. I, therefore, knowing exactly to how many excellent purposes I should apply a large fortune, if I had one, am peculiarly sensible of the injustice, not only to myself, but to others, of keeping me without. It is incalculable the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. If any body thinks this is a mere piece of brag, all I say is, *try me!* I only wish the Duke of Northumberland, or Lord Grosvenor, or the Marquis of Stafford, or any other man who has more money than a man ought to have, would just let me serve an apprenticeship to ten thousand a year, and if, long before I was out of my time, I did not show I was fit to carry on the business afterwards upon double that scale, I would consent to have my indentures cancelled. Or I would undertake to spend other people's money upon commission; that is, if fifty or a hundred benevolent persons, sincerely desirous of making their wealth more extensively beneficial than they are able to do of themselves, would club their five hundred or thousand a year each, for a time to be specified, but *long enough* to give the thing a fair trial, and let me use it, I have no more doubt than I have of wanting their money, that I should be able to give them satisfaction. But to return from this digression, I repeat, it is incalculable the good I should

have done to the world, had the world been good to me. Where I now give only a tear to misery, because I can give nothing else, I should give a guinea; and everybody knows how much farther that will go with bakers and butchers. Where now I can only sigh over misfortune, I should pay misfortune her wages, and send her about her business; and where now I am fain to content myself with simply advising a friend in distress what is the best thing for him to do, if he can, namely, to get out of it, I should do it for him, and get him out. I am quite, positively, certain, these

would be among the consequences of my having only ten thousand a year; and therefore I do maintain, that besides the injustice which the want of it inflicts upon myself, exhausting every day my stock of sensibility, which is constantly oozing away in tears and sighs, and my store of common sense, which is hourly melted down into good advice to a numerous circle of friends who stand much in need of it, an equal injustice is done to every man, woman, and child, to every maid, widow, and wife, who do not get what *they* might, because I have not got what I ought.

THE FIRST AND LAST SACRIFICE.

MAY 18.—It was towards the latter end of May that I set out from New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding over-land to Savannah. I knew the fatigue I should have to undergo, the delays I should experience, and the possible dangers I might encounter; but I had heard and read so much of what there was to excite admiration in the regions through which I should pass, as well as to gratify curiosity in the scenes of savage life I should behold, that I willingly consented to pay the price for such gratifications. My imagination kindled at the thought of traversing a space of many hundred miles, through gloomy forests of pine, oak, and cedar, over wide-spread swamps, across flooded creeks, and amid tribes of Indians, still roaming their native wilds, proud and fearless hunters of the woods, or lingering on the confines of barbaric life, till the full tide of civilisation should sweep away all the ancient landmarks of their race. My fancy was bewildered with a thousand dreamy visions of strange adventures and of perilous escape—of romantic hardships by night, when camping out in the woods, and of ceaseless novelties by day, to gaze and wonder at, in the sublime desolation of stupendous wildernesses. I pictured to myself the path of the hurri-

cane, sweeping before it for miles trees of mightiest growth, and covering the earth with their majestic ruins—the fierce wolf, and the pouncing panther—the rattlesnake and the alligator—with all that poetical ardor of mind which revels in the exciting conceptions of untried danger. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in the idea of plunging into the depths of awful solitudes, where nature reigned ALONE—where the breeze was perfumed with odors scattered by her hand only—where the sparkling fire-flies danced and glittered before the traveller's eyes like festal fairy lamps, and where birds of unknown song and plumage made the air vocal with their wild melodies; in short, where man, who in towns and cities is everything, would be nothing.

Animated with these feelings, and excited by the anticipations which they inspired, I left New Orleans anything but reluctant to exchange, for a time at least, its beautiful orange groves and fertile plains, clothed with rich vegetation, and the waters of the giant stream, the Mississippi, whose course, of thrice ten hundred miles, here terminates in bleak pine-barrens and arid sand-hills—for green savannahs, freshets, log-houses, wig-wags, and Indians with their tomahawks and scalping-knives.

But it is not my purpose to dwell upon these topics, neither do I propose to relate all that befell me on my journey, or to describe all the impressions produced by what I saw. I shall confine myself to the details of a single incident.

The moon was shining gloriously, when, on the twelfth night from my leaving New Orleans, I approached a deep glen, known by the name of **MURDER CREEK**. It had received this fearful appellation in consequence of a tragical event which occurred there some twenty years ago. A party of whites, consisting of about thirty persons, including several women and children, who were camping out during the night, were suddenly surprised by the Indians, and every one of them butchered and scalped. I had made a fatiguing day's journey; not so much on account of the distance I had traversed, as from the circumstance of having met with two or three large swamps, in which my horse frequently stuck so fast that I was afraid I should be compelled to leave him to his fate, and scramble my own way out, as well as I could, over trunks of fallen trees. Weary, cold, wet, (for though the day had been hot, the night was sharp and chilly, and I had waded knee-deep through one of the flooded creeks,) and hungry withal, I made up my mind to spread my blanket, kindle my fire, and after cooking my bacon, and making my coffee, to sleep till dawn beneath the thick branches of the lofty trees which overshadowed me. Having secured my horse by a little fence of saplings, and given him his supper of Indian-corn leaves, the only substitute for hay, (a sufficient supply of which I had carried behind me tied on his back,) I prepared my own meal. While I was eating it with a relish which I might have envied, had I been partaking of more costly viands, and watching the beautiful coruscations of light produced by myriads of fire-flies sparkling with evanescent lustre in the deep gloom of the surrounding forest, beyond whose surface the moon's pale beams could not

penetrate, I was suddenly startled by the loud, sharp clicking of a rattle-snake. I sprang up, and by the light of my fire, perceived the reptile gliding away into the thick underwood, not more than three or four yards from where I had been sitting. I had my stout staff of iron-wood in my hand, and with one well-aimed blow laid the creature dead before me. It was nearly seven feet long, its tail, which I cut off, consisting of twenty joints or rattles. I was not sorry I had succeeded in despatching it; for though my blazing fire was, I knew, sufficient to protect me from its near approach, yet I doubt if I should have composed myself to sleep quite so comfortably, had it escaped into the thicket.

After I had finished my supper, and replenished my fire with fuel, so laid on as to prevent its burning away too rapidly, I spread my blanket, arranged my saddle-bags for bolster and pillow, and laid me down. But there was, if I may so express myself, an oppressive stillness around, which kept me awake for some time. Humboldt speaks of the deep impression made by nature whenever man finds himself in company with her alone; and this impression I had frequently felt during the day, when, look where I would, my eyes rested upon no object which linked me with my fellow-creatures; but, at this moment, it was not only more intense—it partook of emotions which, in their character, were both awful and melancholy. The solitude of night, even in a crowded city, is solemnly impressive. What then must it be, when it deepens the solitude of the wilderness?—when, to the consciousness of utter loneliness are added that visible gloom which contracts the boundaries of sight, and those audible sounds which proclaim the surrounding desolation? The air was loaded with these sounds that told the dismal tale, and fancy clothed them all in its own livery. As I lay gazing at the quiet moon, the trickling murmur of innumerable springs flowing over pebbly beds, or through channels fringed with rank herbage—the

din of distant water falls—the roar of some cataract—the howl of the wolf—the deep hoarse croak of the frogs in the neighboring swamps—and the drowsy buzz of insects wheeling, fluttering, and dancing in the moon-beams, seemed to invade my ears with incessant and confused repetition. Nor could I wholly dismiss from my thoughts all recollection of the event which had given to the place its ominous name—the Murder Creek: For, not a hundred yards from me, the blackened stump of a tree still marked the spot which had witnessed the frightful massacre.

Insensibly, however, sleep began to steal over me, and I was sinking into repose, when I heard a rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, and saw an Indian seated on the blackened stump I have just mentioned, gazing steadily at me. I neither spoke nor moved; and he was equally silent and motionless. I do not think he was aware that I was awake and looking at him. He was tall, of a robust make, and his attitude, as he sat, full of that native grace and dignity which have so frequently been described as peculiar to some tribes of these children of the woods. His dress was elegant and picturesque, consisting of a sort of loose gown of red and blue cotton, with the hem highly ornamented, and fastened round the waist by a richly embroidered belt, in which were his tomahawk, scalping knife, and shot-pouch. On his legs he wore moccasins of brown deer-skin, and from his neck hung a profusion of silver ornaments, some shaped like circular plates, and others of the form of shining crescents. Over his shoulders hung his quiver and sheaf of arrows; and on his head he wore a white cotton cloth, from behind which nodded a small plume of black feathers. In his hand he held a gun, and athwart his body, obliquely crossing his left shoulder, and hanging below his right, his bow was slung.

I had full leisure to note all these

things, for there he sat, the moon's light falling brightly and silently upon him. There he sat, and his eye was as brightly and as silently upon me. It was like fascination. I could only look at him, and breathe softly, as if I feared to disturb the warrior. I almost doubted whether I had indeed heard his approach, or whether the form I beheld had not grown like a vision upon my sight. In this manner I lay for nearly half an hour, (such at least the time seemed to me,) till my eye-balls ached with gazing; and still the figure was there, while not a muscle of his face or body betrayed by its motion that it was a living man I gazed upon. I closed my eyes for a moment, to relieve the intolerable pain they felt; but when I opened them again, the Indian had disappeared. I was now convinced I had been mocked with a waking dream; for awake I was, and had been all the time. I was convinced, too, that what I had mistaken for the rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet, was nothing more than the impression of those confused sounds I have described, to which that stealing slumber of the senses which precedes sleep had imparted its own vague qualities. Had his feet been shod with moccasins of the cygnet's down, I must have heard their tread as he retired, had the form been real.

Under other circumstances, an occurrence like this would have banished sleep for the rest of the night; but in spite of what I felt, and of the mustering thoughts that began to throng into my mind, the fatigue of my day's journey sat too heavily upon me to let me keep awake. In the very midst of unquiet and feverish meditations, I fell asleep. How long I continued in that state I cannot say; but it must have been three or four hours, for when I awoke, my night fire was nearly burnt out, and the moon was veiled by black and tempestuous clouds, which had gathered in the sky, threatening a storm. The first object that met my eyes, as I looked around, was the Indian! He was seated in

the same attitude as before, but his figure was now only dimly and partially visible, from the long flashes of red dusky light thrown upon it at intervals by the expiring embers. I started up, grasping one of my pistols, which lay half-cocked by my side. He arose, and slowly advanced towards me. I was on my feet in an instant, and as he came near, I presented my pistol; but with one blow of his tomahawk, given with the rapidity of lightning, he struck it from my hand so violently, that the piece discharged itself as it fell to the ground. The report echoed and re-echoed, peal upon peal, through the surrounding forest. I endeavored to possess myself of the other, when he sprang upon me, seized me by the throat, and with his right hand held aloft his murderous weapon. Expecting the fatal blow to fall, I made signs of submission, and both by my gestures and looks implored his mercy. He surveyed me for an instant without speaking, then quitted his hold, and stooping down took up my remaining pistol, which he discharged in the air. I saw, by the quick glances of his eyes, that he was looking about to ascertain whether I had any other weapon of defence, and I signified that I had not. He now lighted the pipe of his tomahawk* by the embers, gave two or three puffs himself, and passed it to me: I did the same; and from that moment I knew I was safe in his hands. The symbol of peace and hospitality had been reciprocated; the pledge of good faith had been given which no Indian ever violated.

Hitherto not a word had been spoken. I knew none of the Indian dialects, and I was aware that each nation had a language or vocabulary of its own, which, though possessing some common affinities in neighboring tribes, was often so dissimilar, that they were frequently obliged to carry on communications with each other through the medium of interpret-

ers. While, however, I was considering how I should make myself understood, or comprehend the intentions of my mysterious visiter, I was both surprised and delighted to hear him address me in very good English.

"The storm clouds are collecting in their strength," said he, looking towards the sky. "Get ready. Follow me."

"You speak my language," I exclaimed.

"You hear I do. Get ready, and follow."

"Whither?"

He made no answer, but walked some paces off, in the direction he would go, and then stopped as if waiting for me. I obeyed. In a few minutes my travelling necessities were collected, my horse saddled, and I on its back ready to proceed, which when he saw, he immediately entered a narrow hunter's path that led into the thickest part of the wood. It soon became so dark that I could not see my guide, and he turned back to take the bridle of my horse in his hand. With an unerring and rapid step he kept the path, and with the eyes of the lynx he discerned its course through the intricate windings of the forest. He did not speak; and I was too much absorbed in conjectures as to what might be the issue of this singular adventure to seek frivolous discourse, while I knew that any attempt to anticipate the issue by questions would be futile. Besides, all fears for my personal safety being allayed, I could hardly say that I now felt a wish to forego the conclusion of a business which had commenced so romantically. We had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when the Indian suddenly stopped; and the next moment I was startled by the report of his musket, which was followed by a loud howl or yell. Before I could inquire the cause of what I heard, I was thrown to the ground by the violent rearing and plunging of

* The tomahawk is often so made as to serve for a pipe; the back of the hatchet-head having a little socket attached to it, and the handle being bored.

my horse; but I soon recovered my feet, and was then enabled to perceive by the faint glimmering of the dawn which now began to penetrate the dark deep gloom of the gigantic trees, that the Indian was in the act of discharging an arrow at a wolf of prodigious size, which seemed to be on the spring to seize its assailant. The arrow flew to its mark with a whizzing sound, and the bow sent forth a twang, which denoted the strength of the arm that had despatched it. It struck, and penetrated the skull of the wolf, quivering in the wound; and the next moment a tremendous blow from the tomahawk, given, as he sprang towards the ferocious animal, before it could recover from the stunning shock of the arrow, cleft its head completely in twain. The whole of this did not occupy more than a minute; with such dexterous rapidity did the Indian first discharge his gun, then unsling his bow, and follow up its use, by the certain execution of the tomahawk. Nor was I less astonished, as I looked at the animal, and remarked its dun color, at the extraordinary quickness of vision, which the necessity of being constantly on the watch (in their hunting expeditions through trackless woods) against sudden surprise, either from wild beasts, or enemies in ambush, creates in these free denizens of their native wilds. Had I been journeying alone, with all the advantage of daylight, I scarcely think my eye would have distinguished the wolf from the thick bushes in which it was couched, unless my attention had been first excited by some movement on its part; and I could not help testifying my amazement at the whole scene. The Indian made no reply, but reloaded his gun, to be ready, if necessary, for another enterprise of the same kind.

We resumed our journey in silence, and having proceeded, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four miles further, we at length came to a small cabin, or wigwam, erected by the side of the path. It was of the simplest construction, consisting merely

of a few saplings stuck in the ground, and covered on the top and sides with the bark of the cedar tree. Round the cabin there was about half an acre of ground cleared, which was planted with Indian corn. Here we stopped; for this was the abode of my guide. I dismounted, fastened my horse to a tree, and followed the Indian into the hut, whose only furniture seemed to be a bed of buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner. I perceived, however, that the walls, so to call them, were hung round with rifles, tomahawks, scalping-knives, shot-pouches, powder-horns, bows, arrows; and deer, buffalo, and bear skins. But I will not attempt to describe what were my feelings at the moment when I saw and coud on one side of the cabin, no less than fifteen human scalps, denoting by their size and appearance that they had belonged to persons of almost every age, from the child of three years, to the grey victim of three-score and ten. One in particular attracted my attention, from the beauty of its long, glossy auburn hair, which hung down in profusion, and which had evidently been severed from the head of some wretched female, perhaps young, and lovely, and beloved! I could easily distinguish, too, that all of them were the scalps of white people, who had been slain, I had no doubt, by the being in whose power, utterly helpless and alone, I then was. My heart grew faint and sick at the grisly array; and I turned from it, but with a resolution to betray, as little as I possibly could, by my manner, the emotions it had excited.

"Sit!" exclaimed the Indian, pointing to the bed of the buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner of the cabin. I did so; while he, with the same stern silence which he had all along maintained, spread before me some milk, various preparations of Indian corn, wild venison, and *softke*, the last, a not unpalatable dish, being made of the flour of Indian corn, gathered while green, mixed with honey and water. He seated himself by my

side, and partook of the meal. I too ate, and with a relish, after my morning's ride, in spite of many uneasy reflections which I could not repress. These reflections, indeed, were gradually becoming so painful, that I was on the point of demanding from my host an explanation of his motives for bringing me here, when he addressed me. I knew it was a point of Indian politeness not to interrupt a person who is speaking, and I was careful to avoid any breach of decorum.

"You are a white man—I found you sleeping—you were armed—I made you defenceless, and then I offered you the pipe of peace.

"A white man found MY FATHER defenceless and asleep, and shot him as he slept. I was in my mother's womb; but the blood of my father was gathered, and before the milk of her bosom was on my lips, they were made red with his blood, that I might taste the food of revenge before the food of life.

"The first word I lisped, was REVENGE! The first passion I knew, was HATRED of a WHITE MAN! The first time I knelt to the Great Spirit, it was on my father's grave, to pray he would not send for me till I had clothed myself in a robe of blood, to greet my father in the Spirit Country. My prayer was heard. My oath has been kept.

"I grew a man, and adopted myself into the Panther Family by marriage. In my cabin, which was then on the banks of the Ontario, the Lake of a Thousand Islands, I numbered three generations. My mother lived—children were born to me—we were one family.

"Did I forget my oath? No. Did I forget the end for which I lived? Never. The day that saw my first-born in its mother's arms, saw my first sacrifice to my father's spirit—a white man dead at my feet. Three moons after, another;—and in that third moon—a third. There," pointing to the scalps, "there hang the proofs that I do not say the thing which is not.

"Four snows passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burnt down. My mother alone sate weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes, which marked the spot where my home had stood when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep. But I comforted my mother all that night, and when the sun arose, I said, 'Let us to the wilderness? We are now the last of our race. We are alone, and the desert offers its solitudes for such!'

"I left forever the Lake of a Thousand Islands, carrying with me only a handful of the ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior Tecumseh. He was then about to depart from the borders of Canada, upon a journey of a thousand miles, to invite the Lower Creeks to take up the hatchet in defence of the British against the Americans and Upper Creeks. I joined him. I was his companion. I sate with him in the assembly of the great council when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration they *would* take up the hatchet at his call. And they did; and I fought by his side when they did. *His* enemies were the Americans; *mine* were the WHITES; and my revenge slaked its thirst in their blood with the same refreshing sense that I drink of the sparkling waters of the spring, without asking its name. Seven of the scalps you see belonged to those who fell beneath my tomahawk; but my arrows flew thick besides; nor was my gun levelled in vain.

"When the Warrior perished, the hope perished with him of the gathering of the Indian nations in some spot where the white people would not follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done. Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and I built my cabin in the woods.

"It was in the season of the green

corn, when the thank-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down. My mother shook, for the fear of death was upon her. She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenceless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept.—Come with me, and learn the rest.”

The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest; I followed, utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I had seen and heard, so obscure and exciting in what I might still have to see and hear; it was so impossible for me to enter into the dark feelings of revenge that had been avowed, or to applaud the murderous spirit in which they had been appeased by this unrelenting savage; while to rebuke either must obviously have been at once hazardous and unavailing, that I could only meditate fearfully and silently upon the whole.

The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes; while overhead the gigantic plane and maple trees, the lofty cedar, and the many different species of oak, formed a verdant roof, impervious to the rain which was falling in torrents. The fragrance of the woods was delicious, and the notes of innumerable birds, the cooing of doves, with the incessant gambols of the squirrel, leaping from bough to bough in every direction, soothed and delighted me, in spite of the feelings with which I was oppressed. At a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, I observed a small stage, constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered, was the body of the Indian's

mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that “handful of ashes” which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes—the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple silvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the acclivity. Presently I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a height of nearly two hundred feet into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream bellowed and whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place—the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trunks of trees might be seen, tossing and writhing about like things of life, tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither, and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings,—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke.

“Do you mark that cedar, shooting out midway from the rock! Hither

I brought the white man, who doomed me to be born on a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slew my father!' He shook, as my mother had done; for the fear of death was then upon him. 'My father's blood hath left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters.' He would have fled to the woods, like a wounded panther; but I grasped him thus, (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me,) and cried, 'Come with me to the Spirit World, and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with a robe, in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I point to the blood of his slayer.'

"How he shrieked as I sprang with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below; but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent, for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest. Why was I preserved? Why was I kept from my father? I could not go to him. The branches clung to me; and from the depths of the forests there came a voice on the wind, saying, 'Return!' I planted my foot on the rock; at one bound I clutched yon topmost bough; I swung myself on that jutting crag, and reached the spot where now I stand."

As he spoke these words, he quitted his hold of me, to my infinite relief. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might almost say convulsed, from the recollection of his consummating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement should precipitate us both into the frightful chasin, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be, while holding me so firmly. In either case, I should have had no faith in the Great Spirit spreading the cedar to catch me in my descent; while, if I had found myself in its "green arms," I felt morally certain I must have remained there till doomsday,

provided I had only my own agility to trust to for swinging myself out of them. But in what a situation was I actually placed! In such a spot, and with a being whose motives I was not only still unable to fathom, but whose wild caprice perhaps might urge him to, I knew not what, if I spoke one unguarded word. After a short pause, however, I ventured to address him; but while I cautiously gave expression to an opinion from which, if confirmed, I looked to extract consolation for myself, I took especial care to shape what I said as much to his taste as I could possibly make it.

"And thus the oath of your childhood was satisfied. You had not only revenged your father's death upon the race of white men, but you had offered up his murderer, as a last sacrifice, to his memory, and your own vengeance."

"A last sacrifice!" he exclaimed, his features brightening with exultation. "Why was I bid to return, if the great purpose for which I had lived was completed? In my cabin I can count five scalps of white men struck by this arm since the murderer sank beneath these waters. But," he continued with a stern solemnity of manner, "this day sees the LAST. I have lived long enough; ~~else—~~" and he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, "you had not lived to hear me say so. I tracked you, last night, from the going down of the sun. Twice my gun was levelled; twice I drew my arrow's head to its point; once my hatchet glittered in the moon. But my arm failed me, and there was a sadness over my spirits. I watched you as you slept. Not even the thought that so my father slept, could make me strike. I left you; and in the deep forest cast myself to the earth, to ask the Great Spirit what he would have me do, if it was to be that I could not shed your blood. A voice, like that which said 'Return,' came again upon the wind. I heard it—I obeyed it. Follow, and behold my LAST SACRIFICE."

We now descended the eminence

on which we were standing, and again proceeded along the intricate path which conducted us back to the cabin. When we entered it, the Indian invited me to eat, by pointing to the repast which was still spread upon the ground; but I declined. He then motioned me that I should sit; and taking my hint from his own inflexible silence, I did so without uttering a word, but watching with intense anxiety all his movements. Divesting himself of his robe and turban, he put on a splendid dress of ceremony; after which, taking down the fifteen scalps, which were all strung upon a twisted cord, made from the bark of a tree, he suspended them round his neck. The one from which hung those long glossy tresses of auburn was in front, and spread itself with mournful luxuriance over his breast. Thus accoutred, and with his musket in one hand, and his hatchet in the other, besides the tomahawk, shot-pouch, powder-horn, and scalping-knife, which were stuck in his belt, he turned to me and said: "Follow; bring with you the buffalo-hide on which you sit."

I did so, though with some difficulty; for the hide was both heavy and cumbrous to carry. We were now once more in the forest, and on the same track as when we set forth for the whirlpool. The Indian, instead of striding along with a quick elastic step, walked at a slow measured pace, but with great dignity of carriage. We had proceeded about a hundred yards, when he began a wild melancholy chant, in his native tongue; and it was then, for the first time, the horrible idea flashed across my mind, that he was about to immolate himself. Good God! and was I to witness the appalling ceremony, in this wilderness, from which it seemed impossible, utterly impossible, I could ever extricate myself! What, then, might be my own fate? To perish in these woods, perhaps, by the slow torture of famine, or fall a prey to some savage animal, or noxious reptile. There was such maddening horror in the first, that the

shrinking soul clung piteously to the dismal hope of finding quick death in the second. I had heard and read of miserable wretches, lost wayfarers through these primeval forests, whose sufferings, though written by no pen, nor told in living speech, cried aloud in every heart, and stared ghastly upon the fancy. The perspiration burst from me as these sickening images presented themselves to my imagination; my limbs tottered as I continued to follow. I knew it would avail me nothing, at that moment, to give utterance to my fears; and I strove to comfort myself with the idea that possibly they might be unfounded.

We arrived at the small stage on which lay the body of the Indian's mother. Here he stopped—ascended it, laid down his gun and hatchet, took from me the buffalo hide, spread it carefully by his mother, and placed on the other side the earthen vessel containing the bones of his father, and the handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of his wife and children. He next seated himself between them on the buffalo skin; and surely, whatever else I may forget in this world, while I remember anything, I can never forget either the sublime expression of his countenance at that moment, or the grim horror of his appearance, with the scalps round his neck! For now, by the light which fell upon them, as I stood beneath, I could distinguish the black clotted blood that stiffened the hair at the roots. Longer silence became insupportable—impossible; that which had hitherto kept me silent—my own safety—now with an equally irresistible impulse stirring me to speech.

"It is not your own death," I exclaimed, "that you call your last sacrifice!"

He smiled; but made no answer.

"In mercy, then," I added, half frantically, "destroy me first; for here, in this wilderness, I must perish, when you are dead!"

He shook his head, and pointed upwards. "No!" said he. "Watch the green leaves, and walk with the

wind. Speak no more. But when I am in the Spirit World, cover me with this buffalo robe, and go."

I stood aghast, motionless, and scarcely able to breathe, while the Indian was as calm and unperturbed as if he were only lying down to sleep. He now began again his funereal chant, or death song, in a low wailing tone, so full of mournful expression, that though there was something monotonous in its character, it brought tears into my eyes. But, as it grew louder and bolder, from the animating theme,—the deeds of prowess he had performed, and the white men he had slain,—till, at the last, it swelled into a terrific yell, as he recounted the death of his father's murderer, which echoed through the surrounding solitudes like frightful howlings, my blood seemed to chill and curdle. Hitherto he had spoken in a language unknown to me, and I only judged of its import from the expressive sympathy of his features. But suddenly he stopped; and then, in a gentle, murmuring voice, resumed his dirge in English.

"I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race! The life-stream that fills my veins is like the river that goes to the ocean and is lost! I had a father, I had a mother; I had a wife, I had children. I have no father, I have no mother; I have no wife, I have no children. I am the last of my race. I have no kindred. The white man came, who slew my father, and the fathers of my father. The white man came, and he burned my cabin on the Lake of the Thousand Islands! I brought the wild deer home from the chase, but my wife and children could be gathered in the palm of my hand. I had no tear to mingle with those of my mother which fell upon their ashes! I fled to the wilderness, and carried with me the bones and dust of those that were. My father's blood was on my lips when I came from the womb: the white man's blood is on my hatchet which goes with me to the grave. I have done well; for the Great Spirit has called me: I shall not die like the

tree that perishes, or be cut down like the corn that is ripe. I am the last of my race, and there is no hand but my own to send me to the Spirit World!"

At these words, he took his scalping-knife from his belt, and, with a firm unflinching hand, drew it slowly across the entire abdomen! The blood gushed—the bowels fell out. I could see no more. Staggering towards a tree, I hid my face in its luxuriant branches. But I still heard his voice—faintly and more faintly—repeating the words, "I go to my fathers—I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race!"—till guttural, indistinct gaspings,—a sudden fall, and a dreadful silence,—proclaimed that he was a corpse!

And I was alone, with that dead man before me—and in the solitude of mighty forests—and not a sound disturbing that solitude but the dripping of his warm blood upon the dry leaves beneath! And where was now the living guide to lead me through their labyrinths, to chase from my drooping spirits the ghastly horror which reared itself before them, that, perchance, I might never tell the tale of all I had witnessed? While I stood lost in these agonising fears, feeble and irresolute under these harrowing forebodings, I heard the fresh breeze careering through the leaves above my head. The rustling noise seemed like aerial voices calling upon me to depart. I remembered the words of the Indian, and looked up with grateful hope to my viewless pilots, who were to conduct me on my pathless way. Summoning all the energy I could command, I ascended the platform, covered the bleeding body of the warrior with his buffalo shroud, and then left him, in his mausoleum of the desert, to rot as nobly as Egyptian monarchs in their colossal pyramids.

I found little difficulty in regaining the cabin of the Indian, having already thrice trod the path that led to it. I entered it for a moment, and thought how soon the hand of desolation would crumble it down. His bow and qui

ver, with its sheaf of arrows, lay upon the ground. These I possessed myself of, and mounting my horse, set forth, with an anxious mind, upon my journey. I watched the gigantic trees that seemed to frown upon me, marked the direction in which their leaves were slanted by the wind, and followed it. It was so dark when I traversed this route in the first grey of the morning, that I was unable to satisfy myself, by any one object, as to being in the right path. Still, wherever there was a turning that corresponded with the apparent course of the wind, I unhesitatingly took it; and it was with no ordinary emotions of delight, after riding about an hour, that I found my attention directed,

by the sudden starting of my horse, to an object which I instantly recognised as the carcass of the wolf which the Indian had destroyed. This gave me confidence; and before noon I was once more at Murder Creek, that deep dark glen where I had camped out the preceding night. Here I halted for a time, rejoicing in what I could consider as no other than a miraculous escape, while seated on the blackened stump where I first beheld the Indian like a vision of disturbed sleep. What my reflections were, I will not attempt to describe; nor would it suit with the character of this narrative, to relate the comparatively ordinary occurrences which befel me on the rest of my journey to Savannah.

I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny
 On some little song with a popular tune,
 Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
 And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon;
 I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
 (Who cares for sense at St. James's in June?)
 I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,
 And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.
 Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
 I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
 Turning his rhymes into extravaganzas,
 Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!
 When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
 A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!
 Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
 Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!
 What though you tell me each metrical puppy
 Might make of such parodies *two pair a day*;
 Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy
 Paradise plumes for the parodied lay:—
 Ladder of fame! if man *can't* reach thy top, he
 Is right to sing just as high up as he may;
 I'd be a Parody, made by a puppy,
 Who makes of such parodies *two pair a day*!

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTY OF ARLES.*

CHAPTER II.

HIS own servant and the old grenadier came immediately to his assistance, and disengaged him from the horse; but it seemed as if their aid had been too late. The stranger was wholly insensible. At first they thought him dead, and it was some minutes before the yet lingering animation again made

* Concluded from page 17.

itself visible ; but as soon as the old grenadier saw it, he went into the apartment where Villars and his daughter were, and simply told them that a young gentleman had been thrown from his horse at the gate, and he believed he was dying.

Pity's purest dwelling is in a woman's breast. Without thinking, Julie started up, and in a moment had flown to the assistance of the stranger. Villars followed more slowly. It was a Roman duty to aid a fellow-citizen, and he proceeded to obey it.

Every man who has fallen off a horse, stunned himself, and broken his arm, must, or at least ought, to undergo the same treatment. Let us suppose then the duties of humanity paid; let us also imagine that the stranger, in some degree recovered from his fall, had told them that his name was Charles Durand, the only son of Villars' old friend and early companion. There was a softness even in the memory of those young days which melted, in a degree, the sternness of the old soldier. It was more so when he found that Durand, though in place and in power, and basking in the beams of courtly favor, had not forgotten him, and had directed his son, in passing by Arles, to inquire for his old companion—and offer him his services at court, the young man added, but his voice rather faltered as he said it. It might be that he knew the emptiness of such promises in general, or perhaps that he was too well acquainted with his father's character, or it might be that his hurt pained him at the moment ; but, however it was, when he saw Julie standing by the couch on which he was stretched, and attending him with the kindness of a sister, he almost blessed the accident which had given him a title to her care.

I know not how it is, but amongst all the wild theories and dreams that have been formed about the human heart and its passions, none ever suited itself to my fancy so well as that,—it is an Eastern one, I believe,—which supposes the hearts of two per-

• 13 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

sons destined to love each other, formed by the angel, whose task it is, out of the same clay ; so that in whatever regions they may be placed, and in whatever different state of life, when they do meet, there is always a world of undefinable sympathies between them, and affections apart from all the rest of earth.) Perhaps it is only a few, and those by especial favor, that the angel forms of these twin hearts ; all the rest must wander about the world without any soft companionship of feeling. Be that as it may, from the very first moment that Charles Durand had met Julie Villars, new sensations had been born in his bosom. She was lovely, the loveliest perhaps he had ever seen, though he had been long accustomed to mingle with the bright and the fair ; but in her there was the beauty of simplicity, the charm of native unaffected innocence, and that was what he had seldom met with at all, and certainly never before so rarely combined. There were many more—

But what is the use of searching any farther for that which made him love her from the first ? Grant but the Eastern supposition to be true, that their hearts were formed of one clay, and the matter is settled at once. A little superstition, and a few good broad theories, save man a great deal of trouble and research, and perhaps lead him as right as any of the hundred roads which philosophers and moralists are always busy paving for him.

During his illness, which was severe from the accident he had met with, his attachment had time to become fixed, and he did not lose the opportunity of endeavoring to excite a return. In truth, it was not very difficult ; Julie's heart was cast in Nature's gentlest mould, and this was the first time that anything like affection had approached it. From her infancy she had formed for herself companionship from whatever was near her. She had watched each individual flower as it blossomed, till she loved it, and loved it only to mourn the fall of its fra-

gile beauty. She had taught the birds to know her, and to sing their wild notes in her path without fear. But now it was something far, far beyond anything she had ever felt or even dreamed of. What a new bright state of existence became hers, when Charles Durand's love first flashed upon her mind! She painted to herself all the charms of reciprocal attachment in its brightest state. She knew nothing of the world and its falsehood; she knew nothing of human nature and its weakness, and she fancied it all without a cloud. She invested everything in the verdant coloring of her own heart, and lighted it up with the sunshine of her own mind; and it made a picture she could have gazed on forever.

Before she was aware of his affection, she had looked forward to his recovery with mingled emotions. There was certainly a good deal of pleasure on his account in the speculation; but she did not like to think of his departure, which would be the natural consequence. Now that she knew herself loved, and that she could look upon her own attachment for him without fear or shame, she never dreamed that a separation was possible. She yielded her whole soul to the delight of the moment, and saw nothing before her but one bright, interminable track.

Durand's mind was not so much at ease. There were some blighting thoughts that would come and wither his opening happiness. He knew his father's ambitious nature, and feared to ask himself how it would brook his union with the simple girl of Arles. Brought up amidst scenes of profligacy and vice, though with a heart naturally good and pure, Charles might have formed some less honorable scheme for obtaining Julie; but there was a purity in her every thought that spread a holy light around her, and he felt that the very idea was profanation.

In youth, we seldom let foresight give us much annoyance; and Charles Durand's resource was not to think upon the subject at all. He loved Julie as deeply as man can love; the

idea of losing her was insupportable; and while the hours slipped away in her society, he would not debase such unalloyed happiness by one sordid care for the future.

Whether he heeded not, or saw it not, or from his long seclusion from the world and natural slowness of affection, did not perceive its consequences, Armand Villars took no notice of the growing intimacy between his daughter and young Durand. Probably he never saw it; for continuing to live in the same retirement, he suffered the presence of Charles to make scarce any change in his conduct. He had merely accorded him a dwelling in his house because he considered it a duty; and once in the course of each day he paid him a calm, cold visit, inquired after his health, and recommended him to the care of his daughter, for, he said, "that was more a woman's task than a man's;" and the rest of the day he passed in utter solitude.

In the mean time, Durand's health rapidly improved, and he was soon enabled to accompany Julie in her rambles along the banks of the Rhone. Oh what a new world was now open to her! Nature had acquired a brighter hue, pleasure a richness it never owned before. All, all delight was doubled by having some one to participate. There was a new state of being sprung up for her—the existence of mutual affection, an existence totally apart from everything else of earth.

A great change, too, had taken place in all the feelings of Charles Durand. As he wandered on with Julie, he wondered that the beauties of nature had never before struck him as they did now. He asked himself what madness could have taught him to enjoy the false brightness, the unmeaning whirl, the lying gaiety of such a place as Paris; and as he looked at the fair simple girl by his side, he learned heartily to despise the artificial beings with whom he had been accustomed to mingle.

One bright summer evening they

passed by the spot where they had first met. The same coloring was on the trees, the same bright hues were glowing in the west, but everything was richer and lovelier in their eyes. "Oh, Julie!" said Charles, "how I shall ever bless this spot! I remember standing by yon old triumphal arch on the hill, and looking over the wide scene of abundance displayed below. It was rich, it was beautiful; but as I descended into this valley, there was a sweet calmness, a lovely repose, which left the heart nothing to wish for, and far more than compensated for the expanse of the other landscape. Surely it was a type of what I was to feel after having seen you. Before, the gay world of the capital, and its wide, indistinct society, seemed to offer a life of delight not to be met with anywhere else. But now, to be with you thus constantly, and separated from all the world but you, is a happiness far beyond my brightest dreams. It has made me a miser; I would admit none to share it with me for worlds."

Julie answered nothing, but she looked up in Charles's face with a glance that he had no difficulty in translating. A moment after, the beam in her eye passed away, and was followed by a slight sigh. Charles would needs have it translated too, and as he could not do it himself, he applied to its author. Julie said that she did not know she had sighed. Charles assured her that she certainly had.

"I was thinking at that moment," answered Julie, "that I ought, as soon as possible, to communicate this to my father. Perhaps it was that which made me sigh; for though I am sure he loves me, yet he is naturally so stern, that sometimes he frightens me."

A cloud came over Charles Durand's brow; for she forcibly recalled his thoughts to the point from which he had long essayed to banish them, and he begged that she would delay the communication she proposed, until he had time to write to his father, and ask his consent to their union. Julie looked down, and contending emotions

called the blood into her cheek. There was something in the idea of the least concealment repugnant to the bright candor of her mind, and she told Charles that she was sure it never could be right.

Concealment! Charles assured her that he never proposed such a thing. No, let their affection be as open as day. If her father himself perceived it, it was at once avowed; but if he did not, it would be better to wait till his father authorized him to demand her hand. He added several reasons, to which Julie replied nothing. She was not used to contend with any one, much less with one she loved; but her heart was not at ease. It was the first cloud which had obscured the morning of her life, and it cast a deeper shadow than she had fancied anything could throw over her mind. They walked up the hill to the ruined arch of triumph, and gazed for a moment on the plain below, but Julie's heart did not expand to the scene. They turned again, and wandered down to the brook, but the valley had lost a portion of its peace.

Charles expressed a wish to rest there ere they returned. Julie seated herself in silence where she had been placed when first they met; and Charles, placing himself by her side, tried to convince her that he was right, for he saw that she was not yet satisfied.

"I suppose," said she, turning to him with a smile, though it was rather a melancholy one—"I suppose I ought to be convinced, for I have nothing to say in reply. But, at all events, be it as you think fit. Of course, I shall say nothing to my father until you approve of it—I have never yet wanted confidence in any one."

If the last sentence implied anything reproachful, Charles did not, or would not, perceive it. He took Julie's hand and pressed it to his lips, while the color mounted more deeply in her cheek, and her dark eyes were bent down upon the ground. What she had said, however, was overheard by

another, whose presence neither Julie nor Charles had observed. Her father, by some chance, had that night turned his steps in the same direction that they had, and he now stood before them. Charles was the first who raised his eyes, and they instantly encountered the fixed stern glance of Villars. "Well, young man," said he, in a deep, bitter tone of voice, "you have rested with me long enough. You have accepted of my care, you have betrayed my hospitality, you have recovered from your illness, and now begone!"

Charles exculpated himself boldly, but to one that did not attend. He declared, again and again, that his every intention was most pure and honorable.

"Honorable!" repeated Villars with a scoff. "Whatever were your intentions, he who could teach a child to deceive her father, is unworthy of my daughter. Begone, Sir! I hear no more—never let me see your face again! Come, weak girl," he added, turning to Julie, down whose cheeks the tears were rolling in silent bitterness; "wipe away those tears, and do not let me think you unworthy of your race!" And he led her back to the chateau, passing on straight to his own library.

Julie covered her face with her hands. The tears were still running down her cheeks, and though she knew her father's inflexible nature, there was a remonstrance struggling in her heart to which she would have fain given utterance, but the stern glance of Villars, which never left her for a moment, frightened her, and took away her words.

An instant after, the old servant came in and told him that M. Durand desired to see him. Julie clasped her hands, and extended them with an imploring look towards her father. "Silence, child!" cried he. "Julie, not a word!" and followed the servant from the room.

Whatever might have passed between him and Charles, when he returned there was a deeper spot upon

his brow, and his step had something of angry haste in it as he advanced to where his daughter sat. "Julie," said he, "on your duty to me as your father, I command you never to see that young man again!" Julie paused. "Do you hesitate, disobedient girl? Mark me, one moment more, and I cast you off forever! Julie, you know me—I am not used to say what I do not perform. Promise me instantly never again willingly to see Charles Durand, or we are no longer father and child!"

It was a dreadful alternative, and Julie promised.

How blighting is the loss of what we love! Affection is as the sunshine of existence, and when it is gone, the rest is all darkness. The flowers of life, the beauties of being, are all obscured, and we wander blindly on through an unseen world, which might as well be a *désart* as a garden, in the deep shadow of that starless night.

It is not so much that which we have not, as that which we lose, that we sigh for. Had Julie never known the charm of mutual affection, all would still have been bright; but now, day after day went by, the blank of passing existence. At length the news reached her father that Charles had left Arles, and, sinking into his usual habits, he permitted Julie to pursue the rambles she had been accustomed to take. But nature to her had lost its loveliness. The flowers seemed withered, the song of the lark sounded harsh, and she wandered slowly on, occupied with sad thoughts. She raised her eyes to the arch of triumph on the hill above: there was a figure standing by it which passed quickly away, but it recalled to Julie the time she had first seen Charles Durand, and the hours they had spent there together; and placing the past happiness with the present sorrow, the contrast was too strong, and she wept bitterly.

Though she found no pleasure in the scenes that she had formerly loved, yet she had no inducement to re-

turn home ; all there was cold, and she wandered on farther than had been her wont. She had proceeded nearly an hour, when she heard a quick step behind her. She knew not why, but it caused her an emotion of fear, and she hurried her pace. "Julie !" said a voice she could not mistake,—"dear Julie, it is I." She turned, and Charles caught her in his arms, and pressed her fondly, but gently, to his bosom.

Julie said nothing, but hid her eyes upon his shoulder and wept ; but the dreadful promise she had made her father was to be told, and at length, summoning all her resolution, she did so.

Charles did not appear so much surprised as she expected. "Julie," said he, "after the promise you have made, if we part, we part forever—let us never part !"

It was a scheme he had formed immediately on quitting her father's house, and he now displayed it to Julie in the brightest colors it would admit of. He had been wandering about the country ever since, he said ; his carriage had been always on the road prepared for a journey ; he had counted much upon Julie's love ; he had procured a passport for Paris ; the moment they arrived she should give him her hand at the altar ; his father should use all means to soften hers, and there could be no doubt that Villars would soon relent. He pleaded with all the eloquence of love and hope ; even despair lent him arguments. He had strong allies, too, in Julie's own breast ; her love for him, her fear of her father, and the dreadful overwhelming thought, that, if she once parted from him, she should never see him again. A doubt of him never entered into her mind ; but there was something in the idea of accompanying him alone to Paris, which made the blood rush into her cheek. All the delicacy of a pure mind, and the fear of doing wrong, caused her to shrink from the very thought ; a thousand opposing feelings came one after another through her

breast ; and gazing anxiously in the face of her lover, "Oh no, no, Charles," she replied, "do not ask me ;" and striving to call up all her sense of duty, she added more firmly, "Impossible !"

A deep, settled gloom, came over Charles's countenance—a calm, impressive look of despair. He took both Julie's hands in his, and pressed them to his lips. "Cruel girl !" he said in a low voice, which he strove to command to steadiness, "you love me less than I thought. I am not rash, but I can never live without you."

"What would you have me say ?" she asked ; "you force me to do what I think wrong. How can I refuse what you wish, when such is the alternative ? Oh, Charles, it is you that are cruel now."

Charles caught eagerly at the concession. He thanked her again and again, and he seemed so happy, that Julie could scarce repent that she had yielded. Yet still she would have lingered ; and as Charles led her gently on towards the spot where his carriage stood, he was obliged to display a thousand reasons to prove to her that she was doing right ; for at every step she hung back, and though she wished much to believe herself justified, yet still the tears trickled down her cheeks, and her eyes dared not rise from the ground. But hesitation was now too late, and in a few minutes she was on the way to Paris.

During their whole journey Charles's conduct was a course of quiet, respectful attention : he strove to soothe Julie's mind, he sought to amuse it, but he never suffered any gaiety to jar with the sorrowful tone of her feelings. He seemed to feel as painfully as she did the want of her father's approbation, but he endeavored to oppose to that the bright prospect of their future happiness. He spoke of quitting all the luxuries of Paris for the sole delight of her society ; to let their lives glide away in some beautiful part of the country, love gilding with its sunshine even the winter of

their days. In short, he called up all the dreams that man is wont to form in the brighter stage of his existence, when young imagination fashions out every distant object into some fair shape of its own; and so well did he image his wishes as hopes, and paint his hopes as certainties, that Julie suffered her mind to be carried a stage beyond reality, and forgot the un comforts of the present in the bright future which he depicted.

It was night when they arrived in Paris, and an undefinable feeling of terror and loneliness spread over Julie's mind as she felt herself a stranger amongst the multitude. Charles seemed intuitively to enter into her feelings, and gently pressed her hand to his lips, as if he wished to tell her that there was at least one heart that beat warmly with hers.

After passing through several long, dimly-lighted streets, the carriage stopped at the hotel to which it had been directed, and Charles applied himself to make all those arrangements for Julie's comfort which she was hardly able to do for herself. "And now, Julie," said he, "there remains but one thing more: I will instantly go to my father's hotel and bring you his consent to our union."

"Oh, Charles, wait a moment, do not leave me yet," cried Julie; "I can bear anything but solitude."

Charles, sitting down beside her, gazed fondly over every lovely feature, as she sate with her eyes bent upon the ground. She saw that he waited merely to gratify her, and that his mind was fixed upon the interview with his father; and at length, conquering her feelings, she bade him go.

Charles promised that he would instantly return, and left her; but at the same time he ordered his servant to stay at the hotel. "Show Miss Villars," he said, "the same service as if she were *your* mistress, and my wife, which she will soon become."

As soon as Charles was gone, Julie burst into tears; she knew not why, but there was a deep depression of spirits hung over her which she could

not dissipate, and she wept profusely. She had scarcely reasoned herself out of giving way to her grief, when Charles returned. "My father," said he, "is absent a few leagues from Paris, but he comes back to-morrow evening; so, dear Julie, my hopes must be delayed."

Charles saw that she had been weeping, but he took no notice, and applied himself during the evening to wean her thoughts from every subject of sorrow; and he succeeded, if not in entirely calming, at least in greatly soothing her mind. The journey had much fatigued her, and Charles left her at an early hour. "For your sake, Julie," he said, "I must not stay in the same hotel, but I will be with you early to-morrow."

It was Charles's task during the whole succeeding day to occupy Julie's thoughts by various subjects of interest, so as to prevent their ever recurring to her own situation. He gave her mind no time to fall back upon itself, neither did he himself wish to think; the approaching interview with his father offered much that he dreaded, and he would not let his thoughts rest upon it.

At length, however, the evening came, and he again left Julie upon the same errand that he had done the night before. In going to his father's hotel, he walked with extraordinary rapidity, as if he were afraid that reflection should intrude upon him by the way; but on being informed that his father had returned some time, he paused to collect his thoughts, took two or three turns in the court, and then entered the room where his parent was.

Far different from the sprightly lad that long ago consorted with Armand Villars, old Durand, in passing through life, had lost many of the better qualities which had distinguished him in boyhood; circumstances had so often induced him to glide from one opinion to another, that he had but small pretensions to sincerity. Fortune had made him proud, and the lesser points of morality had gradually become ef-

faced in mingling with corrupted society. He was still a man of courage, of wit, of talent; and, as he had never cried very loud for any particular party, his changes in political opinion had never been criticised very severely. He was also a man of pleasure, an epicurean, but one that forgot some of the best tenets of his sect. Everything was to be sacrificed to pleasure except interest, and all was to yield to that. His affection for his son was strong, but there was much of it pride; and though on his return he received him kindly, it was more like the reception of an old companion than his son.

"Well, Charles," said he, after the first few minutes, "so your broken arm is whole again; and what has become of the beautiful little nurse you wrote to me about? You owe her a good deal, in truth."

"I owe her everything, Sir," replied Charles; "and as to what is become of her, she is at this moment in Paris, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha! so that is the way you repay her," interrupted his father, laughing. "Charles, Charles, you are a sad libertine. But take care what you are about: you will certainly get your throat cut; that sulky old Roman, her father, will not take it quietly, depend upon it. I remember him when a boy: his anger was not easily moved, but when once excited, his vengeance was not like that of a child."

"I rather think, Sir, that you mistake me," replied Charles. "Julie is purity itself; I love her beyond everything on earth; and I have now come to ask you to sanction my immediate union with her."

The astonishment, the anger, the scorn, which gradually gathered over old Durand's countenance while his son was speaking, is beyond expression. "Young man!" cried he, "are you mad? have you become a driveller and a fool?"

Charles had expected opposition, and now he used all the eloquence he possessed, all the entreaties most like-

ly to move. He expressed himself firm in his resolution of marrying Julie, but declared that he never could be happy without his father's approbation. But it was in vain; his father listened to him for a moment, and then, without any answer whatever, but a look of mingled pity and contempt, left the room. Charles's heart burnt with indignation; and, darting from the house, he passed rapidly to the hotel. He did not, he would not think; and he had entered the room where Julie sat, before the first irritation had passed from his mind. She was sitting directly opposite, and as he entered, she raised her eyes with such a look of glad expectation that it quite overwhelmed him; and, striking his hand against his forehead, he walked up and down the room for a moment without speaking.

"In the name of Heaven, Charles," exclaimed Julie, "what is the matter?"

Charles took her hand and led her back to the sofa from which she had risen. "Julie," said he, "my father is as cruel as yours. He refuses his consent to our union; but be assured——"

At that moment the deadly paleness, the wild despair of Julie's countenance, stopped him as he spoke. Charles had deceived himself, and still more deceived her, with respect to his father. She had never imagined the possibility of his refusing, and now it came like the stroke of death. All the horror, all the desolation of her situation flashed upon her mind. It stunned, it stupefied her. Every sense, every thought, was overwhelmed in the wild tempest of her disappointed hopes, and she sat gazing in the face of her lover in dumb, inanimate despair.

Charles at first attempted to call her to herself, but in vain: she sat like marble. At length, starting up, "Julie," he cried, "I go again to my father, and be sure that I will bring you his consent, or I will die at his feet;" and he quitted the room.

But Julie heard him not ; she sate with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed upon the door. Her senses were bewildered ; a sudden panic seized her, she knew not of what ; she started up, and as if she flew from something which pursued her, she ran down the stairs of the hotel into the street. She passed rapidly along the Rue Royale to the Place Louis Quinze. The cool air revived her, and thought began to return, when some one caught her by the arm with a grasp of iron. She turned and cast herself at his feet. "My father! oh Heaven, my father!" cried Julie. Villars answered nothing, but held her tight by the wrist, while he drew a poignard from his bosom. "Disgrace of your father's name," said he, at length ; "if you have a prayer to offer to Heaven, offer it now, for the blood of Villars shall never flow in impure veins."

Julie strove to speak, but terror left her no voice. At length she cried, "Indeed, indeed, I am innocent."

"Art thou a liar, too?" cried Villars, casting his cloak over her head, and raising his hand—"thus I wipe out your infamy!"

He plunged the dagger in her bosom—he raised it again—but no—he could not repeat it. There was a faint, smothered cry—a shudder like the flutter of a dying bird ; and then—it lay a cold, inanimate weight upon his bosom. It was done. But then the implacable, unyielding spirit which had thus far sustained him, forsook him for a moment, and he stood stupefied, without thought, without feeling, without remembrance.

"I have done my duty!" he cried at last ; and, hurrying down to the banks of the river, descended to the very edge, and laid his lifeless burden in the water—gently, and cautiously, as if he were afraid of waking her. He gazed upon her—smote his hand upon his breast. "I have done my duty," he said ; "I have done my du-

ty!" But hell was in his heart, and he fled.—

When the Union American merchantman was lost on her passage from Havre to Charleston, there was one man who refused to enter any of the boats. He had taken his passage at Havre the very day the ship sailed ; and during the five days which elapsed between her leaving the port and her being wrecked, he was never heard to proffer a word to any one. He passed the days, and the greater part of the nights, in walking backwards and forwards with his eyes fixed upon the deck ; and at that awful moment, when tempest and destruction surrounded them all, the deadly strife within his own bosom seemed to have rendered him insensible to the war of elements without. Some one kindly pressed him to enter one of the boats : "Leave me, leave me," said he in French, "my grave is made."

God knows whether it was he, but the passengers who escaped represent him as of the same age and form as Armand Villars.

On entering the cemetery of Père la Chaise, proceed directly to the foot of the first hill, and turning into the alley to the left, you will find a plain obelisk of white marble, without epitaph or inscription, except the simple name "Julie!" It stands in a little garden of flowers, inclosed with a fence of iron ; and I have myself seen a young officer, with more than one decoration on his breast, removing those that were withered, and binding fresh wreaths round its little boundary.

It never wanted flowers in any season, for he came every day to deck it himself, though the color gradually forsook his cheek, and pale, corroding care was marked in every feature. One day he came no more, and shortly after he was laid in the earth beside her he loved. But before he died, he expressly forbade *his* name also, to be inscribed on the monument which he had raised to his lost Julie.

MINSTREL BALLAD.

[Written on a flyleaf of a volume of one of the "Waverley Novels.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, without delay,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Willst du Nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
Die mit seelenvollen melodie
Dich entzuckten in des Lenzes Tagen?
—Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie."—SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I too will depart.

—Not so!—swell forth triumphantly
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young Love and Life I go,
In the Summer's joyous train.

The skies have lost their splendor,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?

With sunshine, with sweet odor,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze,
My soul its flight shall wing.

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup's glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow?

Alone I shall not linger
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning—"Where, oh! where?"

Triumphantly, triumphantly,
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me perchance in other lands
The glorious rose may blow.

Tell of the brightness parted,
'Thou Bee, thou Lamb at play!
'Thou Lark in thy victorious mirth!
—Are ye, too, pass'd away?

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
May these know naught of Death.

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
The royal Rose is gone:
Melt from the woods, my spirit melt!
In one deep farewell tone!

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart!
With Love, the Spirit of the Woods,
With Summer I depart!

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. XII.—MISS JANE PORTER.

FEMALE authorship is one of the most prominent and characteristic distinctions of modern times. Amidst the intellectual gloom which pervades the female mind of antiquity, we find a solitary Sappho and Erinna—as if, by the coruscations of their genius we were less to be delighted, than made aware that even then the *mens divini*or was not solely confined to the lords of creation. It is only in comparatively very recent times that woman has come forward to vindicate her claims to mental eminence; and to show that she also is endowed with powers sufficient to run through all the notes of the literary gamut, from the philosophical erudition of a Dacier and a De Staël, to the scrutinizing discrimination of an Edgeworth, a Mitford, or a Ferrier; and the imaginative vigor of a Baillie, a Barbauld, a Hemans, or a Landon.

Did time and space admit, we could adduce many reasons for the change of the status in human society now allowed, in all really civilized nations, to woman. The principal of these, however, seems to be deducible from the more general diffusion of education, and the proficiency of the female mind in all those elegant accomplishments which elevate the sentiments, and lead to the exertion of the higher faculties. We have only to think of our contemporary Opies, Grants, Howitts, and Johnstones, to be aware that they are of a very distinct set from the ladies in ruffs and stomachers, hoops, and high-heeled shoes, to whom “a little learning was indeed a dangerous thing;” and whose store of accomplishments was confined to a *ne plus ultra* of excellence in the manufacture of apple dumplings, or the embroidering of little lap-dogs with large ears on satin footstools.

Of those who have distinguished themselves in our own day by high talents and indefatigable perseverance

in their exertions, we know of none more truly worthy of our notice than the two accomplished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and have much pleasure in dedicating a few columns to a biographical and literary sketch of the former. To the merits of the author of the “Hungarian Brothers” we intend also shortly to turn the attention of our readers.

The father of the family, of which Misses Jane, Anna Maria, and Sir Robert Ker Porter are members, was an officer in the British army, who dying prematurely left his children to the care of his estimable consort, who yet survives at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Jane, the subject of the present cursory memoir, was born on the English border; and in childhood, along with her sister and brother, was carried over the Tweed to receive the rudiments of her education in Scotland, under the tuition of the well known George Fulton, late of Hanover Street, Edinburgh, author of the pronouncing dictionary, and other excellent school books,—a man who, in his retirement from public life, now enjoys the honor and respect to which his talents so justly entitle him. By none are these sentiments more warmly expressed than by his three distinguished pupils, in whom his animated lessons first kindled that love of distinction and thirst for fame which they have each so nobly achieved. Indeed, to the enthusiasm with which he used to expatiate on the glories of the historic heroes of Cambuskenneth and Bannockburn, the subject of this biographical sketch has been often heard to attribute the most vivid of those early impressions which subsequently led her to select the “Scottish Chiefs” as a theme worthy of embellishment.

Mrs. Porter, from the slender means devolving to her as the widow of a younger brother, continued to live in

quiet retirement, surrounded by children in whom she had every reason to delight, and finding in their society a more than equivalent for the privations to which fortune restricted her. The whole three were intense students, and gave themselves up to their love of reading and of the fine arts. Books and the pencil constituted the ruling passion of the trio, and while the brother was sketching on his slate Achilles or Æneas, the Red Cross Knight, or the Holy Nun, the Wallace or the Bruce, the sisters alternately read aloud the historic page, which his genius loved to illustrate. Robert thus more effectually cultivated the talent which in after times produced the finely finished pictures of his country's victories; one of which, that illustrative of the battle of Agincourt, was presented to the city of London, and now decorates one of the great public buildings.

After this the young painter of warlike scenes chose to try their realities in the field, and accompanied Sir John Moore throughout his disastrous campaign in the Peninsula. He was present at the glorious battle of Corunna, wherein the British, like a stag at bay, turned on their pursuers, and compelled them to retreat. He was present with his gallant commander at the moment of his death; and on his return to England Captain Porter published a little volume under the unassuming title of "Letters from Spain and Portugal, during the march under Sir John Moore, by an Officer." The simple truth of the statements contained in that work contributed at the time of its publication to stamp upon it a peculiar value; and a respected place in evidence as a contemporary document has been awarded it alike by Southey and Napier, historians of somewhat conflicting political sentiments.

His interesting sisters Jane and Anna Maria, at the youthful years of sixteen and seventeen respectively, had appeared before the world as authors. The subject of our memoir, who was the elder of the two, made her literary *début* by the publication

of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, a novel, or more strictly speaking, a romance, in four volumes. Considering the time, and the age at which it was written, this cannot fail to be regarded as a very extraordinary work—a great proof of which may be found in its retaining to this day its popularity, after a probation of twenty-seven years—during which time a Scott, an Edgeworth, a Godwin, a Galt, a Maturin, a Hope, a Wilson, and a Lockhart, have been successively and repeatedly wooing and winning the ear of those all-powerful bodies, the periodical press and the reading public. Indeed, our assertion can scarcely be disputed, that this work was probably the very first of the kind, which, blending history and fiction together, introduced them into the same story. This was done with such an air of simple reality and vraisemblance throughout, that by many it has been read as a narrative of actual facts. Indeed we defy scrutiny to point out to us in many parts, where the former ends, or the latter begins.

General Gardiner, who was British minister at Warsaw, during the calamitous period to Poland, to which the tale relates, has been heard to express his surprise how Miss Porter should have chanced to be at that time resident in that capital without his knowledge of such a fact,—not believing that any save an eye-witness could have described what actually happened there, in the manner which characterizes that spirited work. She has received many compliments to the fidelity of her pen from poor dismembered Poland, and amongst the rest a curious gold ring which was used as a rallying sign among the patriots during their awful struggle for independence. To enhance the value of the gift, it was sent her by a nephew of the celebrated General Kosiusko.

The next essay of Miss Jane Porter as a writer was our favorite romance, the *Scottish Chiefs*; and in confirmation of our own sentiments in its praise, we have an ample support not only in its general popularity, but

in the valuable testimony which that most competent judge, Miss Joanna Baillie, has borne to its merits in her volume of "*Metrical Legends*." On its first appearance it made an almost electrical impression, especially throughout Scotland, and obtained for its gifted author many tributes of regard. Rings and crosses of the tree of Wallace were sent to her from the western counties. On the continent, and in our colonies, her work obtained every mark of approbation; and from one of the German courts she received an honorary title, as a lady of the Chapter of one of its chivalric orders. Both Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Scottish Chiefs have been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages.

Since the appearance of Wallace, Miss Porter has published two small volumes under the title of *Sir Philip Sidney's Aphorisms*; consisting of opinions and sentiments on moral, religious, and political subjects, selected from the various writings of that flower of chivalry, whose soul was the receptacle of all ennobling emotions, and whose life was, as Campbell beautifully observes, "poetry put into action." This work we consider as a valuable pocket companion to the young and enterprising, as it inculcates a line of conduct which it would be well for them to pursue, nerving them against all the freaks and frowns of fortune, by showing them that vice only is to be feared, and virtue to be sought after.

Our author's next appearance before the tribunal of fame was in the publication of the *Pastor's Fireside*, in which, during the Stewart struggle, Duke Wharton and the famous Ripperda of Spain are the principal actors. Although this work lacks the youthful buoyancy and vigor of talent which distinguished its two precursors in the walks of imagination, it contains many striking passages, and some of the characters are well brought out. It obtained for its author the friendship of many high diplomatic characters, both in her own country and

abroad; and, like Thaddeus and Wallace, has gone through several editions—all three being still regarded as stock books by the trade.

In the year 1823 she published *Duke Christiern of Lunenburg*. The hero is of that branch of the family of Brunswick now in possession of the British throne; and if Fame whispers aright, Miss Jane Porter was selected by an illustrious personage to be the epic biographer (if the historical romance writer may properly be so named) of his brave progenitor. It is written in the same free and generous spirit of independence, tempered by genuine loyalty, which distinguishes her former productions, more especially her *Scottish Chiefs*; and which procured for that work the glory of being denounced to the flames by the Emperor Napoleon, then ruling over France with the tyranny of despotism.

Duke Christiern, however, though thus penned in the true British vein, experienced a widely different treatment from another absolute monarch, the late Emperor of Russia; who, on perusing it, wrote with his own hand a most gratifying letter to its author, and bore his testimony of commendation to her talents, and their application. We are not aware, however, that Miss Porter has ever received for it even the slightest mark of approbation from the English monarch.

Her next publication was a joint production between her sister and herself, in two volumes, entitled "*Tales round a Winter Hearth*." It is an agreeable collection of stories, to which Miss Jane contributed the one named "*Berenice's Pilgrimage*," wherein she had an opportunity of making use of some interesting details in her brother's travels in the East.

Her last work, which is in a similar form, came out in 1828, and is in three volumes, of which her portion comprises one.

The "*Field of the Forty Footsteps*" is founded on an extraordinary legend, relating to a field in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury, which has since been

made the site of the New London University. It has been said that an observation in that story had so powerful an effect on the mind of a person of high talent and influence, as to have been the cause of his first suggesting the establishment of the King's College in London.

Of the portions which Anna Maria Porter contributed to these two works, we do not mean at present to take any particular notice ; it being our intention in a succeeding Number to give a similar detailed account of her literary progress. Meanwhile, we conclude

this little memoir of our favorite Miss Jane, by adding that they both reside under the roof of their venerable and excellent mother, who, as we before mentioned, is at the "green old age" of eighty-four, having been born in the memorable year of the chevalier's rebellion. Their abode is situated in the pleasant village of Exeter in Surrey—a place celebrated of old by Shakespeare as the favorite country residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and in more recent times by the poet of nature, Thomson, as one of the loveliest spots in England.

"THE MAUVAIS PAS." A SCENE IN THE ALPS.

[The perilous adventure which is here related cannot fail to excite, in the mind of the reader, an emotion of deep and thrilling interest. The traveller's guides might well inform him it would require a *good head* to pass the Mauvais Pas ; for we believe few can even read his account of the hazardous passage without a little inclination to giddiness.—As we have not room to give, in the author's own words, a history of the occurrences which induced him to encounter so great a danger, we shall state the most important particulars as briefly as possible.

In the year 1818 the Lake of Mauvoisin was, by the bursting of its icy mounds, let loose, and six hundred millions of cubic feet of water were poured forth, with irresistible velocity, over the peaceful and fruitful valleys of the Drance, sweeping away many of the inhabitants of the villages, as well as every vestige of civilized life within reach of the overwhelming torrent. The writer arrived at the village of Martigny a few days after the occurrence of this memorable catastrophe, and contemplating the effects of the awful visitation, he felt a strong desire to follow the devastation to its source, and learn from ocular inspection the manner in which it had proceeded. Although the regular roads, bridges and pathways, were carried away, it was ascertained that a circuitous course over the mountains was feasible to the very foot of Mont Pleureur ; guides were accordingly procured, and the journey commenced. On reaching, howe-

ver, a fissure in a stupendous barrier of rock, through which it was necessary to pass by fording the river of which it formed the channel, in ordinary cases practicable, they found the current so strong, and the waters so high and still rising rapidly from the melting of the snows, that it was impossible to proceed. The guides now informed the traveller that there was another way, but it was a dangerous one,—adding, that it would require *une bonne tête, car si on glisse, on est perdu*. Notwithstanding this discouraging information, he expressed his readiness to try this path, if they would guide him, which they agreed to do.]

WE remounted the horses (he continues) and hastened back about a mile to a wide part of the river, which we succeeded in fording without much inconvenience ; and soon after left them at a spot from whence they could be sent for at leisure. We then turned again to the eastward, and soon reached the foot of the heights on the left bank of the river, forming the barrier which had checked us on the other side. Up there we proceeded to mount, pressing onwards through brake and briar, boughs and bushes, to the summit of the ridge. During this part of the task, I endeavored to pick up further particulars respecting the winding up of our adventure ; but all I could learn was, that, in consequence of the suspen-

sion of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, and that some work-people, on their way to repair the bridges, finding it practicable, had done the same; but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. But, by way of neutralising any unfavorable conclusions I might draw from these representations, they both added, that, from what they then saw of my capabilities in the art of climbing—for the road, here and there, required some trifling exertion—they were sure I should do very well, and had no reason to fear. Thus encouraged, I proceeded with confidence; and, in the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent, we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a grey dull curtain of bare rock. "We are approaching the *Mauvais Pas*," said one of the guides.—"Is it as rough as this?" said I, floundering as I was through hollows of loose stones and bushes.—"Oh, no; it is smooth as a floor," was the reply.—"In a few minutes we shall be on the *Pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half-a-dozen steps at most to have cleared every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time, certain misgivings as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais Pas*, flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching

thrills, so perfectly defined in the single word *crebbling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance, which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at.

But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to let them get the mastery. It was too late to retract—I had gone too far to recede. It would have been unpardonable to have given two Swiss guides an opportunity of publishing throughout the cantons, that an Englishman had flinched, and feared to set his foot where a foreign traveller had trod the day before. On then I went, very uncomfortable, I will candidly confess, but aided and impelled, notwithstanding, by that instinctive sort of wish, common, I believe, to all people, to know the worst in extreme cases. Curiosity, too, had its share—not merely excited by the ultimate object for which I was about to venture myself in mid air, but a secret desire to see with my own eyes a pass which had so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed importance in my fate. And after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined grey skreen of rock before me, I had as yet no certainty of its appalling realities.

For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of everything bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward; and the *Mauvais Pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon me! For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it

was, by a gulf of some fathoms wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most a few yards, after which, I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. "Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock," said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out.—"Is my foot steadily fixed?"—"It is," was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, and still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. "*Pas encore.*"—"Are we half way?"—"A peu près," were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause a while,

and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming, throughout, a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right; the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were, and the lammer-geyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, a rapid train of thoughts suc-

ceeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit ; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then, again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not ? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. “ Si on glisse, on est perdu ! ” how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear,—on what a slender thread was life held ! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eaten nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charin, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end ; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *gentiana nivalis*, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties in-

creased, endeavored to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other.—What was I to do ? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, “ I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven.”—“ I cannot perform that feat,” said I to the guide ; “ I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then ! ”—They were prepared for the case ; one of them happened to have a short staff ; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, “ Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself ; be steady—go on.” I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him impatiently, and in French, instead of Patois, (forgetting, in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, “ Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger ; this is not the place to excite alarm ; it is our business to cheer and animate ; ” and in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, “ Eh, donc, qu'elles sont jolies ! Re-

gardez ces charmantes fleurs !" Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself ; but on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, and forming anything like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better, I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day ; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

Thus persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this great amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below ; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof ; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view

we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a rather dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind, took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him till he came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense ; " but," added he, " had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have submitted to your fate ; the ledge was too narrow for exertion,—we could have done nothing."

We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expira-

tion of a given time, I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great Glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac de Mauvoisin had, in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded; and the first question asked was, "Peut on le traverser?" No direct answer followed; it was evidently, therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of "Mais, a-t-il bonne tête?" and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, the discomfiting sensations of which were still too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering them a second time in the same day.

I therefore decided on the bridge without more ado, *coute qui coute*; and as we descended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and plenty of time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive monocules venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of 90 feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abutments, which here confined the channel within a space of about 30 or 40 feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine poles had that morning been thrown, not yet riveted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half

"As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;"

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a top-sail-yard to pass an earing* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over, without the vibration of a nerve; but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting foot-ropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergence. There they rested, one end on each projecting promontory of the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were 40 or 50 feet of pine vaulting, in comparison with the protracted mi-

* The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

sery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas*? So forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and knees I crawled along,

and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk, rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped.

SEPULCHRAL MUSINGS.

I would not lie within a vaulted tomb,
Whose sculptured portal drew each curious eye
To search with idle gaze its shad'wy gloom,
And ponder on its inmate's destiny;
With fulsome epitaph, and flatt'ring bust,
To shield my name from dull oblivion's rust.

But I beneath the daisied sward would sleep,
Where blooming wild flowers drink the early dew;
The fresh'ning breeze should o'er my ashes sweep
With *unbought* requiem; while the few
Who paused to mourn o'er friendship's severed tie,
Should give affection's holiest rite—a sigh.

There, undisturbed, my aching head would rest,
Ambition's dream, and passion's fever, o'er;
Nor hope, nor fear, again should rack my breast,
And cold neglect my heart's-blood chill no more;
But life's few joys, and many sorrows, past,
An unmolested couch would find at last.

Yet 'tis a vain desire: the earth-worm's brood
Their loathsome banquetings would ne'er forego,

E'en though the tears of heaven itself bedewed
The verdant covering of the grave below.
Nor friendship's sigh, nor wind's funereal lay,
Could from corruption save the mouldering clay.

Oh humbling thought! that He, whose ruling care
Sustains the mightiest and the meanest thing,
Should give the human face—divinely fair!
To furnish forth a reptile's revelling—
That form, the image of himself, should doom
To rot, and moulder in the ghastly tomb.

Yet will he rescue from its power the soul—
Bright emanation of the Eternal Mind!
Impress, and essence, of the Almighty Whole!
By Him conceiv'd, created, and refin'd—
It shall exist, immortal as its sire,
When nature sinks, time dies, and worlds expire.

Then let it come—since come it will, and must—
The hour which severs the mysterious bond,
And gives this body to its kindred dust,—
If earth and all its vanities beyond,
The unclogged spirit takes her eager flight,
To the bright regions of effulgent light.

IF HOPE BE DEAD.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give!
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,
If Hope be dead—say! what are you?
Love without hope! It cannot be.
There is a vessel on yon sea
Becalmed and oarless as despair,
And know—'tis hopeless *Love* floats there.
Life without Hope! Oh, that is not
To live, but day by day to rot
With feelings cold, and passions dead:
To wander o'er the world, and tread
Upon its beauties, and to gaze,
Quite vacant, o'er its flow'ry maze.
Oh! think, if this be *Life*; then say,
What lives when Hope has fled away?
Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life
Which *older* would have sunk and died

Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But cursed with length of days, are left
To rail at Youth of Hope bereft.
And *Beauty* too—when Hope is gone
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And, seen without this borrow'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile, and gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined,
Faint semblance of that purer mind—
As gold dust sparkling in the sun
Points where the richer strata run?
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days, long long gone by,
Then point to cold Reality,
And, with a death-like smile, they say,
“Oh! what are we when Hope's away!”
Thus Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's bright'ning hue,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
Why seek to live if Hope be gone?

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN PERSIA.

THE first requisite or *sine quâ non* in travelling in Persia is a *mehmandar*, an official personage whose business it is to procure lodgings, food for man and beast, to beat the villagers, and to cheat both his employer and the government to the best of his power. The provisions are generally levied on the villages and towns through which the traveller passes. The *mehmandar* gives a receipt for them, which at the end of the year entitles the holder to payment from the government. In consideration of a small bribe to himself, the *mehmandar* generally gives a receipt for more than is taken, and thus the government might be liable to pay more to the villagers than the value of what they are deprived of. To guard against this fraudulent connivance, the *tukku*m, or royal order, generally specifies the quantity of food to be furnished by each village, and often orders the contribution to be considered as *sedir*, an arbitrary tax, for which no compensation is made. The *mehmandar* is always furnished with this *tukku*m, the prescriptions of which he must enforce by a cudgel or whip, which, the moment he enters a village, he begins brandishing about and laying over the shoulders of every one he meets with, telling you at the same time that this is a mode of proceeding to which the *Ryats*, or country people, are so accustomed, that it would be impossible to get them to produce what is required without a liberal recourse to such an argument; and this, in fact, seems to be the real truth. The people appear to take the flogging as a matter of course, as their due, in short, and it may be a question whether, like some submissive housewives we have heard or read of, they would not consider themselves aggrieved should it be neglected. To do the *mehmandars* justice, they seldom fail in their duty in this respect.

This *mehmandarship*, however, is, as may be conceived, a source of innumerable extortions, and the people

so dread its exercise, that the entire population of villages often retire on the approach of any great personage to whom they fancy that they shall be obliged to furnish provisions; but even to those who are desirous of paying immediately for what they take, a *tukku*m is still necessary to protect the traveller from the insults of the villagers, and to make the latter furnish the required provision, which without such an authority they might refuse to do even on payment. When the villagers carry the receipts of the *mehmandar* to the government, at the end of the year, they seldom get credit for more than half the amount expressed; should they be obstreperous, they receive a *bastinado* as payment in full of their demands.

One of the principal objects in a Persian cavalcade is the *tukhtrowan*. The *tukhtrowan*, in Persian, signifies a moving bed or couch. It is a covered litter, something like a palanquin, carried by two mules, one in front and the other in the rear. These carriages have no springs, and it may be readily conceived, therefore, that they are not the most easy of conveyances, especially should the roads be rough, and either of the mules be addicted to stumbling. The *tukhtrowans* are nevertheless the most fashionable sort of carriage in Persia; they are extremely safe and convenient, and admirably adapted for the narrow and dangerous roads of Persia, and they only want springs to render them as agreeable as they are convenient. The king and princes, in their journeys, have always one or two in attendance to serve them in case of illness, or that they may indulge in a lounge when tired of riding. Of their wives, however, the principal ones only are allowed the indulgence of this luxury; the others either ride astride, on horseback, with large red boots, and an immense white sheet which covers them all over, and makes them look like a sack of flour set perpendicularly, or they are stuff-

ed into cribs or baskets, called *cajavahs*. In the latter case, two of these baskets are slung upon a mule or camel, one on each side, exactly balancing; in these the unfortunate damsels are doomed to sit with their chins on their knees, now and then putting their heads through a hole in the top in order to respire a little fresh air, and reminding one for all the world of turkeys going to market. Should there be only one fair traveller, a trunk, or

some such heavy article, is put into the opposite basket to preserve the equilibrium; and in that case the immured lady must by no means think of issuing from her coop, until the regular ceremony of unlading takes place, for were she to get out, the load on the other side would immediately fall to the ground. The slave girls and waiting maids ride on the sumpter mules, squatted on the top of the baggage amidst kettles and poultry.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

FULL DRESS EVENING COSTUME.

A GOWN of white *gros des Indes*, *corsage drapé*, cut low and square, and finished round the bust with a very narrow scalloped blond lace. The drapery across the bosom has more than usual fulness, and is arranged in regular folds; it is confined in the centre by a massive gold brooch à l'*Egyptienne*. The pendants of the brooch are of unusual size. *Ceinture à la Marie Stuart*; it is edged with a very light embroidery in gold color and blue. Short full sleeves, surmounted by winged epaulettes of blond lace, and terminating by a narrow row of blond to correspond with the bust. The skirt is trimmed with a single flounce embroidered in a wreath of fancy flowers, gold color and blue, with a foliage of bright green. The head of the flounce is very broad, and the fulness is arranged at the upper edge in scallops by pearl buttons. A *rouleau* of the same material as the dress, edged with scalloped blond lace, is placed immediately over the head of the flounce. The hair is arranged in a full cluster of curls on each temple. Head-dress, a toque à la *Caroline*, composed of white *gaze de Chine*, satin, and blond lace. Ornaments of a graceful, but rather fantastic, description, composed of the two latter materials, are placed on the right side, and a plume of long, white, curled ostrich feathers falls over on the left.

The cloak, which we give with this dress, is an elegant envelop that has just been introduced as a *wrap* for the theatres, evening parties, &c. The material is extremely fine, soft, and warm, and sufficiently light not to derange the dress. It is of a deep rose color, striped with black, of an ample size; large pelerine and very deep collar; a gold cord and tassels fastens it at the throat. Diamond ear-rings; white *gros de Naples* slippers; white kid gloves.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A jaconot muslin high dress; *corsage à l'Edith*; long loose sleeve. The skirt is richly embroidered in white, in a lace pattern. There are two rows of embroidery. *Pelisse* of *gros des Indes*; the color between a straw and an *oiseau de Paradis*; it is lined with white sarsnet, finished round the bottom of the waist by a *biais*, terminated at the upper edge by a very light trimming. A row of very broad blond lace is laid plain on each of the fronts to the waist. The *corsage* is made up to the throat, and sets close to the shape, except on the shoulder, where a very slight degree of fulness is arranged by bands. The bust is ornamented with a trimming edged with narrow blond lace; this trimming is disposed in the stomacher style, from the shoulder to the waist. Long full sleeve of the usual form, finished by a

manchette en ruche. The epaulettes are open on the shoulder, and somewhat in the shape of a leaf; there are two falls. *Chapeau of paille de riz*, profusely ornamented with *nœuds* of gauze riband. Some are placed towards the top of the crown in front. One is attached on the left side of the

inside of the brim, from which a wreath of riband cut in leaves passes across it to the right side. A curtain veil of blond lace is attached to the edge of the brim. The buckle for the *ceinture*, and the ear-rings, are of massive gold. Lilac gloves; kid *bot-tines* to correspond with the *pelisse*.

THE GATHERER.

“Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home.”

ESTEEM FOR PHYSICIANS IN PERSIA. No character is held in such high estimation and request throughout the East as that of a physician. A medical man, with a little knowledge of Persian and Turkish, might make his way alone and without molestation from Constantinople to Peking. The moment the news is spread abroad that a Frangee Hakkem, that is, an European doctor, is arrived, the whole village is in a ferment. On awaking at a resting place, the doctor is sure to find a large crowd waiting his leave; the throng will be less splendid perhaps than that which flocks to the apartment of a prime minister, for it consists of all the sick, the blind, and the halt of the village. Not a soul but has had, or is to have, some complaint, and not one complaint alone, but fifty. Their account of their ailments also is most particular; they go into full details of their rise, progress, and present state of their disorders, and intermix them with anecdotes of themselves and families, highly interesting to the narrators no doubt, but most wearisome to others. All that the doctor can do is to prescribe as long as his patience will endure, and then have the assembly dismissed with a big stick by Hadgie Baba. This mode of relief, however summary, is absolutely necessary; entreaties and expostulations are of no avail, and mild words only serve to render the claimants more importunate.

The science of medicine in Persia is, like all other branches of know-

ledge, at a very low ebb. Modern European improvements are as wholly unknown as the studies of anatomy, surgery, and chemistry. In lieu of these, there exists abundance of presumption and bigotry, the invariable attendants on ignorance. “In how many days will you cure me?” is the first question asked of his physician by the man at the point of death. The other invariably answers in three, four, or five days, according to the rank of the patient. If by chance the sick man recovers, the physician of course takes all the credit to himself; should he die, it is God Almighty that killed him. Yet the Persians themselves in health make the proceedings of these quacks the subject of their ridicule, and the following anecdote of one of the faculty, who was even more than usually unfortunate in his practice, is current amongst them and related with great glee: “Have you taken my medicine?” was the habitual question. “Yes.” “How do you find yourself?” “Much worse,” was the invariable reply. On this our doctor would console himself and his patient by observing, “but if you had not taken it you do not know what might have happened.” On one occasion he caused a sick man to be bled copiously. He called a short time afterwards to know the effect of his prescription, and was told that the man had died immediately after the operation. “Ah,” said he, “it was well that he was bled, for who can tell what would have happened?”

HEBREW POETS.

The three most eminent men in the Hebrew annals, Moses, David, and Solomon, were three of their most distinguished poets. The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age) they have entered with unquestioned propriety into the ritual of the holier and more perfect religion of Christ. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judæa, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world,—in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections into unison with their deep, devotional fervor!

DRIED APPLES AND PEARS.

The apples and pears which are sent in a dried state from France to England, are thus prepared. The fruit is put into boiling water, in which it is left until it becomes soft. It is then taken out and carefully peeled, the stalk being left on. To prevent any loss of juice, it is placed on a strainer, under which is a dish. When peeled it is put into an oven heated to an ordinary temperature for bread, and left there twenty-four hours. When taken out and cold, the fruit is pressed flat between the hands; and after being plunged in its own juice, which has been set apart for that purpose, it is packed in boxes and exported.

POPULATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

From the last returns, the population of Constantinople proves to amount to only 380,000 souls, reckoning the inhabitants of the environs. The number of persons capable of carrying arms is in a very small proportion. The number of houses is calculated to be 85,000.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

It is stated that Gurney's steam-coach (an engraving of which was given in the *Athenæum* for April 15, 1828) is really to start next month in working—not experimental journeys—for travellers between London and Bath.—A steam-engine, on some new principle, has recently been tried in a boat on the Thames.—A Mr. Nathan Gough has been travelling in a steam carriage before the people of Manchester, at from five to seven miles an hour.—Mr. Brown invites the scientific to witness the perfection of his gas apparatus for the same purposes at Old Brompton.—Surely, among all the efforts, something efficient will be done.

GREECE.

Independent Greece is at present divided into thirteen departments; seven continental, and six insular. The continental departments comprehend a surface of 6,439 square miles, and a population of 300,000 souls. (In the best times of Greece the same space was occupied by not fewer than 205 cities and towns; and by a population of about 2,200,000 souls.) The insular departments comprehend a surface of 1,339 square miles, and a population of 196,000 souls:—making in the whole a surface of 7,778 square miles, and a population of 496,000.

IMPROVED CHAIN CABLES.

A patent has lately been granted to Mr. J. Hawks, for an improvement in the construction of Ship's Cable chains, which consists in making the extremities of the links of those chains, where they touch each other, considerably thicker than their sides, so as to render them more durable than common links.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. II. Part II. is entitled "Vegetable Substances: Fruits," and contains a vast quantity of information on a subject of very general interest.

No. VI. Vol. II. of the Family Library is a continuation of the "History of the Jews." As we have not before referred to this elegant work in the Athenæum, we will here give the titles of the previous Numbers:—Nos. I. and II., "The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," with fifteen engravings on steel and wood. No. III., "The Life of Alexander the Great." No. IV., "Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," (to be completed in 3 vols.) by Allan Cunningham. No. V., "The History of the Jews," with original maps and wood cuts, (to be completed in 3 vols.)

The last No. of the Library of Useful Knowledge contains "The Art of Brewing, Part I."

The last Volume of Constable's Miscellany is entitled "An Autumn in Italy, being a Personal Narrative of a Tour through the Austrian, Tuscan, and Sardinian States. By J. D. Sinclair, Esq."

The Borderers, a new American Tale, by the author of "The Spy," is announced.

A new monthly periodical is about to appear, under the title of "The London University Magazine."

"Memoirs of a New England Village Choir" has been republished in London. The Editor of the Literary Gazette says of it, "We really do not see enough of merit in these pages to justify their republication in this country. There is an occasional vivacity, however, and neatness of description, that make us think the author might do much better. Animated and accurate sketches of Transatlantic scenes and manners would be very popular:—an American Miss Mitford would be a very original and delightful person."

The Annuals.

The Literary Souvenir is in a state of great forwardness. Among its contributors are, the Authors of "Highways and Byways;" "Constantinople in 1828;" "Tales of the Munster Festivals;" "Recollections of the Peninsula;" "Tales of the O'Hara Family;" "the Kuzzilbash;" "Tales of the Moors;" "the Sorrows of Rosalie;" "the Bath Man;" "Richelieu;" "Tales and Confessions;" "Rouge et Noir;" and also, W. M. Praed; Miss Mitford; Mrs. Hemans; Miss Bowles; J. Montgomery; Professor Wilson; Barry Cornwall; T. K. Hervey; Miss Jewsbury; Rev. T. Dale; Alaric A. Watts, &c. &c. The plates are not only well etched, but extremely well chosen.

The Amulet for the coming year is stated to be nearly complete; and Mr. Hall, it is added, has been very successful in obtaining the coöperation of many distinguished

writers. Among its illustrations will be an engraving from a drawing by Martin, by Le Keux, for which, it is said, the engraver received the sum of 180 guineas.

The Winter's Wreath for 1830 will be published on the 1st of November; a collection of original pieces in prose and verse, contributed by writers of eminence, and embellished with 13 highly finished line engravings, from works of first-rate artists.

The Bijou appears this season among its brother Annuals with high graphic and literary attractions. Among the former are portraits of the King and of Mrs. Arbuthnot, —both by the President R. A.

The Offering, a new Annual, announced by Rev. Thomas Dale, A.M. is to be named "the Iris, or Literary and Religious Offering," and is especially designed to establish and illustrate the connexion between polite literature and religion. The embellishments are to be selected principally from scriptural subjects, by the most celebrated painters.

A new Annual, announced to be upon a more enlarged and splendid scale than any hitherto undertaken, is in active preparation. It is to be entitled "the Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy," 26 highly finished line engravings under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, executed from colored drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Prout, are the attractions advertised. Mr. T. Roscoe is the editor.

A new Annual, of a decidedly religious character, to be entitled "Emmanuel," is announced; and we are told that the distinguishing feature of this publication will be its endeavor to diffuse and maintain, in various compositions in prose and verse, sound principles of religion and virtue; its governing rule being that which pervades the doctrines of the Established Church. The editor is the Rev. W. Shepherd, author of "Clouds and Sunshine," &c. &c.; and the publisher Mr. Maunder, of Newgate Street.

The forthcoming volume of the New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir will be published in an improved form; and the illustrations will be of more uniform excellence than those of last year.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not is also announced for publication, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is to contain 12 engravings of a very interesting character to those for whom it is intended.

The Musical Bijou is another of our promised Annuals; the prose and poetical articles by eminent writers, and the music by celebrated composers.

Mr. Ackermann intends this year to add another to the class of Annuals for youth, by the title of "Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not." The engravings, 8 in number, are of a very high character; and among the contributors to it are several of the most popular writers of the day.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 4.

A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.

THE new Moon ! and my pockets are penniless—destined thus to continue in poverty for at least a month to come ;—yet, during this unfavorable omen of an empty pocket, I am rejoiced to recognise that heavenly sickle suspended over the door-way of the west. I have been young, and now am—by the by, what age was Æneas ?—I am “senior”—oldish—yet have I never seen, unless once, when I had the jaundice, a new Moon without emotion. A new Moon is a proof of the soul’s immortality, or a presumption—or at least, an analogy—these mathematics have driven in and circumscribed our moral reasoning !—it is a crescent of hope, hung out over the dusky hours of night, and doubt, and difficulty. Oh, how deep are our thoughts, and how gloomy, too—on our own immortality !—all other thoughts are but mere passing fancies in comparison. No man, woman, or child, that could think upon this subject, ever yet dared to express the full reach of that plummet which is ever and anon let down into the bottomless abyss. The renewed Moon—the renewed parent ;—the first is in heaven, in her own peaceful placid heaven ; and the other is enjoying in blessedness the renewal of powers and faculties which time had impaired. Yes, be it so ; invisibles are made known by visibles—things of eternity are imaged out in things of time—coming events cast their shadows before—and the reparation of man is thus displayed in glorious hieroglyphic. Nor has the

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conversation of the new Moon been restricted to such inward visitings of the soul ; she has travelled with me, and I with her, over sea and land, mountain and valley—with her I have looked upon the eastern Bramin in his first prostrations, the Hebrew in his tented deserts, and even the Scottish Border reaver in his anticipated foray ; but our pleasantest communings have been in the withdrawals of my early days, in the intimations made when my bosom was young—in her announcements of futurity—of that continuance of foul or fair—of variable or settled—of cold or genial,—the symbols of which lay in the sharpness or rotundity of her points. There she still hangs, the very picture of filial affection—the new Moon with the old, dim, and decayed shell in her arms—Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the urn of Germanicus in her bosom ! See how closely she embraces the departing shadow—how her arms stretch away into curvature ! But it is all in vain ;—a few risings and settings over, and the shadow itself shall be obliterated—“the very ruins shall have perished”—and there shall not remain a trace of that which, but a few weeks ago, shone forth in beauty and in glory from the brow of Heaven. But she is fast approaching towards the wavy line of the mountain ridge, and is diving side-foremost into another hemisphere. Farewell, then, thou soft-footed Queen of Heaven !—silent and still is thy departure—the night clock, the bat, and the cushat, are

consecrated to thy shrine—and all that stilly noise, and tinkling silence, which rests upon or descends from the mountain, imparts an air of heartfelt solemnity to thy exit.

The full Moon!—large, round, and jolly—in the eastern heaven—a vast foam-bell cast forth by the sport of the deep, and floating buoyantly upwards, reflecting from its rotundity the dark image and outlines of things unknown. A thin silky cloud crosses her pathway of ascent—it lies over her elongated disk like a sudden sorrow that has visited the countenance through the heart. But the momentary darkness has passed away;—clearer and more clear—smaller and more small—“beautifully less,” she ascends on her azure pathway, leaving behind her the mountain haze and the horizon cloud—the milky softness of Heaven’s conjunction with earth. Her triumph is now complete. “Like a bonnie blue glass,” she bends her deep-set keen blue eye on all beneath;—she looks in the intensity of her glory upon river, tower, and tree—upon the palace and city—upon the vast and unfathomed ocean—upon the round and embosomed creek—upon the sleeping, the waking, and the dead—upon all that comes forth to forage or that lurks in ambush—upon the simple and inoffensive songster nestled in his bush, as well as upon the villain fox, skulking and prowling for his prey. She looks upon the mountain land, and its hoary cairns and bonnie streams rejoice in her glory—she looks upon the valley-ground, and the dense and white mists gather upon and obliterate every distinct feature; all is sunk, like the cities of the plain, in one wide wavy sea of radiance; and over the busy walks and habitations of men, the land billows are tossed and tumbled. Here and there the spire, and tower, and rock, assume somewhat of the aspect of islands. Is it that some Druidical spell is about to encompass and to dim her glory, or that the aspect of the heavens is suddenly changed? Have the observances of Heaven been practised from time immemorial upon

earth, or does this heavenly circle repeat the image of earthly practice? Thin, light, and rakish messengers detach themselves from the southern horizon, and onward they travel with accelerated speed. But the mysterious hand of enchantment has arrested their advance, and ever and anon, as they approach to the consecrated halo, they suddenly disappear—they melt into air, and are seen no more. As the Eastern worshiper prostrates himself and unshoes his feet at the threshold of the Divinity—so do these worshiping vapors put off their tread and visible footing in their more immediate approach to the temple of the Queen of Heaven.

The Moon is in her last quarter—decay hath sorely visited her full-grown strength. Her second childhood hath arrived, and all is now inverted; her very frame-work is turned upside down, and she hangs her gloomy and formless decay, in solemn indistinctness, over the mountain heads. This is the last night of the waning moon; well known to hind and matron old—that night on which evil was abroad, and mischief was accomplished—children were stolen from their cradles—cows were elf-shot at the stake, or in the field—and gambols, of an unearthly guise, were held in cave and glen—old women rode abroad on broomsticks, and Lapland was peopled with Fife witches. This is the night, or rather the morning, when churchyards were known to relent, and sheeted death walked abroad, in the awful semblance of parent, lover, friend—when the nightmare pressed large and heavy on the wrestling soul, and the clammy dew sate on the brow even of vigorous manhood—when journeys undertaken at the approach of dawn, were eminently unsuccessful, and all nature felt and owned that the Prince of Darkness had power to triumph.—Yes, this to me has often been, and still is, a night, a season of solemn, deep, and peaceful happiness—as, after having extinguished the midnight taper, I view in the descending and dying planet, that emblem of man’s glory,

ambition, power, which is at once so striking and so instructive. There is even a luxury in such mournful and serious reflections, which, coming upon the back of long study, and mental exertion in particular, has a tendency to elevate rather than to depress—to solemnize into acquiescence rather than to damp into inactivity.

The seasons have their sun; and distinctly, in his progress, does he mark out and define their various aspects. The dark features of winter—the soft flush of spring—the florid tinge of summer—with the yellow radiance of autumn—are all the daughters of him who plays at bo-peep with our planet, now retreating, now advancing, in the mysterious horn-pipe of planetary revolution. But the seasons have their Moon too—their own Lady Moon—who, though far less marked and distinct in her seasonal aspect, has still her shiftings, her spring, summer, autumn, and winter visitings of the shepherd's soul, who, from Ida's top, eyes "the blue vault;" or of the farmer's heart, who, from his own cornfield, "blesses the conscious light."

Is not there a Moon of spring? Let the lover say, who sees the crescent figure, soft and lovely, 'midst the ringlets of wavy light, as the gloaming melts into moonshine, and he begins to recognise his shadow along the opposite hill side. Let the fisher say, as he returns slowly and heavy loaded from his bewitching and late-protracted amusement, where the lapwing screams and flaps, and dives over head, and the stream gurgles less and less, in his mountain ascent. Let the husbandman say, as he concludes and closes up his day's labor under the kindly superintendence of a luminary, whose outgoings, from of old, have been with the tiller of the soil, and the reaper of the field.

Is not there a Moon in thy majesty, oh, summer radiance! or art thou only hung out, in diminished splendor, over that glowing nocturnal twilight, to satisfy the Earth, that though superseded, thou art not suppressed—

though dimmed, thou art not extinguished? It is true, that the sailor boy, as he whistles on the breeze, and eyes thy broad pathway of sparkling radiance along the placid deep; could dispense with thy presence. It is true, likewise, that the traveller whose utmost efforts cannot mark the point in time, or in the northern horizon, where evening twilight ends, and morning dawn begins—whose path is overspread before him with all the yellow radiance of a June night, could prosecute his journey unaided by thee. It is besides true, that the sons of Belial, in all their varied hues of evil, these lovers of darkness rather than of light, are annoyed and offended by thy presence. But it is likewise true and of verity, that thy summer visits are sweet and sacred to religion, and to friendship, and to love,—to religion, as plaided she kneels beneath thy benignant countenance to the God that created, the Saviour that re-created; to friendship, as she grapples hand to hand in the summer dusk, and pours forth the breathings of the heart; and to love, to infinite, inscrutable love, as she haunts her glens and awaits her interviews—as she feels pulse avowing to pulse, and soul commingling with soul!—Oh, Moon of the summer night, how doubly dear hast thou been, and still art, to me!—I owe thee much.

Comes not the Moon of harvest in wisdom and *providential* benevolence? Night after night, even unto the northern rising, does she not ascend on her upward pathway, at the same hour and with undiminished radiance? Shame on that wisdom, which, in the folly of its devisings, would refuse to man the solemnity and comforting of second causes—that would strip God's general arrangements of particular object, and, in the vanity of human discovery, would sink the God and elevate the man—would strip the husbandman and the laborer of harvest, of the conviction that such arrangements are not only intentional, but benevolent—that there is light in his upland and inland, in his glens, loanings, and stack-yards,

because the source of all light has had regard to his needs—because the same benevolence which has sent his Sun to ripen, has likewise commissioned his Moon to secure, the fruits of harvest. Cheerful, oh delightfully cheerful, is the harvest Moon, and as distinct from all other Moons, as the season is separated from all other seasons! Is it that the necessity has again returned, and, along with this, the returning supply? Is it that the luminary which appeared lately superfluous, has now become eminently and conspicuously useful? Is it that the mighty heaven has again resumed that deep-blue dye, from which the Moon looks forth so lovely,—that the hazy milkiness of a summer night, when

“The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills,”

has given place to the purity and brightness of a harvest heaven? All these circumstances have, indeed, their influence; but the prime and predominating cause is to be looked for, and to be found elsewhere—in the heart, namely, of the percipient, rather than in the objects perceived in the exulting feelings of man—now walking in the garb of accomplishment, for hope has yielded to possession, and accomplishment has succeeded to effort.

But winter, after all, is the season of Lunar supremacy. In other seasons her presence is useful—in this it is indispensable—indispensable, from the extremity of Greenland to the Mountains of the Moon—from the Isles of Japan to those of Galapago. The Sun is now ashamed, as it were, of his own impotency, and hastens to hide his head from that barren and uncheered sterility, which he has not the power to enliven. His movements on the extremity of the horizon are like the flights of the landrail,—short, curved, and far-between. But his absence is nobly relieved by the sister orb. Over a landscape of uniform brightness, she flings forth from the east her unquenchable radiance. There is one immensity of blue above

—there is one intensity of white beneath. The mountains are rounded off, and rolled upon each other, as the intermediate valleys lose their breadth and extension. Were it not for the black lines which lie on the slope, and hang, as it were, in separate pencils, from the brow of the hill—from which is heard, amidst the tinkling of frosty silence, the voice of descending water;—were it not for those markings off, and definers of distance, even distance itself would cease, and heaven and earth would appear as ever mingled into one. This assuredly is the hour, and this the season, of favors and enjoyments; the bracing efforts of the frosty air are felt, not only on the body, but in the soul,—the veriest clown and clodpole is now smart and witty. The outgoings of the breath are like the steamings of a kettle—and the distinct articulations of the voice are heard from Dan to Beersheba. The curler is still at his sport;—the sun has arisen, and the sun has set upon his contest, —a contest in which the prowess of two rival parishes is to be tried and determined;—and still you may hear the stone booming along the rink—the rap and the rattle of collision by the tee—and the sudden and frequent breakings forth of irrepressible delight—of exulting triumph. Around that dark and dense knot—twisted and twined about the tee—the skater moves in graceful circles—smooth, sliding without step,—whilst the gingerbread basket still lingers with its necessary and delicious supplies. The boy is abroad, in all his school-boy glee;—he is all eye and ear,—eye to watch the movements of the hare, as she comes—downward and downward—with frequently arrested advance—from the mountain to the kail-yard;—ear to hear, and voice to chide the bay of the house dog—which ever and anon delays or retrogrades her movements.

The lover, too, is visible in the moonshine of winter. His, however, is no obtrusive and ostentatious pathway—he walks alone beneath preci-

pices, and under the dark shadowings of woods and mountains. She, the beloved of his heart, to whose habitation he is hastening—whilst the crisp and solid snow bears him safely over bog and fen—awaits him beneath that evergreen holly—all covered and laboring as it now is with the incumbent load. There she has listened, and from thence she has looked out, for forty minutes, and is prepared to aver that she has been detained as many hours. There is a snug warm spot beneath that close thick-leaved holly, where cold cannot penetrate—or, if it could, there are bosoms there proof against its influence—

“The cock may crawl, the day may daw,” and still that holly shade, which has now shifted from the west to the east-

ern side, continues true to its trust. The lovers are only thinking of parting.

All those things are true—and a thousand more that might be sung or said, on Lunar influence—on the delights, with which such lucubrations cannot fail to inspire every observer of nature. There is a purity, a refinement, as well as a delight, in such reveries;—and if any individual who has perused these recollections, shall feel at the same time a response to them in his own, he cannot fail to be satisfied. But if, from local disadvantages, or constitutional disqualification, he has never “felt what I have felt, or been where I have been”—then he will have the goodness to recollect that this is all

“A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.”

THE ORANGE.

THE glory of that delightful country, the neighborhood of Nice, is the orange tree, which, when full grown, attains the height of about five and twenty feet, and is graceful in all its parts. The trunk and older branches are of a delicate ash color; the twigs of so soft a green that they almost appear transparent; the leaves are moderately large, beautifully shaped, of a fine healthy green, and shining on the upper sides, while the under ones have a slight appearance of down. The flowers, which are in little bunches, and very graceful in their form, are, in the sweet oranges, of a delicate white, and, in the more acid varieties of the family, lightly marked with pink. Some plants have a more powerful odor, and are for the moment more rich; but there is a freshness in the aroma of an orange-grove which never offends or cloy; and as the tree is at one and the same time in all stages of its bearing—in flowers, in fruit just set, and in golden fruit, inviting the hand to pull and the palate to taste,—it is hardly possible to imagine any object more delightful. The

perfumes of Arabia do not exceed the fragrance of the groves on the north of the Mediterranean, in which the beautiful white Provence rose, the turberose, and countless other flowers, blend their sweets with that of the orange; and where, with all this richness, the pestilent airs of the tropics, and even the *sirocco* of the southern parts of Italy, are altogether unknown. This delightful fertility and fragrance accompany the chain of the Apennines round the whole gulf of Genoa, and until, upon the boundary of the plain of Tuscany, they subside in elevation, and bend more towards the Adriatic.

Tuscany is further to the south; but the climate and the vegetation cannot be compared to those of the little valleys of Provence and Liguria, especially the latter. About Florence, there are still orange-trees in the gardens; but there are none of those aromatic groves and plantations which are found further to the west. Nor are the causes difficult to find out. There is an enemy each side of the plain of Tuscany, which will not al-

low the orange to arrive at perfection. The gales that come from the south-east, over the sandy shores near Leghorn, are not adapted for a plant which, as well as heat and pure air, requires a considerable quantity of moisture; and the winds from the north, that are cooled in passing over the Adriatic, are not so genial as those from the Alps that are warmed in passing over the vale of Lombardy. But still the olives, the grapes, and the melons of the vale of the Arno, in so far compensate the inhabitants for the want of the orange.

Eastward of Tuscany, though the coast of Italy inclines still further to the south, it is even less adapted for the production of the orange; the sea-coast is barren, the interior is dreary, and over the whole the pestilent *malaria* creeps, forbidding man to approach even for the cultivation of the fields; and thus it may be that, ere long, the arid downs by the sea will meet the marsh of the interior, and the centre of Italy shall be desolation to the very base of the Apennines. After the gulf of Gaeta is passed, and the shelter of the more elevated mountains of Calabria is obtained, orange groves again make their appearance.

Thus the locality of the orange depends fully as much upon situation and soil as upon latitude; and therefore we need not wonder that, considering the many and varied lands in which it is cultivated, there should be so many varieties of its fruit.

Looking at the facts, we are induced to infer, that, if the temperature be sufficiently high for maturing its flavor, the orange is delicious in proportion to the uniform salubrity of the air; and that those high temperatures which force a very large expansion of the fruit, are against the fineness of its quality. In this respect, we have an opportunity of contrasting both the oranges of islands and those of continents. St. Michael's, in the Azores, and Malta, are both small islands; the former always exposed to the equalizing breezes, which, from whatever quarter

they blow, are always wafted across the expanse of the Atlantic; and the latter lying near the dry and sultry shores of Africa, and, of course, subjected to more changes of season and a higher temperature. There is also some difference in the soil. Whether it be the decomposition of the rock, or saline particles, brought by the same pestilent wind that withers the south of Italy and Sicily with the *sirocco*, it is well known, that under the artificial earth (brought originally from Sicily) which forms the soil of Malta, there gathers a crust; and that if the earth be not trenched, and this crust removed at the end of a certain number of years, it ceases to be productive, or the produce becomes so bitter, that it is not healthful. St. Michael's has no such disadvantage; the soil there is native and fertile, and deposits nothing calculated to injure its fertility or impair the qualities of its produce.

The oranges of the two islands are such as one would expect from those differences: the Maltese orange is large, the rind is thick and spongy, the glands that secrete the volatile oil are prominent, the pulp is red, and there is a trace of bitterness in the taste; while the St. Michael's orange is small, the rind is thin and smooth, the glands less prominent, the volatile oil in smaller quantity, and the lighter colored pulp more sugary and delicious.

The modifications produced by differences of soil and climate, in the same vegetable, are among the most important inquiries in the science of plants; and they are at the same time among the most difficult, and certainly the least attended to. One principal source of the difficulty lies in the observer being as much changed as the thing observed. Those who are parched with thirst do not stop to analyze the water, or descant upon the flavor of whatever beverage they may have recourse to for slaking it. The removal of the painful sensation is to them far more delicious than the purity of the most limpid spring, or the

flavor of the choicest wine. Just so with man when he is panting under a burning atmosphere : the fruit which is most delicious to him is that which is most cool. This necessary change in the judge, as well as the thing judged of, must never be omitted when we come to compare the fruits of different countries as reported of by those who have enjoyed them there ; and we never can be certain of their real merits till we have them decided by the same individual under the same circumstances. To take a case in point : a guava, apart from its rarity, is certainly not in this country anything comparable to a peach ; and yet those who have been in tropical countries talk in raptures of the guava, and say that the fruit grown here is inferior and degenerated. But they should bear in mind, that in the tropical countries there is the tropical zest, as well as the tropical flavor. The man who traverses a mountain country in the north, heeds not the glittering fountains that issue from every rock around him ; but send him from Suez to Basora, or from Morocco to Fezzan, and he would remember them with veneration.

But, again, we have a further confirmation when we compare the continental oranges. The climate of the slopes and valleys of the Estrella, near the lower Tagus, and that of the Maritime Alps, and the Apennines, in Provence and Liguria, are certainly very different from the climate of Andalusia. The diversities of surface, and the vicinity of the sea, keep the air over the former places in continual play and motion, and prevent those intense heats which unquestionably (though by a process which chemistry has not yet fully investigated) render the juices of plants acid, acrid, or saline ; while, from the wider extent of Andalusia, and its comparative distance from the ocean, the air over it is, in the warmer months, much more quiescent.

These considerations will, to a certain extent, explain why there are so many varieties in a fruit, which, according to the authorities, appear all to have come from the same part of the world ; and a further extension of these considerations would form a criterion of the situations in which it would, or it would not, be desirable to cultivate the orange.

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

OFF had I gazed on those two Effigies,
When to the solitary mountain-gloom
Sent devious from my pilgrimage, by force
Of those fine impulses that bear us on
From awe to awe, till suddenly is found
Some glorious vision that we did not seek,
Nor knew was on the earth ; and of the
dreams

That came to me from out the ruin'd Pile,
Legend surviving dimly when the moth
Hath eat to dust the hoary chronicles,
And ballad sung with many a various voice
In different glens, by maidens at their wheel
To wondering children, or at hour of noon
In gay hay-harvest, 'neath the hawthorn
shade,

To Toil by music to his strength restored
As if by dropping dews—by sweet degrees
My soul form'd to itself a history
Of the Dead figured thus—a Tale that grew
Almost unconsciously and unawares ;

As one who wandering through the rich-
stored woods

In dreamy idlesse, ever and anon
Plucks here and there a ground-flower,
till, behold !

Yellow and blue and purple, in his hands
One gather'd constellation ! that illumines
With sudden beauty all the wilderness.

In days of yore, these pleasant realms—
now stretch'd

In variegated beauty from the dip
Of the low hills in which the mountains fade
Away from the Lake-land, into wide bays,
And far, far off to beacon'd promontories—
Were forest-grown even to the very Sea ;
Nor wanted Walney's storm-beat Isle, now
bare,

Its murmur of old groves, nor Fouldrey's
Pile

Its stately sycamores that loved the spray
Of the rock-scaling tide. The horizon hung

On trees, round all its dark circumference;
While here and there, a Church-Tower
 lifted up

Its peaceful battlements, or warlike Keep
Frown'd on the cliff, the watchman's sun-
 tipt spear

Far glancing o'er the woods. Hundreds of
 huts

Were hidden in that silvan gloom,—some
 perch'd

On verdant slopes from the low coppice
 clear'd;

Some in deep dingles, secret as the nest
Of robin-redbreast, built among the roots
Of pine, on whose tall top the throats sing.

Hundreds of huts! yet all apart, and felt
Far from each other; mid the multitude

Of intervening stems, each glen or glade
By its own self a perfect solitude,

Hush'd but not mute, for many a little
 stream,

Now dead, then sung its sweet accompa-
 niment

Unto the ceaseless warbling of the birds,
And silence listen'd to the frequent chant

Of stated hymn that from the Abbey rose
By nights, and days as still as any nights,

Each echo more mysterious than before,
Far, far away reviving, and at last

Evanish'd, like a prayer received in heaven.

Oh! let one Hut be rescued from the dust!
And let its thousand rose-balls burn again
On porch-wall roof, and let the self-same
 dews

There lie unmelted by the morn that rose
Hundreds of years ago! Oh! back to life

Return Thou in thy matchless beauty—
 Thou

Whom Love and Wonder in the olden time
Baptized in tears that flow'd from very bliss,

THE FLOWER OF FURNESS! by no other
 name

Known to the dwellers in the woods, when
 life

Rejoiced to breathe within a form so fair;
Nor now by other name is ever known

That Image lying at that Warrior's feet!

Lo! walking forth into the sunny air,
Her face yet shaded by the pensiveness
Breath'd o'er it from her holy orisons,
She pours a blessing from her dewy eyes
O'er that low roof, and then the large blue
 orbs

Salute serenely the high arch of heaven.

On—on she shines away into the woods!

And all the birds burst out in ecstasy
As she hath reappear'd. And now she
 stands

In a lone glade beside the Fairies' Well—
So named she in delight a tiny spring

In the rich mosses fringed with flowery
 dies,

O'erhung by tiny trees, that tinier still
Seem'd through that mirror, in whose light
 she loved

Each morn to reinstate with simple braids
Into its silken snood her virgin hair,

Unconsciously admired by her own soul,
Made happy—such is Nature's law benign—
Even by the beauty of her own innocence.

Of gentle blood was she; but tide of time,
Age after age, bore onwards to decay
The fortunes of her fathers; and at last,
The memory of the once illustrious dead
Forgotten quite, and to all common ears
The name they were so proud of most ob-
 scure

And meaningless, among the forest-woods,
The poor descendant of that house was now,
But for the delicate Wild-Flower blooming
 there,

Last of his race, a lowly Forester!

Yet never Lady, in her jewell'd pride,
As she appear'd upon her bridal morn,

Pictured by limner who had lived in love
With rarest beauty all his life, in halls

Of nobles, and the palaces of kings,
E'er look'd more lovely through Time's

 tints divine,
Than she who stood now by the Fairies'

 Well,

Imagination's phantom, lily-fair,
In pure simplicity of humblest life.

Hark! hark! the music of a bugle-horn!
And lo! all bright in hunter's green, a
 plume

Of eagle feathers nodding as he bounds
Deerlike into the glade, with bow and

 arrows

Arm'd, but no savage outlaw he, a Form
In stature taller than the sons of men,

Descends of a sudden on the wilderness,
Before that Flower, now quaking in her fear,

Even like her sister lilies, when a flash
Of lightning sheers the woods, and the

 strange growl

Of thunder mutters through the solitude.
But soon that fear expired—or mix'd with

 love,

Such love as innocent spirits feel, amazed
By some surpassing shape of mortal mould,

Earthly, yet lending to the things of earth
A statelier, more seraphic character.

Recovering from that tremor, a long gaze
Bound her to what she fear'd and lov'd;

 and then
Folding her hands across her breast, she

 sank

In a submissive attitude meekly down,
And gracefully, with bended knees, saluting

Noble, or Prince, or King!

Even like some Power
Olympian, of that high mythology,

In whose religion fair Achaia held
Perpetual intercourse with visible forms

Balmy and bright with scents and hues of
 heaven,

And oft enamor'd of Earth's Daughters,
 Gods,

Descending to enjoy our mortal love,
Forgot their native skies—that Vision stood

One moment in his majesty, then stoop'd
Lordlike in homage of that lowly maid,

And raised her to his bosom, on the light
Of her closed eyelids letting fall a kiss,
As gentle as when brother lays his lips
On a sweet sister's brow, when on return
From foreign travel he beholdeth her
Whom he had left a child, to maidenhood
Grown up in happiness, a stately flower,
Whom all admire, but few may dare to love!

No sound amid the silence of the woods
Was heard, save moaning faint and far away
The stockdove's voice; and near the Fair-
ies' Well

The beating of that maiden's heart, such
sighs

As murmur from the lips of one oppress'd
In sleep by some divine and dangerous
dream.

Released from that too dear imprisonment,
At bidding of those princely eyes, and hands
Familiar with command, yet gentle both,
She sate her down obedient, by the brink
Of the pure spring, and knew that by her
side,

Although her darken'd eyes beheld him not,
Was that bright Noble with his Eagle-
plumes.

"Would that she were within her father's
hut,

Escaped from the delight that fill'd and
shook

Her soul with dread!" So pray'd she—
but her limbs

Were chain'd as palsy-stricken, and her
face

O'erflow'd with powerless tears! Soothed
by sweet words,

Whose meanings yet were indistinct and
dim,

But murmur'd in such music as she felt
Could breathe no evil, and could only come
From one who pity had for innocence,
Ere long she lifted up her face, and gave
Again its troubled beauty to the gaze
That look'd into her life! That she was
fair,—

That it had pleased God to make her fair,
She knew, as well as that the summer sky
Is felt by all hearts to be beautiful.

Else, wherefore paused each passer by to
bid

A blessing on her countenance? Why was
she

Alone, among so many maidens, call'd
The Flower of Furness? Yet, if ever pride
Did touch her spirit at that pleasant name,
Such pride it was as one might almost think,
When gazing on the lily or the rose,
Breathes a fine impulse through these Fa-
vorites

Of Sun and Air, and universal Nature,
Till shaking off the dew-drops, they expand
In their full beauty, o'er some desert-place
Shedding the lustre of their happiness!

All too divine her loveliness to praise;
But shower'd from eloquent lips and elo-
quent eyes

Came down upon her now such looks—
rays—words,

Blended in union irresistible,
That no more could her bosom turn away
From that descent of sound, and light, and
dew,
Than rose or lily from the gentle face
Of the flower-loving Sun, when o'er her
bed,
Her humble bed in the untrodden wild,
The soaring lark within the rainbow sings!

Within th' embrace, even on the very
breast

Of one of England's most illustrious
Knights,

By birth illustrious, and by feats of arms
Done for the Holy Cross in Palestine,
As innocent entirely as a dove
In pity prest by some affectionate child
To its fond bosom,—unacquainted yet
With sin, or sin-born sorrow, however near
May be their fatal presence, lieth now—
And God's own eye is on her, and the eyes
Of all his angels in that perilous hour—
The daughter of a lowly Forester!

Too humble to oppose, too blest to fear
The kiss that thrills her forehead! For a
name,

That from the far-off mountains to the sea
Was like a household word in hut and hall,
Now murmur'd in her ear; and never maid,
High-born or humble, suffer'd scathe or
scorn

From the LE FLEMING, in his glorious
youth

Pure as a star, whose light is always pure,
Because its station is aloft, and prayers
From earth prevent its being stain'd in
heaven.

It pass'd—that meeting—with the morning
clouds!

But oft and oft was with the morning clouds
Renew'd, and by the light of setting suns
And rising moons, and that soft-burning
Star

Which ever, so impassion'd spirits dream,
Looks down on lovers like a thing that
loves.

And ever as they met by day or night,
That maiden yielded up her tranced life
To the dear dream, which all the while she
knew

Was but a dream, and strove she to believe
That it might last forever, though a voice,
A still small voice within the aching depths
Where fear and sorrow struggled, oft did say
That all such dreams were transient as the
dew.

And aye at his departure disappear'd
All joy from this dark world. The silvan
shades

Were haunted now by miserable thoughts,
Coming and going ghostlike; what they
meant

By their dire threatenings, one so weak
as she

And wretched might not know; but whis-
perings

Prophetic of some sad calamity,
Of early death and burial, from the hush

Of the old trees would come, and oft did
pass
Close by her ear, upon the bed where sleep
Now seldom dropp'd oblivion. Now the
Moon,

The splendid harvest Moon, that used to
shine

Upon her pleasant paths so cheerfully,
Disturb'd her with a lustre all too fair
For weary weeper on a sinful earth;
And something, though she wist not what
it was,

Something whose shadow was most terrible,
Oft seem'd to stand between her and the
stars.

Seldom her old songs now the maiden sang!
They told of lowly and of happy loves,
Of true hearts, after many a patient year
That tried their faith by absence, or the wo
Of rumor'd death, or houseless poverty,
Wedded at last, and living all their lives
In merry greenwood, cheerful as the doves
That coo'd, or flowers that bloom'd, upon
their roof.

She durst not sing such happy songs as
these,

And fain would have forgot the melodies
In which they were embalm'd! Oh! ne-
ver now

Had she the heart to chant that ballad old,
Wherein 'twas shown how once a King's
own son,

Disguised as a woodsman, came and woo'd
A Forest Maiden, and at last prevail'd
On the poor wretch to be his Paramour!
Who, in a little month, forsaken, died!

But not till she had broke her parents'
hearts!

"But not till she had broke her parents'
hearts!"

A strange voice mutter'd. When she look'd
around,

She saw that not so much as one leaf stirr'd,
Or insect's wing, in all the solitude!

And thus there was not one familiar word,
Or one familiar thought, that could not bring
The groans from out her heart, as if it lay,
Her very soul, outstretch'd upon a rack,
While a dark fiend did smite, till swoonings
dim

O'ershadow'd all her senses, and despair
Fell on her worse than death! And this
was—Love!

But in his passion for that starlike Flower,
Which, waving sweetly in the woodland air,
Unto his rapt imagination seem'd
To show whate'er was fairest, brightest,
best,

In the created things that beauty breathe,
More touching far, because so suddenly,
And far removed out of the lofty sphere
In which he shone, the new Existence rose

Almost beyond belief, far, far beyond,
Even in the grace he loved, all Images
Of Lady or Queen in fabling Poesy,
(And he had listen'd to the amorous lays
Sung to the harp by wandering Troubadour
In Tent pitch'd by the sea of Galilee,

Or by the desert-well o'ershadowed
By palm-trees blest by weary pilgrimage)
In such a passion the Le Fleming walk'd
Statelier and statelier, like a very god
Who reigneth in his undivided sway
O'er his own world; and prouder far was he
Of the fair maid he woo'd among the woods,
And of the fragrant lilies in her breast,
And of those moist celestial violets
Her undisguising eyes, than heretofore
He e'er had been of smile of high-born
Dame,

Who, from balcony stooping down, let fall
To him, the victor in the tournament,
Her colors, sigh'd for by all England's
Peers.

From that great Sire, who with the Con-
queror

Came over from the warlike Normandy,
Le Fleming gloried in his lofty line
Unstain'd, for centuries, by any stream
Of less illustrious blood! And would he
wed

The daughter of a Forester? blest Flower
Although indeed she be! by nature dropt
Among the common weeds that fade unseen
Around his lordly feet! No! she shall be
His Bonnibelle, his Burde, his Paramour,
To some enchanted forest-bower among
The guardian-mountains spirited away!
And there to sing, and sigh, and weep, and
weave

Disconsolate fancies in her solitude;
By vows, which Heaven itself will conse-
crate,

Even at the silvan altar of pure Truth,
Together link'd forever, far beyond
The sanctity of Ritual e'er pronounced
In Abbey's gloom by soulless celibate!

"To sing, and sigh, and smile, and weep!"
Aye, there

Despised, loved, pitied, worship'd and
adored!

For beauty such as hers might be adored,
In Bower of Bliss, though Sorrow kept the
door,

And Sin, veil'd like a Seraph, strew'd the
couch
Unruffled by Repentance!

Oh! my soul!
How glimmering are the bounds that oft
divide

Virtue from Vice, and from the Night of
Guilt

The Day-spring of Religion! Conscience
shuts

Her shining eye, lull'd into fatal sleep
Even by the voice of Love! or, worst of all
Imaginable miseries, looketh on
And listeneth, heedless of her sacred trust,
On troubled bliss that leads our souls to
death!

Though God's vicegerent, sovereign of the
soul,

And showing clear credentials from above,
Yet even that Seraph, by allurements won,
Or by severe temptation terrified,
The Terrene for the Heavenly, (as at night

A marish vapor seems a luminary
Whose dwelling is upon the steadfast skies)
Mistakes most ruefully ; and, slave of Fate,
Walks onwards to perdition ! Witness ye !
Who on the wings of passion, even like
doves
Borne by their instinct o'er untravell'd seas,
Safe in the hurricane, till they gently drop

Into their native nest, vainly believe
That you, like those glad birds, are flying
home
To Heaven, directed by the Polar Star
Hung out to guide us mortal mariners,
While you are hurrying to the sunless clime
Of God-forsaken Sin and Misery !
(To be continued.)

ON THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

It is utterly impossible for a generous mind to contemplate with apathy or indifference the struggles of the combined energies of a people for freedom and independent existence. The abstract idea of slavery, of any kind or degree, has in it something so galling to our natures, that by an immediate and irresistible impulse our sympathies are enlisted on the side of the oppressed against the oppressors, and we are filled with burning indignation against those who, forgetful of their community of origin, would seek to trample on the rights of their fellow men.

The leaders, consequently, of these revolutions in behalf of liberty—the men by whom they have been matured and carried into execution—occupy a commanding situation in the page of history, and their names are endeared by a thousand fond associations to the lovers of freedom in every quarter of the globe.

Nor can it be wondered at if our enthusiasm in behalf of these champions of the good cause, who have periled their lives under its banners in the field, should sometimes lead us to overlook the fact, that they were in many cases merely the blind instruments of faction, without the least comprehension of the true nature of the cause in which they were embarked, or that their motives were frequently those of merely selfish ambition, with no aim save their own personal aggrandizement ; and even when their impulses were of the least questionable kind, how rarely do we find their views extending one jot beyond the overthrow of the obnoxious power, or in the event of success, considering that aught remained to be accomplished, or that the mental energies of a

newly liberated people demanded any strengthening or vivifying force.

And how indeed should it be otherwise, since those who have been raised up by the popular voice as the fittest instruments for inflicting retribution on their oppressors, have been for the most part mere soldiers, men of coarse, and uneducated minds, but who were possessed of unshaken firmness of purpose, and evinced in their capacities unquestionable military talent. The atmosphere of a camp can scarcely under any circumstances be deemed favorable to the growth and cultivation of the intellectual powers ; those therefore who expect to find in these revolutionary warriors, (however ardent and sincere may have been their sympathies with the cause of liberty) the enlarged views and high moral feeling of the true philosopher, or the scrupulous self-denial of the solitary anchorite, will in nearly every instance obtain disappointment only as the fruit of their inquiries. But where such a variety of splendid qualities do centre in one individual, the union must challenge our admiration in proportion to the rarity of its occurrence, and we must feel when contemplating the lineaments of a mind like this, that we are indeed in the presence of an extraordinary man. Yet who will deny that such an one, if ever he did exist, was Washington ? In him this combination of illustrious endowments is eminently conspicuous, and in whatever situation we contemplate him, evinces his mind to have been of no ordinary mould. In the perils of the tented field, and the more intricate arrangements of state policy, he is alike triumphant ; and above all in his noble anxiety for the diffusion

of knowledge, and the expansion of the moral powers, he proved himself to be in truth the benefactor of mankind.

And it is in this light chiefly that we would now wish to consider him, because we feel how salutary it is to withdraw ourselves for a while from the pomp and circumstance of war, and the glare of victory (which are but too apt to dazzle our senses and confound our perceptions of right and wrong), and fix our attention on the self-denying greatness of the moral hero. The struggle too of America for independence presents to the philosophical inquirer some peculiar features beyond the mere naked fact of a colony resisting the oppressive exactions of the mother country—it involved in a remarkable degree the freedom of the human mind and the spread of intelligence and knowledge, since had that country remained in a state of tributary vassalage, it could never have become possessed of any national and independent literature worthy to be so called, and thus the newly developed germ of intellectual power and activity would have been stifled at its birth, instead of shooting upward, as it has done, into a fair and goodly tree, threatening, at no very distant period, to rival in the magnificence of its growth the stateliest monarchs of the European grove. And considered in reference to this fact, Washington proved himself equal to the wants and circumstances of his age, and worthy to be the leader of a revolution in which such mighty principles were involved, and contributed (oh, how glorious a prerogative!) more than any other individual to the moral and intellectual illumination of the western hemisphere.

The public events of his splendid career, (which are now, indeed, matter of history,) are imprinted on the minds of all; embarked in a struggle in which he had unexampled difficulties to contend with, and opposed in arms to the most powerful nation in the world, he displayed in every emergency the most consummate general-

ship, and by his unceasing and almost unaided efforts, brought the conflict to a successful termination, and transformed a tributary colony into a free and independent state. His conduct of the war places him at once on a level with the greatest captains of ancient or modern times, and enrolls his name amongst the number of those who have triumphed over all the obstacles that opposed them, and raised to greatness the prostrate energies of a nation.

But far more than all this was included in the labors of Washington. He won, indeed, for his native land the station which she holds on the proud eminence of acknowledged independence; and, not resting here, he legislated also for her benefit, superadding the glories of the civic wreath to the laurels of the conquering warrior; *but* (and *here* he stands nobly forth in contradistinction to the crowd of ordinary revolutionary leaders) he labored to emancipate the *minds* of his fellow-countrymen, and to infuse purity as well as vigor into the currents of national feeling.

Deeply sensible of the vast and important truth, that unless the higher energies of our nature are in some measure awakened, it is in vain to hope for any permanent freedom of thought or action, and that while the minds of men are intent on grovelling and sordid pursuits, the uprooting of one form of government, and the establishment of another, however comparatively advantageous, is but a change in the outward social condition, while the deeper seated habits and feelings remain as much as ever enslaved, he devoted himself with earnest and patient exertion to the attainment of this great end; he taught to his countrymen, by his example no less than his precepts, (that which it is so hard to learn in a republic, where the offices of trust and power are placed within the reach of all, and thus brought home, as it were, as a stimulus to individual ambition,) that there are higher and worthier springs of action than the excitements of pub-

lie applause, and that he who would aspire to deathless fame, must not hesitate for a moment to sacrifice all considerations of present popularity and interest, and devote himself wholly and singly to the great cause of liberty and justice.

The self-denying nature of his mind, built upon with the most uncompromising integrity of principle, enabled him to reject without a moment's hesitation all the allurements of ambition that crossed his path, and resting satisfied with the well-earned praises of his compatriots, he preserved, as the victorious general, and the first magistrate of the state, the same moderation of thought and action which had previously characterised the simple citizen. How earnest, too, as we have before remarked, how unwearied, were his endeavors to diffuse the same contented and humble spirit through every class and degree; and soon as the tumult of arms had ceased, how zealously did he strive to promote, by every means in his power, the intellectual and moral culture of the nation to whom his promptitude and vigor had imparted the blessing of independent existence!

It is indeed viewed in *this* light, as the assertor of mental freedom, the champion of the liberty of the human mind, that the brightest halo of glory will encircle the brows of Washington; it is *herein* that his claim on the gratitude and admiration of posterity must chiefly rest. Considered, indeed, as a warrior and a legislator, a

union of rare endowments in both these departments is in truth entwined around his name; but to fame of this kind, however transcendent in degree, many others can lay claim: when, however, we behold him laboring to exalt and purify the mental perceptions of the people he had freed, and thus taking the surest way to raise them in the scale of nations, we feel that the mind which originated such design may claim to be associated along with such kindred spirits as Luther and Wycliffe, and all who have at any period stood forward as the advocates of free and independent thought. Higher fame than this who would covet? Oh, how immeasurably superior are these truly great names to the mere conquerors of the earth, or even the most inflexible opponents of human tyranny and oppression! but when, as in the case of Washington, all these attributes are united, we are lost in admiration at the simple greatness of such a mind, we feel how rare of occurrence it is, and how proportionably it should be prized and revered.

The contemplation of such a character cannot fail to carry home with it to every one's breast the most salutary and improving thoughts, and the presenting to the view of society such objects as this truly estimable patriot and man, will ever be found the surest way to raise the standard of public opinion on all points relating to moral excellence, and the self-denying heroism of virtue.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

Fancies and notions we pursue,
Which ne'er had being but in thought;
And, like the doating ancient, woo
The image we ourselves have wrought.—PRIOR.

Two little cousins, Edward and Emma, each entered in their fifth year, were inmates of the same dwelling, play-fellows, and much attached to each other. One afternoon, while I happened to visit there, they were both seated on the carpet in the fami-

ly parlor—the boy employed in constructing a house of cards, and the girl in dressing a waxen doll. Emma requested her cousin to hold her mignonette till she adjusted her cap; but he was just about finishing his fragile structure, and refused, with some ex-

pressions of contempt for her darling toy. She resented this so highly, that with one stroke of a tiny but willing arm, she tumbled his castle on the carpet; while he, in revenge, snatched her doll, and tearing all its finery to shreds, flung it to the other side of the room in a state of perfect nudity. They were in too much subjection either to scold or strike; but both sate down in sullen silence, at a distance from each other, scowling most indignant resentment.

"The scene we have just now witnessed," said Emma's father, "affords a most important lesson; it is a true picture of human life—

'Men are but children of a larger growth;
Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.'

And, among the multifarious amusements, or even what we consider the serious pursuits of life, there are few which may not be compared to what we have just seen, and perhaps still fewer from which mankind derive more enjoyment, or experience greater disappointment, than these younglings have exhibited. Castle-building, by which I mean forming plans and schemes for the future, whether rational or visionary, is the universal passion which pervades every rank and age in society. We have now seen that it begins with the first dawns of reason; but it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength, exercising its influence when we are tottering on the verge of that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Hence, if so large a portion of human happiness arises from this source, is there not something very foolish and ill-natured in people of mature age ridiculing, or endeavoring to demolish, the structure which so evidently affords pleasure to the builder?

"There are only two cases in which our interference can be warranted. The first is, when we see our neighbor constructing a castle, which in all probability will tumble over his head, and bury him in its ruins; but even then we ought only

to warn him of his danger; for we have no right to pull down his castle. The second is, when one, intent on rearing a magnificent fabric, either attempts to place it on his neighbor's property, or acquires the materials by plunder or speculation; or if none of these occur, he may, through pride or vanity, raise a pile so lofty that its elevation is incompatible with the comfort of those contiguous, either by interrupting their view or intercepting the light and heat of the sun: in that case the castle ought to be put down *pro bono publico*.

"The propensity to castle-building seems to have been the first human frailty which ever existed; for our grandmother Eve, by climbing the tree of knowledge, which appeared a shorter process than building a castle, imagined that she should enlarge her sphere of vision, both with respect to time and distance: she did so at her own expense, and that of all her posterity; and hence we may be said to have this desire by inheritance, having sucked it in with our mother's milk. In a few ages afterwards we find a set of hot-brained speculators employed in building literally a Babel castle; and the result was like too many in later days.

"Although among castle-builders there have been selfish and ambitious men in all ages, yet, happily for mankind, they have been either few in number, or with limited power, in proportion to the aggregate of those employed. The sacred records bear ample testimony to the prevalence of this passion, while both ancient and modern history present innumerable instances, of which one from each is sufficient for illustration.

"Alexander the Great, *alias* the Fool, aimed, not at universal empire, but at the glory of being a resistless conqueror; fancied himself the son of Jupiter Ammon, and burnt Persepolis that he might rear a castle in the air on its ruins. Napoleon Bonaparte, with a kindred, but less magnanimous and more selfish spirit, raised a castle of unprecedented height, to the great

annoyance of all around him. Could he have been contented with one of less magnitude, he might have lived happy and illustrious; but attempting to raise it still higher, the fabric became top-heavy, and the whole tumbled on his head. There have been many others, who, although their schemes were less gigantic, and their power more circumscribed, proved very troublesome and mischievous members of society.

But, among the great mass of mankind, their castle-building generally proves comparatively innocuous to all but the builder: indeed it frequently forms a subject of amusement and sport to his neighbors, although they are as busily employed in rearing similar fabrics with different materials. For it may be doubted, whether the most successful, or the most phlegmatic man that ever lived, has not suffered disappointment, either in the fall of some air-built castle, or in his not being able to carry it to the height which he had projected. Either of these events may happen from a variety of causes; such as its being reared on a sandy foundation (which is often the case), being constructed of improper materials, or want of skill in the architect; when none of these obstacles occur, that which was judiciously planned, and prudently carried on to a certain height, may fall more suddenly than it was raised; or stand a splendid ruin, a monument of the projector's skill in scheming, and of his folly in not calculating whether he had the ability to accomplish what he intended.

"There are many who, by their own reckless folly, make the castle topple over their heads at the very moment when they are laying the cope-stone. The milk-maid who by a toss of her head overturned her pail, containing the materials on which her future prosperity rested, and Alcanor, in the eastern tale, who by a stroke of his foot kicked down his castle, just when he had completed the building, are instances of this. But we need not have recourse to fic-

tion; for we every day see it illustrated in real life, as is obvious to every man of common observation. Some tumble down from the haste and inexperience with which they are reared; and in others, which appear more durable, the architect climbing to the top, and gazing from the battlements, becomes giddy with the elevation—his brain whirls, and, precipitated from the height, he perishes in the fall. This seems to have been the peculiar weakness of Bonaparte, to whom I have already alluded; and the height from which he was hurled would have destroyed him, although he had been as tenacious of life as a cat.

"Still I maintain that castle-building is productive of much happiness to man: when one falls, he generally sets about erecting another; and when he does not injure his neighbor, it is wanton cruelty to obstruct his operations, however ridiculous we may conceive them; for ours will, in all probability, appear to him equally absurd. We saw Edward and Emma both happy; and their pursuits, although different, were pursued with an avidity which evinced the pleasure they imparted. The boy would probably have pulled down his house in a few minutes, to rebuild it in another fashion, and the girl would also have undressed her doll before she slept: but to have their operations disturbed before they were completed was an offence not easily forgiven; and we now see two guileless bosoms rankling with bitter resentment against each other. This is a real picture of life in every stage. It is looking forward to something not yet attained, which proves the balm, the elixir of human felicity.

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be, blest;'

and, exclusive of that hope which promises a more desirable and perfect state of existence, this is the spring and source of all earthly enjoyment. The young hero

'Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come;
And hears Hope's stormy music in the drum.'

"The fondly enamored pair look forward to the consummation of their love, and long years of uninterrupted domestic felicity. Parents behold their children, in days yet far distant, prosperous and happy. To speak of less noble anticipations—Belinda's heart flutters with delight on entering the ball-room where she is to display her new dress, and dance with Florio. The sporting squire looks with admiration on his favorite blood-mare, calculating on her triumph on the race-course. I have a neighbor who braves the wintry storm, pruning his trees, and sweats in spring and autumn, digging, planting, sowing, weeding, and watering. What does he toil for, but to see the tree shoot, the fruit swell, and the flower expand? He is now past his grand climacteric; yet I found him in March last busy grafting apple-trees, from which he promised me, in a few years, a present of cider superior to any in Devonshire. Syntax has been employed for many years past in making emendations on what he terms the corrupted text of Virgil; and his brother Musaeus has devoted years to the construction and correction of an epic poem. Antiquaris is a collector of old coins, hoping to complete the series of all that have ever existed in Britain since the Norman conquest, and has procured a cabinet for them at an expense greater than he cares to mention; and I have a neighbor who spends several hours every day searching for pebbles, at which he toils with all the avidity and filth of a journeyman lapidary, rubbing and polishing.

"These are all different species of castle-builders; but all are happy, and yet all are doomed to suffer disappointment. Belinda finds a rival whom she hates more splendidly dressed than herself, the admiration of all in the room—and what is still a greater mortification, led down the first dance by Florio. The squire's blood-mare is distanced in the race, and he is *minus* more than he can well afford to lose. My aged neighbor finds his trees broken by mis-

chievous boys, his flowers blighted by vernal frosts, or destroyed by worms; his grafting has in general failed, and, worst of all, he has himself experienced an attack which threatens soon to prove fatal. Syntax has tried in vain to sell his Virgillian emendations, and happily he is too poor to publish at his own risk what would never sell. Musaeus' epic poem has fallen still-born from the press, or, if noticed by the critics, it has been in the same style as Wedderburne, Webster, and Captain Erskine. A stranger, to whom Antiquaris was exhibiting his coins, contrived to pilfer one which cannot be replaced, and the pebble-gatherer finds not one in ten worth the labor of cutting.

"But no matter—these, if not laudable, are at least harmless efforts in castle-building, which have delighted the constructors while the work was in progress; and it would only have been when finished that languor and ennui would have followed. The amiable Shenstone is a remarkable illustration of what I have advanced on castle-building: it was his to experience, in no common degree, its pleasures and its disappointments, the greatest of which was, that he could never attain what he had projected. The Macedonian madman, already mentioned, whimpered like a child, and blubbered like a lubberly school-boy, when he found no more kingdoms to conquer.

"Hope, whether rational or illusory, or, in other words, castle-building, whether founded on a rock or on the sand, is frequently the delight of the sage as well as the fool, and beguiles life of many anxious cares. Therefore I affirm it is unkind to our neighbor to break down his castle, and it is also bad policy to ourselves; for by so doing we shall nine times out of ten make an enemy of him who is, or may be, a friend. With respect to all that concerns the present life, he who wishes to live happily will say with Gray:

'If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

THE WELCOME TO DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ Shall I abide
In this dull world ?
I have
Immortal longings in me ! ”—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice,
My soul hath pined for thee ;
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from
shore,
To wanderer on the sea.
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs ;
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! since kindred steps
From its green paths are fled,
A dimness and a hush have fall'n
O'er all its beauty spread.
The silence of the' unanswering soul
Is on me and around ;
My heart hath echoes but for thee,
Thou still small warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard ;
Sweet household name by name hath
changed

To grief's forbidden word !
From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed ;
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are ye, my beloved ?

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers grew fill'd
With records of the past,
And stars pour'd down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast :
The skylark sings not as he sang
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
Why should the last remain ?
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
Bearing in light again ?
Even could this be—too much of fear
O'er love would *now* be thrown—
Away, away ! from time, from change,
To dwell amidst mine own !

THE DEATH OF A NEGRO CHIEF.

A RESIDENCE for some years in the West Indies gave me opportunities of witnessing several incidents which may serve to display the lights and shades of the characters who inhabit that land of slaves and bachelors. In the West Indies you meet with men of all characters, of every rank, calling, and profession—from the noble who has been called to fill an honorable station, and at the same time mend his broken fortune, down to the cobbler, who, dreaming of riches, has left his native country with his awls in his pocket, crosses the sea, places himself on a stool, turns up his shirt sleeves, whistles, looks upwards, and dreams of riches still. The inhabitants of the island in which I spent most of my time were, however, so diversified, that you could not look for a general character, except that they were all birds of pas-

sage—all sojourners for the season of the golden shower. Few thought of remaining there for life—for so soon as each had picked up his portion of the shower, he forsook his temporary roost, and sought again the land of his birth. They were a heterogeneous mixture of all nations, who had emigrated from their country under an infinite variety of circumstances. Every one had brought with him a stock of the habits, prejudices, as well as virtues of his nation, besides those which were peculiar to the individual, to which he adhered with pertinacity. Any one, therefore, who has a turn for the study of human manners—who possesses so much of the *suaviter in modo* as to bend himself to their humors, may make himself agreeable, gain their esteem, and need be at little loss to find amusement. The intercourse in such a society is not un-

like one of those entertainments called a picnic, where every one brings such provisions as he chooses; and when you sit down on the green sward where the delicious tit-bits from every one's bag are displayed before you, like the ass between two trusses of hay, you scarcely know where to set your teeth first. There are not a few in Britain who have formed the notion that there is nothing in the west but slaves and sugar planters. But these islands, which lie scattered up and down the ocean like gems, are as fertile of interest and local association as the most celebrated corners of Britain, which have had a halo cast around them by the pen of the novelist. The silken woof of many heart-stirring tales, and the nucleus of many interesting little dramas, are to be found there. Vice has its punishment and virtue its reward there, as in Britain. It is a field of discovery for the novelist, where he may gain as much renown as Columbus.

Pancras was a negro of the Foolah tribe, who had been transported to the West Indies about the age of fifteen. He had thus a very vivid recollection of the condition which he enjoyed in Africa, and the relative situation in which he stood to other Africans. On every occasion he assumed a superiority over his countrymen. His acquaintances, men and women of his own tribe, said he was related to one of the African chiefs, and had been taken prisoner in one of their petty wars with a bordering tribe. Having been sold to an African slave-merchant, who transferred him to a slave ship, in which he was conveyed across the Atlantic, he was purchased by a planter in the island of Grenada, who had obtained the character of being kind and indulgent to his slaves, and for several years he enjoyed no small share of his master's confidence, and a peace and security which he never knew in Africa, where war was a common employment. He had a native acuteness about him which might have passed as the effect of su-

perior intelligence and deep reflection; and in everything he did there was a ray of dignity shone through his rude manners, which, contrasted with others of his own nation, marked at once the difference between him and the ordinary negro, and that he belonged to a higher grade in African society. Being mostly about his master's person, he soon contracted a shade of his manners, and received a polish which made him in some degree serve as a substitute for better company. His master did not treat him as an equal, but only as an upper servant worthy of confidence. Yet there seems to be something in the negro character which approaches the disposition of certain wild animals—let them be ever so tame or well polished, there is always danger lest they return to their savage propensities, when the prey is set before them. The conduct of Pancras, when a fitting opportunity presented itself, verified this remark.

The liberals of France wished to carry their follies and absurdities to the most distant and hidden corners of the earth. The emissaries of these ephemeral rulers found their way into the island of Grenada, and having made a stolen debarcation in a hidden creek at an unfrequented part of the coast, they furnished the negroes with a small store of arms and ammunition, and urged them to turn their savage hands against their masters. They were led to believe that when they had cut their masters' throats they would be exempted from labor, enjoy unbounded liberty, and be protected by the French. No sooner were these weapons placed in their hands, than the negroes commenced the work of destruction, and this beautiful island became the seat of a warfare which, though confined to a narrow space, was characterised by the most bloody and revolting actions that have ever been recorded. History would blush for the disgrace of human nature were she compelled to trace them minutely. Instead of the merry drum and the song of joy which were wont to be heard among the slaves in

the evenings after labor, sullen distrust seized every bosom. The broad tropical sun rose in the morning from the bosom of the wide Atlantic, with his beams shorn of their glory by the smoking of woods and plantations.

When the sound of war and carnage was heard, Pancras was among the earliest to leave his indulgent master to join the gang. He was chosen one of their leaders, and deeply concerned himself in many of the diabolical transactions which characterised the negro warfare. Of almost gigantic height, and strong muscular powers, with aspect fitted at once to command his own nation and strike terror to the souls of Europeans, he was therefore well adapted for acting the part for which he had been selected. He stood six feet and a half high, his shoulders were large and broad, his chest round and roomy. The statuary would have found fault in his extremities only, for his feet were large and flat, and his heels projected nearly as far backwards as his feet did forwards. He seldom wore any other covering upon him than a small piece of cloth girt about his middle, and a hat on his head; every muscle, therefore, upon his legs and arms, and over his back, could be distinctly traced. With a block of black marble instead of white, and Pancras for a model, the statuary who could correct any little break of nature might have realised the idea of the antediluvians, or the fabled Patagonians. It cannot be said that in the expression of countenance he differed much from others of his nation. A conical head, high cheek bones, lips which projected much farther than his nose, and a nose the lower part of which extended from side to side of his face, and the upper end sinking below his forehead, are the common characteristics of the African countenance. Pancras's smile was exceedingly rare, but when he parted his lips to express a smile, he showed a set of large regular teeth almost transparent with whiteness. His eyes were larger than any of his

nation I had ever seen; and as the white part was contrasted with the jet black countenance, they flared upon you like lights suddenly displayed in darkness; and when roused into anger, you could perceive the whole savage soul of the negro flash across you like lightning. Pancras was tattooed over the back, shoulders, and breast, with a due regard to the station he had been designed to fill in Africa. This consists in certain marks being made with an instrument during infancy, and which remain through life as indelible as the marks made upon the bark of a tree, and serves the purposes of a badge of nobility far before a star or a ribbon, for neither age nor dishonor can take it away. It had been predicted by an old negro, who was in high repute for his skill as an *obi man*, or wizard, that Pancras would one day be king of the island, and rule after the fashion of his brethren in Africa. This old pretender to pettifogging necromancy had obtained such ascendancy over his countrymen that they believed his mummeries to be infallible, put implicit faith in his obscure responses, and dreaded his power. The qualities of his person, which were of high repute among the Africans—for they say they love to look on something that fills *de yey*,—and the *obi man*'s prediction, no doubt influenced the negroes to choose Pancras as their leader. But besides these favorable qualities, he was possessed of others which were of much more real use to those who put themselves under his command. By close and attentive observance he had gathered many useful lessons from the Europeans. It was necessary for the security of all the colonies to train every white to the exercise of a soldier. Pancras attended their parades, and though he appeared stupid or uninterested, he took most accurate note of the exercise and evolutions of the militia. His master often took it as an agreeable amusement to see the negro perform with his own sword or his fusil the whole exercise, with an

ease and readiness that would have put the greater part of the colonial corps to shame. But while he was giving the black the word of command in mere jest, he did not foresee that his adroitness would be turned with such terrible effect against that very militia whom he pretended to mimic.

By a strange mixture of generosity with savage brutality, Pancras had, in the midst of all the bloody and revolting transactions which he either acted or abetted, never thought of turning his hand against his master. On the contrary, it was known that he had protected the planter's property from the ravages of his associates, while all around him was laid waste by the destroyer's hand; and when his neighbors' houses were nightly laid in ashes, his master's enjoyed perfect safety. The planter had a beautiful daughter lately arrived from England, where she had received her education; and as Pancras had several times spoken of her to his companions in terms of enthusiasm, they stole her from her father's house, and took her to the cave of the chief, which was situated in the woods. They presented her to Pancras as the most acceptable offering they could make, but on the instant he returned with the maiden to her father's door unhurt, and retreated without waiting for thanks. So short was her captivity, that her father would never have known it had she not related the story. We shall not stop to analyse the secret springs of this contradictory conduct in the same individual, nor trace the progress of the negro chief through his wild career, which was known to be deeply stained with blood.

When the insurrection of the slaves was quelled, and all the hopes of the negroes fled with the discomfiture of the French, they betook themselves to the woods to avoid the vengeance of the law. Many of them were caught, and suffered the punishment which they merited for the blood they had shed, and which was intended to strike terror upon those who re-

fused to lay down their weapons, or might be plotting a new revolt. Pancras saw many of his companions suffer, and had the boldness to rescue some of them from the trees, where they were suspended alive; but he had always the dexterity to elude pursuit. The recesses of the forest, and the caverns on the sequestered sea-shore, afforded many dark and hidden retreats, where, with the help of a little plunder, and a shot from his gun, he might procure what was necessary for temporary sustenance. For several months he was never heard of or seen, and it was believed he had perished—some thought in a skirmish, and others that he died of hunger, or had committed suicide. Every imaginable death was assigned to Pancras, and his name became a spell to frighten the children of his own nation.

At the time the island of Trinidad was ceded to Britain by Spain, inducements offered themselves to the enterprising British planters of neighboring islands to form settlements there. The soil of the island is exceedingly fertile, and at that time the greater part of it was covered with natural forests. The sugar planter consequently had ample choice for fixing himself in a situation which possessed most natural advantages. Pancras's master was amongst the number of those who desired to commence a new estate in the newly acquired British territory. He was influenced to this by a spirit of enterprise, as well as by a desire for a change of scene and society. Having disposed of his estate, and all the property which might have encumbered his transportation, excepting his negroes, which were only twelve in number, including a few children, he was on the point of embarking in a little schooner to be transported from Grenada to Trinidad. He had gone to St. George's, the principal town in the island, on the evening before his departure, to make some final arrangements with a merchant from whom he usually purchased the necessities for

his estate, and on the same evening he returned home and was informed that some negroes had come in disguise and taken away his daughter. His first suspicion lighted upon Pancras, and he vowed that he would hunt the whole island for him. But upon reflecting that Pancras had not been heard of for such a length of time, and the general belief of his being dead, and the probability, that, had he been in life, he would long ere this have given his old master a sign that he was in the vicinity of his former peaceful dwelling, this staggered the hopes of the planter, and he began to look forward under the apprehension of some dreadful discovery of the fate of his beloved child. It appears on this, as well as on the former occasion, to have been the study of Pancras to spare his master even a momentary pang, for, in a short while after the planter had gone into his house, a paper carefully folded, which was attached to a piece of wood curiously carved with a knife, was thrown into his chamber window. The eye of the planter at once read that the one was a letter from his daughter, and the other an offering from his long lost negro. The letter informed him that his Cecily was in perfect security, and would return home under condition that her father would consent to allow Pancras—if not to enter again into his old master's service—at least to afford him the means of escaping from Grenada to Trinidad in the schooner. At another time he might have perceived that he was aiding the escape of one who had above all others rendered himself a victim to the laws of civilized society, and would place himself under considerable risk by taking a person of such notoriety under his protection; but the safety of his daughter, and a feeling bordering somewhat on a parental anxiety for the negro who had been under his roof from a boy, and from whom he had received no injury, absorbed every other consideration. He wrote the letter of promise, and despatched it by a negress who usually waited on his

daughter. The bearer of the letter was directed to go to a certain part of the wood adjoining the estate, but before she attained it, Pancras's post master came up to her, snatched it out of her hand, and retreated into the most dense part of the forest. In about two hours the planter's daughter was sitting quietly beside her father, relating her little adventure.

The African negroes look upon a written scroll with a superstitious veneration. It will be easily conceived then that Pancras thought himself perfectly secure so soon as he obtained his master's letter. He concealed it about his person in the folds of the clothing he had put on for the purpose of disguise, with a kind of religious care. Having assumed the appearance of an old man lame of one leg, and bent towards the ground under a load of years and infirmities, he presented himself before his master, and craved fulfilment of his promise. His assumed character was so complete, and his appearance was so stupid, that the planter could scarcely believe that the bold, cruel, yet grateful Pancras stood before him. Even Cecily, who had been under his power only a few hours before, at first denied his identity. Pancras looked round, and having satisfied himself that no spy was near, for a moment he resumed his natural position, and made a flourish with the identical fusil which he had stolen from his master, and now offered back in as good condition as ever. A single glance at him soon convinced the planter and his daughter that Pancras had only disguised his fearful personage under a cloud of age to favor his escape. With some reluctance the planter allowed the negro chief to take his former place among his other negroes, and to embark on board the little schooner. Early next morning they were in full view of the eastern side of the beautifully picturesque island of Trinidad, and could discern the windmills wheeling in the steady breeze, the canefields gilded by the rising sun, the smoke towering in

volumes, like water-spouts, from the chimneys of the sugar houses, and everything wearing a countenance of busy industry. The schooner glided through *Bocas*, and entered the Gulf of Paria, which was studded with ships and brigs as far as the eye could reach. Innumerable fishing boats were dancing around, which in the distance appeared like flocks of sea-fowl at their morning repast. The planter's little schooner, with his whole chattels and family, beat up to the wooden pier, and landed safely in Port-of-Spain. Pancras, who was the picture of black despair, still preserved his disguise, and he passed the scrutiny of the coast-officers without suspicion.

The planter having fixed on a spot in the southern extremity of the island for commencing a new sugar plantation, thither he transported his whole family of slaves, including Pan, as was found necessary to call him in order to assist his disguise. The negro chief, however, found that his age and infirmities sate heavy upon him; and as soon as they landed on the new estate, to which they had come by sailing along the shore in the little schooner, he retired to the woods. In a short while he returned, like the eagle in the wilderness, with his age renewed, and in full possession of his strong and athletic frame. He took this precaution before any negroes of the neighboring estates had seen him under disguise, and they never knew that he had been under hiding. The secret was only known to the other negroes belonging to his master, in whose faith he could place implicit confidence, and it remained a secret to the day of his death.

This planter had been already well assured of his fidelity, and he placed Pancras again over his negroes to superintend their labors in the formation of the new estate. Pan still retained his new name, though he had thrown aside the disguise in which he escaped from Grenada, and, like his namesake, the docile god of shepherds, he ap-

peared to be as skilful and beneficial in the arts of peace as he had been daring and dangerous in the petty warfare. His master, however, gave him a final warning, that if he again attempted to encourage or assist in any commotion approaching in likeness to that in which he had engaged in Grenada, nothing could rescue him from a horrid death, and he would certainly bring a punishment on his benefactor for having afforded him the means of escape. Pan seemed sensible of his situation, and though no direct promise could be elicited from him, he bent his whole attention to the labors of settlement and cultivation. In a few weeks a large square portion of land was shorn of the natural forest, reaching from the sea-side backwards to the interior. Gigantic trees were extended all over the patch of ground, with their heads lopped off like the slain in the field of battle; the branches and brush-wood were gathered together around the fallen trees, and set on fire and consumed. A stranger beholding them employed in this labor could scarcely help supposing that he had stumbled upon the Romans of ancient days performing the last rites of sepulture to their brethren who had fallen in battle. The provision grounds for the negroes, the first care of a settlement, were planted with bananas, mangoes, and plantains, besides many other fruits and esculents; and every negro had his garden bestowed upon him according to lot. Several acres of sugar canes next rose and spread their long sword-like leaves to the broad tropical sun, waving and rustling in the breezes like fields of sedges. Their lively green afforded a delightful contrast to the sombre forests that surrounded their margin, and cast a refreshing influence on the eye of the distant beholder. The planter's house, like an oblong barn, resting upon four legs of brick, one at each corner, was the succeeding labor. It was built wholly of thin wooden boards nailed to rows of posts, thatched with the sear leaves of the carat,

having a balcony on each side, for the purpose of walking and enjoying the cool breezes while the sun was vertical. Into the balcony you ascended by a trap stair, and thus entered the main body of the house in the same way as if you had been entering to a show of wild beasts. The windows of this sylvan palace had no glass; folding shutters, as large as common doors, were of more service, as they could be opened wide to admit the air, and shut at night to keep out the damps. Last of all, the negroes' huts appeared at a little distance from the mansion, neat cabins formed of wood and plastered with clay, or wattled with brushwood, and thatched with as much smoothness as a hen when she has newly pruned her feathers. These stood in a cluster together, but without any regard to order or uniformity. They seemed to have been built under a determination that not two of them should look the same way. To see these huts looking towards every point of the compass was a ludicrous instance of the variety of taste which negroes have of the perspective, as well as in many other things. The sugar mill, boiling-house, and rum distillery, with a store-house, occupied another distinct situation on the side of a little hillock. These took more time and greater expense to raise than the other buildings, as the greater part of the materials had to abide the contingencies of wind and waves, in their transportation from the British market across the Atlantic. With his mansion-house, his sugar-house, his negro-huts, and the provision grounds, and cane patches waving luxuriantly around them, the planter had now completed his establishment, and was just looking forward to an abundant harvest to reward his industry, when the fatigues and privations, and constant application to the labors of a new settlement, overcame a declining constitution, and he died at the age of sixty; an age under the tropical climate considered patriarchal. His daughter soon thereafter went to England to reside with her relations,

and the infant estate was committed for her benefit to the care of trustees. They appointed a manager to superintend the estate.

This person's name was Quiquizola, which from its sound one would suspect to be of Spanish origin; but Quiquizola was a Frenchman, in whom the *vieux regime* found an able supporter, at least in so far as chasing his nose at full gallop round the room, thumping upon a table at intervals, blattering negro French, and swearing profound oaths at the cut-throat liberals, could support the ancient dynasty of France.

Pancras, and indeed the whole of the negroes, expressed unfeigned sorrow at their old master's decease. Nor was their whole grief confined to the day of his death. Long after he was laid in his grave, which was in a remote and lonely corner of the estate, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading cedar, they made visits to the spot with reverence and respect. They appeared to look on his grave as the resting place not of a master, but of a parent. No one who beheld their solemn visitations to this lowly abode would have denied that the Africans' hearts are capable of being tuned to the tender passions, or say that they can never cherish regard for an indulgent master. But they were far from being contented with their new superintendent. He was petulant, peevish, and continually barking and scolding;—the versatility of his humor destroyed their confidence in him, and his actions became their jest. He was small of stature, gross and flabby, with a countenance so sallow as to add a long score to his years. His dress was a jacket and trowsers, and a hat, all of snowy whiteness; and had it not been under a tropical sun, you would have mistaken him for a walking snow-ball. There was nothing manly in his appearance, and when Pancras stood beside him, Quiquizola shrunk into insignificance. Pan could scarcely endure to be directed by one, even though he was a white, who had nothing about him to inspire confidence

or respect. He soon likewise perceived that there was a wide difference between the intelligent and active Englishman, who did everything with calmness and decision, and a diminutive Frenchman, whose education was slender, and whose information reached only to a few commonplace remarks. Negroes are far from being void of discernment, and though not able to express themselves, they can form correct estimates of character and talent. It often draws astonishment to observe how readily they lay hold of the outward points in the conduct of a white, and thence draw inferences as to his character and talents. Pan had formed different notions of the cultivation of sugar under the tuition of his old master to pay much regard to the directions of Quiquizola, and, proud of his own abilities, he frequently acted in direct opposition to his instructions. When he was reprimanded for this, his answer was that he had done it for the best, because he was working for his *Missy*, and not for Quiquizola. He frequently rung it in Quiquizola's ears that what he had done was after the manner in which his former master had done. Conduct like this brought down upon him the petty vengeance of the little Frenchman, who sent Pan to work in the field, and placed a more passive negro in his room. The proud-spirited chief could not suffer this treatment with patience; and he sought by a thousand mischievous tricks to spoil everything into which Quiquizola put his hands. He made him the laughing stock of the slaves by imitating his peevish voice and waddling gait. Pan was frequently caught in the midst of these exhibitions, and had his merriment changed into sorrow.

He ceased at length to have any veneration for the habitation which was once his pride, and betook himself to his old employment of wandering in the woods. He now became a freebooter, and made many excursions into the provision grounds and hen roosts of the neighboring estates. His

wife became his companion in this roving life. Poultry, pigs, and goats, besides everything else that could be of service to a tenant of the woods, were nightly stolen from the estates. Pancras and Dian were secretly blamed by the negroes as the thieves; but such was the terror which his name created, and so well directed were their sorties, that none could say they had been seen, and none dared to mention their names. Guards of negroes were placed on each estate to endeavor to detect them. But in the teeth of the guard Pancras issued from the wood in a clear night, came coolly up to them, and threatened, if they offered to give alarm, or stir a limb, he would cleave them with his cutlass, and set fire to their huts. The guard stood trembling like statues agitated by an earthquake, in presence of the giant chief. He went close up to the mansion and seized a favorite goat belonging to Quiquizola, and cut its throat in their presence. He threw the quivering animal over his shoulder, and proceeded leisurely to the edge of the wood, where he turned round towards the black guard, and broke the stilly silence of the night by a loud and devilish laugh. He told them the next time he came back it would be to relieve them of Massa Quiquizola, and he would do with him as he had done with the goat. When this was mentioned to Quiquizola in the morning, his life appeared to him to hang by a hair. He became apprehensive that he would be cut off from the face of the earth at a moment's notice, and he would frequently start from his bed in the night under the influence of horrid dreams. His gun, sword, and a pair of immense pistols, became his constant sleeping companions, and he lay down resting on his arms as if he had been in the camp waiting the approach of an enemy.

The estate on which these transactions took place was situated on a point of land about sixty miles from the capital of the island. There was no access to the town but by the sea.

There were perhaps a few footpaths through the woods from one estate to another; but these did not lead far, and to attempt a journey to the town by land, where the traveller would find swamps, thickets and mountains continually obstructing his course, would have been as wild an attempt as to endeavor to walk over the sea. Pancras, however, with his wife, without making any more visits to the estate, or putting his threat against the life of Quiquizola into execution, found his way to the town. How he accomplished the journey was a subject of conjecture for many a day. Quiquizola got intelligence that the runaway was in the town, and he went immediately and claimed him.

They were on board a small sloop, and sailing homeward down the Gulf of Paria, which separates the island from South America. They had come within sight of the estate, and had already got a glimpse of a small flag upon the top of a tall palmetto tree, which stood on the very verge of the point of land on which the estate was situated. Quiquizola, who before had been dull and sullen toward the negro, now felt his spirits rise as he came within sight of the domain where he could rule with a despotic hand. He upbraided Pancras with perfidy and wickedness. He heaped upon him epithets which he knew would sorely wound the feelings of the chief, and promised him the reward of the whip for the fear and dread he had occasioned, and the thefts he had committed. He fumed and pated with mighty strides the deck of the little ship, as if he had been commanding the navies of the Ottoman; and ended his speech by informing the negro that he would burn in hell.

"Vous, vous scelerat, sera brûlé dans l'enfer," was the pithy climax of his harangue. Pancras, who secretly burned with revenge, sate with seeming patience all this time upon the side of the vessel, eating his dinner of plantains, which his wife had prepared for him. He then lit his pipe, and smoked it, with great coolness. He seemed, however, to be absorbed in meditation; for when his wife spoke to him he made no answer except a vacant stare, and then turned his face alternately to the sky and the sea. The Frenchman had been below; but coming again upon deck, he began to renew the attack of threats and abuse. But a wild and demon-like stare from the negro choked his utterance, and he stood aghast. Pancras improved the moment, and kept his keen eye fixed upon the Frenchman, until he had him in his grasp. Till then the Frenchman seemed spell-bound; but finding himself grappled with the negro he made a faint struggle. Pancras stretched himself to the full height of his stature, and encircled the Frenchman in his arms; and having fastened his teeth in his ear, he made a headlong leap into the abyss, and both disappeared in a moment. The yell of horror which the Frenchman uttered resounded among the woods and along the shore, though they were nearly a mile distant from the land. The master of the sloop backed his sails and manned a boat, and waited to observe if either of them came above the water. The poor Frenchman popped up his little black head and yellow visage within reach of the boat; one of his ears was literally bit off, but Pancras seized him by the other, and, making another plunge, both disappeared, and were never more seen.

THE EPPING HUNT.*

THOMAS HOOD, the witty and facetious punster, and author of "Whims and Oddities," has again brought for-

ward a very whimsical effusion, with the above title, which is illustrated with six engravings on wood, after

* The Epping Hunt. By Thomas Hood, Esp. 12mo. pp. 29. London, 1829. C. Tilt.
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the designs of George Cruikshank. A work by Hood and Cruikshank, it may well be imagined, can be no tame production; the whim of the one is always sure to force a smile from Gravity itself—and the humor of the other cannot be looked at in his sketches with indifference, even by the most solemn and habitual possessor of a long face and a melancholy temperament. The “Epping Hunt,” with its illustrations, is, accordingly, what might have been expected from the pen of the Prince of Punsters, and the pencil of the King of Caricaturists. Although the greatest merit of the poem is essentially different from that of Cowper’s “John Gilpin,” yet in many respects it strongly resembles that popular production,—constituting, perhaps, its most formidable rival. We regret that we can do more than give a brief abstract of this jocular and comic performance of Mr. Hood. The annual exhibition at Epping is its foundation, and to rescue the ancient custom from falling into unsung oblivion, the bard commences—

“John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Gloucester flat;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish in a pat.

Six days a-week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At counter with his apron tied
About his counter-part.

The seventh, in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot,
On Sundays, for eel-piety,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide some evil guide
Put Epping in his head.

* * * * *
Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving Cheap
To go and hunt the deer!

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not chicken-hearted he, although
’Twas whisper’d of his eggs!

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;

Mayhap with Dr. Ridout’s fee
And surgeon Hunter’s bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was Warren-ted to shine.”

Our hero is mounted on a gallant
gray, in the keep of which he goes
halves with a brother cit.

“A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly rearing up within
The way he ought to go.”

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne’er from saddle cast;
Resolv’d, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.”

The *cortège* of the various hunters
is next amusingly and accurately de-
scribed.—Old Tom Rounding, the
landlord of Woodford Wells, is a very
clever portrait.

“‘Now welcome, lads,’ quoth he, ‘and prads,
You’re all in glorious luck;
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest-buck.

Fair Mead’s the place, where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
’Tis but a step, and on a horse
You soon may go a stride.’

So off they scamper’d, man and horse,
As time and temper press’d;
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch’d off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair mead of mob

Idlers, to wit—no Guardians some
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers’ hacks,
That shambl’d to and fro;
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the dough!

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb’d a wall!

’Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood,
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse, though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the deer alive,
And not the dear deceased!”

The deer alive being let out—

"Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game."

The hunt is up—

"Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *statue* quo.

'O dear! O dear!' now might you hear,
'I've surely broke a bone';
'My head is sore,' with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide satanic clan,
Who grinn'd, as once the devil grinn'd,
To see the fall of man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses 'throwing off,'
; So long before the hounds.

* * *
But now Old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows—
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all—
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd—fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to 'hills we know not of,'
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

* * *
Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd*!

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase.

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and 'ran a muck,'
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense;

What else could be premised of blades
That never learn'd to fence!

But Roundings, Tom and Hob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast between his teeth
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

* * *
But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn.

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
'Possession is nine points,' but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!"

We omit Huggins's further exploits,
and return him safely to the Wells,
after the hunt was over.

"And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle and of shaft;
And men by dint of drink became
The only '*beasts of draught*.'"

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deer-like, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could:

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives.

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and oster kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse remain'd behind."

And now to conclude with the *Moral*.

"Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper."

THE BORDERERS.*

WE can conceive few periods better calculated to offer a promising field to the novelist than that which these pages illustrate;—the mingling of wildest adventure with the most plodding industry—the severe spirit of the religion of the first American settlers—the feelings of household and home at variance with all the earlier associations of country—the magnificence of the scenery by which they were surrounded—their neighborhood to that most picturesque and extraordinary of people we call savages;—these, surely, are materials for the novelist, and in Mr. Cooper's hands they have lost none of their interest. We shall not attempt to detail the narrative, but only say it is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. All the more serious scenes are worked up to the highest pitch of excitement: if any where we have to complain of aught like failure, it is in the lighter parts, and some of the minor details, which are, occasionally, spun out too much. But again the attention is aroused; and we only lament that our limits will allow short space for the justice we should wish to render. We endeavor to abridge the dramatic, and powerfully written attack of the Indians on a small out-settlement; premising that the Indian youth alluded to has been made prisoner, and in some degree softened by the kindness with which he has been treated.

"Whoops and yells were incessantly ringing around the place, while the loud and often repeated tones of a conch betrayed the artifice by which the savages had so often endeavored, in the earlier part of the night, to lure the garrison out of the palisades. A few scattering shot, discharged with deliberation, and from every exposed point within the works, proclaimed both the coolness and the vigilance of the defendants. The little gun in the block-house was silent, for the Puri-

tan knew too well its real power to lessen its reputation by a too frequent use. The weapon was therefore reserved for those moments of pressing danger that would be sure to arrive. On this spectacle Ruth gazed in fearful sadness. The long-sustained and sylvan security of her abode was violently destroyed, and in the place of a quiet, which had approached, as near as may be on earth, to that holy peace for which her spirit strove, she and all she most loved were suddenly confronted to the most frightful exhibition of human horrors. In such a moment, the feelings of a mother were likely to revive; and ere time was given for reflection, aided by the light of the conflagration, the matron was moving swiftly through the intricate passages of the dwelling, in quest of those whom she had placed in the security of the chambers. 'Thou hast remembered to avoid looking on the fields, my children,' said the nearly breathless woman, as she entered the room. 'Be thankful, babes; hitherto the efforts of the savages have been vain, and we still remain masters of our habitations.' 'Why is the night so red? Come hither, mother; thou mayest look into the wood as if the sun were shining!' 'The heathens have fired our granaries, and what thou seest is the light of the flames. But happily they cannot put brands into the dwellings while thy father and the young men stand to their weapons. We must be grateful for this security, frail as it seemeth. Thou hast knelt, my Ruth, and hast remembered to think of thy father and brother in thy prayers?' 'I will do so again, mother, whispered the child, bending to her knees, and wrapping her young features in the garments of the matron. 'Why hide thy countenance? One young and innocent as thou may lift thine eyes to Heaven with confidence.'

* *The Borderers*; or, *the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*. By the author of "*The Spy*." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Co.

'Mother, I see the Indian, unless my face be hid. He looketh at me, I fear, with wish to do us harm.' 'Thou art not just to Miantonimoh, child,' answered Ruth, as she glanced her eye rapidly round to seek the boy, who had modestly withdrawn into a remote and shaded corner of the room. 'I left him with thee for a guardian, and not as one who would wish to injure. Now think of thy God, child,' imprinting a kiss on the cold, marble-like forehead of her daughter, 'and have reliance in his goodness. Miantonimoh, I again leave you with a charge to be their protector,' she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth. 'Mother!' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!' Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quickness of instinct. A glance showed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce, in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silken hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably devoted to destruction. 'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child!' The eyes of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a fell certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this revolting scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation, which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from

the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the suspended girl was suffered again to touch the floor. The look and gesture with which the boy had interfered, expressed authority rather than resentment or horror. His air was calm, collected, and, as it appeared by the effect, imposing. 'Go,' he said, in the language of the fierce people from whom he had sprung; 'the warriors of the pale men are calling thee by name.' 'The snow is red with the blood of our young men,' the other fiercely answered; 'and not a scalp is at the belt of my people.' 'These are mine,' returned the boy, with dignity, sweeping his arm while speaking, in a manner to show that he extended protection to all present. The warrior gazed about him grimly, and like one but half convinced. He had incurred a danger too fearful, in entering the stockade, to be easily diverted from his purpose. 'Listen!' he continued, after a short pause, during which the artillery of the Puritan had again bellowed in the uproar without. 'The thunder is with the Yengeese! Our young women will look another way, and call us Pequots, should there be no scalps on our pole.' For a single moment the countenance of the boy changed, and his resolution seemed to waver. The other, who watched his eyes with longing eagerness, again seized his victim by the hair, when Ruth shrieked in the accents of despair—'Boy! boy! if thou art not with us, God has deserted us! 'She is mine,' burst fiercely from the lips of the lad. 'Hear my words, Wompahwisset; the blood of my father is very warm within me.' The other paused, and the blow was once more suspended. The glaring eyeballs of the savage rested intently on the swelling form and stern countenance of the young hero, whose uplifted hand appeared to menace instant punishment, should he disregard the mediation the warrior severed. 'Miantonimoh' was as if it recalled

Then, as a sudden burst of yells rose above the roar of the conflagration, the fierce Indian turned in his tracks, and, abandoning the trembling, and nearly insensible, child, he bounded away like a hound loosened on a fresh scent of blood. 'Boy! boy!' murmured the mother; 'heathen or Christian, there is One that will bless thee!'

The end of the second volume is

somewhat languid; but the third will bear comparison with the very best of Cooper's works. The young Indian chief, the regicide, the English girl with all the habits and feelings of an education among the Indians, the stern old Puritan, are perfect of their kind; and it is in the belief that their interest will be as our own, that we recommend this work to our readers.

MY RED JACKET.

THERE is something in the human mind which makes us love with a lover's fondness those inanimate objects with which we have been long familiar. Whatever be the danger we may have encountered—the vicissitudes we may have experienced—the miseries we may have felt in our progress through the journey of life, the soul clings with an unalterable and inextinguishable predilection to those localities where we passed our early days, to those scenes with which is associated the remembrance of that happy period, when the mind, unscathed by the lightnings of ill-fortune, and undisturbed by the anticipation of evil, revelled in an elysium of happiness. In youth we view life as a tranquil translucent stream, whose banks are decked with flowers of sweetest perfume, meandering gently through a lovely valley; never dreaming of the whirlpools and cataracts, the rocks and quicksands through which it has to foam and struggle ere it reach the "ocean's bed." O, happy days, I cannot but heave a sigh of regret when I think that they are gone forever! But it is not to localities alone, to the scenes of former days merely, that we contract a regard which survives amid the fluctuations and storms of life. Even things of a perishable and evanescent nature engender an affection which is not easily

Some fifty years ago
 Over the time, for it
 Existence—I became
 A red jacket.

Since then I have seen many a jacket; I have seen hundreds of military fops, bedizened in all the splendour of scarlet and gold; but such a jacket I never did see. It was so modest and unassuming too! It had no fantastic braidings; but still it was a handsome jacket. When my person was encircled with this matchless piece of tailoring, I became quite another being. It operated as a talisman, although I was still enslaved in the nursery, a degradation which I by no means relished. I strutted about with the dignity of a bashaw, and thought myself warranted too to exercise, within my little sphere of authority, all the despotism and tyranny of Asiatic sovereignty, tearing the duennas by the hair, and lording it over the younger branches of the family with kingly authority. Certainly it was a rare jacket, and little wonder that after the lapse of years I should still reflect upon it with unabated ardent attachment. Its color, its shape, its whole *tout ensemble*, were peculiarly its own, perfectly unrivalled, at least I thought so; and so far as I was concerned, this was tantamount to its being the case. You know the apophthegm, "a man's mind is his kingdom." I cannot help wondering whether this favorite habiliment is still in existence;—in existence, did I say? why, it must be in existence, for philosophers tell us that not a single particle of matter has perished since the creation,—matter it seems only undergoes a change; it is only

modified and altered, not annihilated. What a boundless field for the speculations of philosophy does this dogma open up! How many hypotheses might be built upon it! What a sublime occupation for a man redolent of genius, and gifted with the perspicuity and unwearied industry of a Newton, to watch the transmigration of the things around us; to pry, if I may so speak, into the metempsychosis of things! We see mighty edifices mouldering into decay; the monuments of former days swept away by the hand of time. What a grand desideratum in national science, could we be able to announce with precision to what state—to what modification of matter they were progressing! Who can tell how many changes and modifications Cæsar's helmet may have undergone? At this very moment it may be adorning the head of some fair dame, in the shape of a Leghorn bonnet, or encircling her person as a silk brocade. And my red jacket may be shining with all its wonted

brilliancy as an artificial flower in a lady's head dress; or it may be the tube of an opera glass; or a sweet-smelling nosegay. But, it seems, I am exercising my ingenuity to little purpose; for Berkeley and Hume have demonstrated that matter has no existence; that it only exists in the mind of a sentient being. Now, this view is certainly very consoling. It tells me that my jacket was a mere mental phantasmagoria; that my senses deceived me; and certainly we ought to display more manly fortitude than to mourn over the loss or deprivation of that which our own minds alone have embodied with a fanciful existence. But, after all, there are more things "in heaven and earth" than philosophers "dream of." The metaphysicians may prate as they like about the nonentity of matter, still I will maintain that my red jacket was truly and in fact a red jacket, and as well deserving of a grandiloquent elegy as any scarlet piece of matter, ancient or modern.

PECULIAR GAIT OF THE PARISIANS.

HAVING been acquainted with an old French gentleman in England, and being afterwards on a visit to Paris, I one day thought I saw him approaching the hotel where I happened to reside. A certain gait and air, which I had not hitherto analyzed, convinced me I was right; and I expressed my satisfaction on this account to the friend who was beside me at the time, and who similarly recognized and expected him. We were disappointed, however, as he did not call. This disappointment occurred again and again, until we began to suspect, and at last actually discovered, that there were several old gentlemen in Paris who had a similar gait and air.

This struck me as odd enough; but still no reason for it occurred to me. Going, however, one day to a considerable distance through the streets of Paris to see some troops arriving

from Spain, and walking, as Englishmen generally walk, without much regard to the inequalities of the pavement, I found, on my return, that I was unaccountably fatigued. A little reflection led me to the cause of this, in the extraordinary irregularity of the Parisian pavement; for the stones being large, worn away on every side, and prominent in the middle, every step I had taken falling sometimes high and sometimes low, had shook me in such a way, that though I did not much observe it at the time, its effects were very perceptible.

I now began to imagine, that all this might have something to do with the peculiar walk and air of my old friend; and, on looking more closely, I thought I could see that almost all old gentlemen, as well as old ladies, and even many young ones, had some degree of the very same pecu-

liarity. This I now suspected to result from some contrivance, on their part, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the irregularity of the pavement.

Observing now with additional care, I at once found my suspicion completely verified, and was able to detect the contrivance employed.

This commences by picking the steps. In order to do this in the best manner, it is necessary to pick only with one foot, that is, to advance always the same foot, and let the other only follow it up. If one attempt, on the contrary, to pick with both feet, it causes a considerable rotating of the body, which, in a long walk so performed, becomes fatiguing. The Parisians accordingly pick with the stronger—the right foot.

A little reflection will show, that, in thus picking with one foot, they must not only turn the right toe proportionally in, but must turn the whole of the right side proportionally forward, and in some measure advance laterally.

Even this, however, is not enough : as the hollows between the projecting centres of the stones are considerable, and as these are generally filled with mud, it is necessary to avoid bespattering oneself. This the Parisians effect by holding the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, while they spring slightly sideways, from one stone to another.

Nothing can be more amusing than this mode of progression, when one is once prepared to observe it. The reader may easily figure to himself a party setting out in this way,—all having the right leg advancing, the right toe turned in, and the right side turned forward,—all having the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, and in a sort of springy state,—and all advancing, in some measure, sideways,—but, owing to the different length of limb, some seeming to hop, and others to hobble along. It is really a good deal like the walking of birds.

The effect of this habitual mode of progression is such, that, in old persons, the whole body seems irremediably twisted, and the stiffer woollen clothes of the men evidently partake of this twist ; the right side of the neck of the coat is brought quite in front, and even the hat has always some corresponding, but curious and indescribable curves. So irremediably is everything impressed with this twist, that one would almost imagine that the clothes, if detached from the owner, would by some sort of instinct stand in the owner's attitude.

This, then, is the Parisian mode of walking, which is so highly vaunted by the French, which French vanity has converted into an exquisite accomplishment, and which all who have not had the felicity of being born in Paris, may despair of even imitating.

MEN AND MANNERS IN ORKNEY.

"Is the carline mad ? Heard ye ever of any of the gentle house of Clinkscales that gave meat for sillar ?"—*Pirate.*

BREATHES there the man, who, having the slightest taste for the beauties of external nature, but has stood as in a state of enchantment when the Orkadian Windermere, the magnificent loch of Stennis, burst on his astonished view ? To the left the eye expatiates over a beautiful Mediterranean in miniature, studded with ships of every nation, and islets of every hue,

from the emerald of Graemsay to the coal-black outline of the Ronaldsha Hills. To the right it ranges over the lovely undulations of Harra and Sandwick ; distance lending enchantment to the view, and tingeing the dark brown heath with the hues of the rainbow. In front the majestic hills of Hoy tower into sublimity, strongly relieved against a clear blue sky, or

arresting the thunder cloud in its progress, while the "dread peal" reverberates from cliff to cliff, startling a thousand eagles from their eyries. On the margin of the lake are to be seen the largest Druidical circles (with one exception) in the British dominions, hoary with age, and regarding which, even the tongue of tradition is silent. They seem to the poetic mind as an army of giants, petrified by some sorcerer, until a still more potent spell shall restore them to their pristine existence, and endue them once more with a relish for each other's "grim society."

Contiguous to this lovely sheet of water lies the parish of —, celebrated over the whole archipelago for the peculiarity of its inhabitants, their singular manners and customs, their uncouth appearance and homely address. Being the most "landward" district in the large island of Pomona, and consequently having little intercourse with strangers, it has become the strong-hold of ancient saws, superstitions, and habits—modern innovation having pushed these from their pedestals in almost all other parts of the mainland.

Its form of government, too, is highly in favor of "auld use and wont," as it is almost entirely divided among a class of men yclept petty or *pickie* lairds; each ploughing his own fields and reaping his own crops, much in the same manner as their great-great-grandfathers did in the days of Earl Patrick. Improvement, with her strange dress and foreign accent, like Noah's dove, has hitherto found no resting-place for the sole of her foot; and agricultural literature will obtain circulation there when the writings of Martin Luther shall become fashionable at Goa. That the palpable gloom of Popish superstition was dissipated by the light and warmth of the Reformation, must be referred to the immediate interposition of Heaven; and not to be accounted for on the ordinary principles which actuate the good peo-

ple of —. We may mention, however, that many of them cast a lingering, lingering look, not unmixed with reverence, on certain spots held sacred by their remote ancestors.

When a vow takes place between two young people, it becomes tenfold more sacred if the parties repair to those gigantic Druidical stones above mentioned—one of which is perforated—and grasp each other's hand through the perforation, muttering some Runic rhyme, and interweaving each other's fingers.

One of the most important personages in this parish, twenty years since, was Magnus Harra, a "farmer" of no mean repute, and, let me add, of no mean extraction. Mansie, for that is the provincial appellation, could boast of a Scandinavian descent, uncontaminated by either Gael or Saxon blood; and no Welchman was fonder of tracing his pedigree to Hoel than he was to "count kin" with the aboriginal aristocracy of the earldom. Hence, "at kirk and market, mill or smithy," his favorite topic was discussed with an eloquence which would have made his fortune in the good old time, when a pure scutcheon was preferred to the circulating medium. But Mansie had fallen on evil days and evil tongues. When his venerable father was carried to the "field of graves," he insisted strenuously that the corpse should be interred *inside* the church. This, however, was overruled by the local authorities. Mansie protested—stormed—fleeched—threatened, and entreated by turns; but the die was cast—the authorities were inexorable—the body was "yirded" among the ignoble dead; and seeing there was nothing more to be made of "argle-bargling," like a true philosopher he submitted. What a delightful treat it would have been to some Lothian Triptolemus to have seen him on a vore* morning ploughing his fields, like another Cincinnatus,—drest in a "sheep-black" coat,

* Spring morning.

waistcoat, and inexpressibles, bedizenized over with pewter buttons of his own casting—long, lank, sandy hair issuing, unpruned, unshorn, from beneath a broad blue “bannet”—a long bare scraggy neck, bronzed with the suns of forty years—nose somewhat aqualine, with a brown aqueous substance pendant therefrom—upper lip begrimed with a certain titillating powder, vulgarly yclept “beggar’s snuff;” while his legs were completely enveloped in twisted straw, generally known by the name of “strae boots.” Having never crossed the ass’s bridge I am quite unable to describe mathematically what he dignified with the name of plough. The only way I can give my readers an idea of it is to bid them imagine a large Roman F fallen to the ground, like Dagon before the ark, and they will have some notion of the agricultural implement. As for his horses, they may imagine to themselves three large Newfoundland dogs harnessed together in the manner that a — farmer calls a — “braidband;” yoked by the tails, with a bare-headed, bare-legged Jock Jahos looking fellow “ca’in”* them; while Mansie herself is leaving behind him certain serpentine lines of beauty which would have endeared him forever to Hogarth and Horace Walpole.

Mansie, having become uncontrolled proprietor of the “lairdship” since the demise of his father, began seriously to look about him for a wife; but true to his principles, and the hereditary pride of his home, he determined to “pop the question” to none but one who could boast of “gentle blude;” and accordingly he fixed his wavering fancy on Miss Euphane —, a lady of a certain age—which means—but I shall leave the explanation of this phrase to my fair readers. —“It is true,” said Mansie, “Miss Effie is neither bra nor bonnie, an’ no owre weel natured, but then she’s o’ the better sort.”

The truth is, she knew little or no-

thing of rural affairs; had heard that the cream she mixed with her tea came from certain quadrupeds vulgarly called “kye;” had a faint notion that butter was produced by churning; and that cheese did not, like potatoes and turnips, grow in the fields. She had spent a great portion of her life in Edinburgh with a maiden aunt, who having bequeathed her a small annuity, she was obliged to reside in the parish of — from motives of economy; spoke according to Lindley Murray; and on great occasions, if she condescended to dance at all, it was “by the beuk.” Such was the lady whom Mansie, “on desperate deed intent,” wished to elevate to his board head; but, alas! the course of true love on this, as on many other occasions, did not run smooth. The lady tossed her head, or, to use a vernacular phrase, “coost up her nose at him,”—would listen to no overtures—spake of people “kenning their distance,” &c. until Mansie’s pride took the alarm, and off he came.

Repulsed thus by the only person in the parish at all equal to him in birth, our hero determined not to commit himself a second time to the caprices of the “softer sex:” he well knew that out of his own district he had no chance with any female having claims to gentility. So, like a wise man, he gave up all “thoughts matrimonial,” and applied himself diligently to his “horses, ploughs, and kye,” indulging himself occasionally in the society of his neighbors during the winter at the “change-house,” talking parish politics with the smith, and discussing knotty points of scripture with the miller. To such perfection did he arrive in controversial divinity, that he fairly dumfounded the dominie, and had even the audacity to attack the minister one stormy winter day when they met at a funeral. No doubt the new ale influenced him to such a deed of desperation; but still there was honor even in being *worsted* by a man that

* Driving.

had been at the college, and a *placed* minister to boot. "I can neither speak Latin nor Greek, minister; but I maybe ken the *book* as weel as some folk that thinks mair o' themselves. Is it no believin' o' scripture to say that the world is as round as a cassie,* an' gangs whirlin' an' whirlin' round the sun like a fleecoch round the lamp? Does na the word say that the world is founded on the waters? Answer me that, minister." And he looked round him with an air of triumph, as much as to say—there is as muckle sense beneath some folk's bannets as there is aneath ither folk's hats; whar's your college fear now?

On another occasion Mansie "forgathered" with an itinerant preacher; him he considered fair game, and resolved, for the honor of the parish, to put him down. He had pitched his camp in one of Mansie's fields, and congregated a number of the lower orders, to the neglect of their masters' work. The laird assailed him on the impropriety of vagabondizing the country; told him to keep the fervor of his zeal within biggit wa's; and hinted something about the sheriff-court, and action for trespass. The Methodist retorted with many pious ejaculations. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and he will keep his saints, that a bone of them shall not be broken." "The earth is mine, Sir," exclaimed Mansie, his hereditary pride taking the alarm; "it has been in the family time immemorial; but gin ye want to argufy wi' Scripture, I hae nae objections to that either." So, like two gladiators, each resolved to conquer or perish. Thrust and parry, and parry and thrust, and text met text in dire collision. The preacher thought

he had caught a Tartar, and Mansie thought he had caught a simpleton. At length the preacher, in a solemn tone, and in high metaphor, said, "Magnus! Magnus! you must pull down the old house, and build one on a new foundation." "Sae thrive I, Sir, that's just ginye hae sillar enugh; an', mairatour, nae body i' their seven senses wad pu' sic a bonnie house down as Yarple braes." "Ah! Magnus, I speak metaphorically." "The grit end o' speakin', Sir, is to mak' ourselves be understood; and when ye speak o' pu'in' down houses, an' seekin' new stances, why I maun just e'en answer you i' your ain leed." The conversation broke off abruptly. The preacher deemed the fortress of his antagonist's heart impregnable, and Mansie thought the preacher's shot did not tell; indeed he said to some of his cronies a day or two afterwards, "That there was nae mair strength in Maister Twang's arguments than i' Jenny Twat's sma' drink that had gien nine times through the draff."

Whether the Highland Society, by the united force of example, precept, and premium, may have some effect in improving the farm of "Yarple-braes," we know not. But we are inclined to think that Mansie will adhere most rigidly to the customs of his forefathers, so far as regards ploughing, manuring, sowing, reaping, thrashing, and grinding; and that, in the language of the illustrious Author of *Waverley*, he will

—Keep his customs; what is law itself
But old established custom? What religion
—I mean with one-half of the men that use it—
Save the good use and wont that carries them
To worship how and where their fathers worship'd?
All things revolve in custom.

THE GREEK SAILOR'S SONG.

'Tis morn, and the tempest no longer is foaming,
I've left my last kiss on my Haidee's cheek;
Then, far from the chains of the Mussulman roaming,
Let me seek the blue wave in my little caique.

* Vide Dr. Jamieson.

When high on the surge of the ocean I'm soaring,
 When sinks the proud ship 'midst the mariner's shriek,
 Unhurt by the tempest so fearfully roaring,
 I glide lightly by in my little caïque.

I leave thee, my country ! all blighted and lonely,
 Thy shores are defenceless, thy sons are all weak,
 But wherever I wander my heart shall bemoan thee,
 As I sing to the oar of my little caïque.

Though 'tis long since the name of the Helots has perish'd,
 Their spirit still lingers in every Greek :
 Though blighted the hopes I so fondly have cherish'd,
 Yet liberty breathes in my little caïque.

Could our ancestors think, while the Persian was flying,
 That their sons could look down on their chains and be meek ?
 Could they think, while for freedom the Spartan was dying,
 That freedom would end in a little caïque ?

My country ! oh ! how canst thou turn to that hour,
 Nor hasten thy wrath on each despot to wreak ?
 Awake—and throw off the proud Ottoman's power,
 Let Greece be as free as my little caïque.

THE LAST LAY OF AN INVALID.

ONE gleam was in the western sky,
 The lingering flush of dying day ;
 I turned to it with tearful eye,
 It was so like my own decay !
 And then I knew my spirit gave
 A bright—but 'twas a passing gleam ;
 And deeply felt my hope to live
 Was but like morning's idle dream !

Well, if this frame to dust return,
 As sinks yon sun on ocean's breast,
 Still will the spirit's lustre burn
 As morning comes from forth its rest ;
 Yea,—and even yet before 'tis hid
 Even for the hour which death we name,
 'Tis thus it gives, as sunset did,
 One flash—the taper's latest flame !

TO A LADY WEeping.

(*From the Arabic of Ebn Alurumi, in the Ninth Century.*)

BY PROFESSOR CARLYLE.

WHEN I beheld thy blue eye shine
 Through the bright drop that pity drew,
 I saw beneath those tears of thine
 A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.
 The violet ever scents the gale,
 Its hues adorn the fairest wreath ;
 But sweetest through a dewy veil
 Its colors glow, its odors breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
 When wit and pleasure round thee
 play ;
 When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
 Who but admires their sprightly ray ?
 But when through Pity's flood they
 gleam,
 Who but must LOVE their softened beam ?

TURLEY, THE GERMAN ORGAN-BUILDER.

A SINGULAR instance of successful self-instruction is afforded by the late Johan Tobias Turley, the German organ-builder. This ingenious man was the son of a peasant, and was born at Treuenbriezen on the 4th August, 1773. On the death of his father, which happened when he was

twelve years old, in compliance with the wish of his mother, he learnt the trade of a baker ; but at that time, so great was his inclination and aptitude for music and mechanics, that he devoted all his leisure hours to those pursuits. His greatest delight was to make instruments to facilitate the labors of the household. In 1793 he became a master baker and burgess of his native place, and, without neglecting his business, pursued his favorite occupations with greater diligence than ever. He made pipes for musical clocks, and having bought an old worn-out organ, he took it to pieces, and constructed a new one. This instrument still exists in the church of Brackwitz, near Treuenbriezen. The success he had already met with encouraged him to further exertions, and he undertook the repairing of several organs gratuitously. In 1814, he abandoned altogether the baking business, and devoted himself entirely to an art which he had acquired without any instruction, and by the mere force of his observation, talent, reflection, and indefatigable industry. Even the instruments necessary for his use were of his own invention ; and among these the press-machine, which contributed so greatly to expedite his labors and give durability to his organs, particularly deserves to be mentioned.

In 1816, Turley was called by the government of Potsdam, to build a new organ for Hohenbruch, near Cremonen, under the supervision of the music-director and organ-builder, Herr Wilke, of Neu Ruppın. It was to this disinterested patron and encourager of the ingenious in general, that Turley was indebted on this occasion for the first important hint for the perfection of the art in which he afterwards made such great progress, that every new work surpassed the one which had preceded it.

Turley had constantly great difficul-

ty to content himself with the smoothness of the metal plates for his pipes, and to such a pitch was his fastidiousness in this respect carried, that in 1823 he caused upwards of a hundred weight of metal plates to be melted down, bearing the loss himself. Herr Wilke, who on this occasion gave a new proof of his disinterested attachment to the arts, advised him to procure the required evenness to the metal plates by means of a cylindrical machine ; and on that hint, Turley went to Berlin, visited different machines, of the kind in the city, made a sketch of a new one, and afterwards a model of it in wood ; and from this an engine suited for his purpose was cast in the Royal Foundry in Berlin. He spent two years in bringing his machine to perfection, and in seeking the best material in which to cast his plates in moulds of small size. He remarked, however, that the best cast plates, even when they came forth most smooth and perfect, had need of an especial stretching machine ; and such an instrument also he invented which exactly answered his purpose. He thenceforth, until the time of his death, devoted himself, might and main, and regardless of expense, to the production of perfect organs. Of these he built twenty to the satisfaction of all connoisseurs. The largest formed with cylindrical pipes, is that of Joachimsthal, which has twelve registers. He completed besides the repairing of thirty other organs, and was engaged in the construction of two great ones for Perleberg and Pritzwalk at the time of his death by apoplexy, which happened in April last. His son Frederick, who for the previous three years had worked and assisted his father, is charged with the completion of the organs which the deceased had commenced, under a testimonial as to his capacity from the before-mentioned Herr Wilke.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the harvest of reflection home."

THE MOREA.

THE Morea contains a superficies of about 7500 Italian square miles, and a circumference of 600 miles. There are five principal bays, besides the Gulfs of Lepanto and Ægina, viz. Patras, Arcadia, Coron, Kolokithia, and Napoli di Romania. The last bay has a good port on the eastern side of the Peninsula, and Navarin presents an equally good one on the western. For merchant vessels, Patalidi in the Gulf of Coron, Anciro Schila in a small island of that name, Napoli di Malvasia, Vostizza, Lampridia, and other ports, offer good havens. The number of fortified places is ten:—the castle of the Morea on the right on entering the Gulf of Lepanto, that of Chiarenza, called Castel Tornese, the old and new fortresses of Navarino, the citadel of Corinth, and those of Modon, Coron, Napoli di Malvasia, and Napoli di Romania. The territory of Sycionia, of Elis, of a great part of Messenia, of Laconia, and Arcadia, produces much grain, oil, and fruit of every kind. Argolis, Messenia, and Arcadia, are well adapted for pasturage if the natives would profit by the natural advantages; the oil of itself would suffice to make the country rich. The olive tree is indigenous; it grows spontaneously in all parts, forming woods of two or three miles in extent. Corinth is renowned for its grapes, yet the wine it produces is but of middling quantity; the best wine of the Morea is that of the environs of Misitra. The mulberry prospers in the Peninsula, yet the cultivation of silk is far from being carried to any perfection. Agriculture in general is in a very backward state; the inhabitants have but little improved in this respect on the ancient usages of their ancestors. Much cotton, rice, and tobacco, might be produced for export. The fine cotton of the Morea is said to surpass that of Salonica and Smyrna.

SHAVING IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Formerly, the beard was sometimes plucked out by the roots, shaved off with a shark's tooth, or removed with the edges of two shells, acting like the blades of a pair of scissors, by cutting against each other; while by some it was allowed to grow, sometimes twisting and braiding it together. These fashions, however, have all disappeared, and the beard is generally shaved at least once a week, and by the chiefs more frequently. These cut their whiskers rather singularly sometimes, and leave a narrow strip of their beard on the upper lip, resembling mustachios: the greater part, however, remove the beard altogether, which must often be no easy task. There are no barbers by profession, yet every man is not his own barber, but contrives to shave his neighbor, and is in return shaved by him. Some of the most ludicrous scenes ever exhibited in the islands occur while they are thus employed. Only a few of the chiefs are so far advanced in civilization as to use soap: the farmers cannot understand how it can help to remove the beard; they therefore dispense with it altogether. When the edge of the razor or knife is adjusted, the person to undergo the operation, in order to be quite stationary, lies flat on his back on the ground, sometimes in his house, at other times under the shade of a tree, and his friend kneels down over him, and commences his labor. When he has finished, he lays himself down, and the man who is shaved gets up and performs the same office for his friend. Sometimes the razor becomes rather dull, and something more than a little additional strength is necessary. A whetstone is then applied to the edge; but if this is not at hand, the man gets up half-shaved, and they go together to the nearest grindstone: and I have beheld that the transition from the grindstone

to the chin is sometimes direct, without any intermediate application to the edge of the razor. The hone and the strap, however, have been introduced, and ere long will probably supersede the use of the grindstone and whetstone.—*Ellis's Polynesian Res.*

CHESSE PLAYING IN HOLLAND.

On the 26th of April, 1826, the chess clubs of Amsterdam and Rotterdam commenced a game by correspondence, which was decided in favor of the former after thirty-four letters. The revenge game was also decided in the same number of moves in favor of the Amsterdam Club. The two games lasted until December of the same year. The news of the victory excited the envy of the Antwerp Club, which sent a challenge to that at Amsterdam. The defiance was accepted, but the Amsterdam Club again came off victorious in two games; the first of which was begun in April, 1827, and the second ended on the 8th of February, 1829, by a letter in which the Antwerp Club confessed the superiority of their antagonists. The Amsterdam Club now defy "all the world;" and it is expected that the amateurs of the Café de la Régence will take up the gauntlet. The moves of the four Dutch games have been published in a Netherlandish journal entitled the *Vaderlandische Letteroefeningen*.

FROZEN FISH REANIMATED.

Lieut. Alexander lately heard from an officer who had served in Canada, a fact which is said to be well known in that country. His informant told him that in winter the Canadian fishermen erect huts on the ice of the lakes and rivers, and cutting a hole in the ice, enclose it with a screen of straw, &c. to shelter themselves from the cold wind. Sitting inside the screen, they sink their hooks through the hole made in the ice. The person who gave this information said that he had frequently fished in this manner, and that amongst the other fish which he caught were perch in abundance. After hauling them up, he threw them

aside on the ice, where they were speedily frozen quite hard. He used then to take them home, and placing the perch in water near the fire, in a short time they began to exhibit symptoms of reanimation: the fins first quivered, the gills opened, the fish gradually turned itself over, moved at first slowly about the basin, and at last completely revived, and swam briskly about. This experiment was often tried.—*Edin. New Phil. Journ.*

The resuscitation of flies after being drowned has been familiar to us since the days of Franklin. The perch is of a higher order in the scale of existence. Perhaps an animal of a still higher order, a bird for example, might be frozen and brought to life again. If so, why might not a quadruped, which is scarcely higher? and if a quadruped, why might not man? A series of experiments on this subject would at all events be interesting; and among the many improvements with which the future is pregnant, we may look forward to the period when a man, tired of existence, will make a voyage to Spitsbergen or Nova Zembla, there to be frozen, and again brought to life at some distant epoch, when the world, instead of jogging heavily along on her old creaking wheels, will be whirled in joyous celerity by the united agency of steam and electricity.

VELOCITY OF SOUND PER SECOND.

Experiments were made on this subject by MM. Myrbach and Stampfer. The distance tried was 35,601 French feet, in which the difference of level was 4198 feet; eighty-eight trials were made, the mean of which gave 1025.9 feet as the velocity of sound in a second, at the temperature of 32 degrees, Fahr. thermometer.

FRICTION OF SCREWS AND SCREW-PRESSES.

An examination of the friction in screws having their threads of various forms, has led M. Poncelet to this very important conclusion, namely, that the friction in screws with square

threads is to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2.90 to 4.78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction.

SILK-WORMS.

The Society of Domestic Economy in France have, at the suggestion of Count Lasteyrie, offered several premiums for the cultivation of mulberry trees, in different parts of France where they are now planted, for the purpose of feeding silk-worms. The count asserts that silk-worms may be reared, and fine silk procured from them, in almost every part of France; and he states that a sample of silk produced in the North of France was pronounced by some Milanese manufacturers to be better than their own. The value of the raw silk used in France annually is 112 millions of francs, of which to the value of only 15 or 16 millions is of French production: so that nearly 100 millions of francs are paid annually for foreign silk. It appears that in Flanders, and at Berlin, the cultivation of silk is carried on to a great extent, and with decided success.

TO PREVENT MILK TURNING SOUR.

We are told that if we put into a dish of milk about a tea-spoonful of the infusion of wild horse-radish, it may then be preserved sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar.

STEAM ENGINES.

At a meeting in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Webster stated that there is a steam engine in Cornwall of 600 horse power! There are at least 15,000 steam engines at work in England; if each is averaged at 25 horse power, then they are equal to 375,000 horses; each horse requires two acres to keep it one year, which in all makes 750,000 acres of land gained by Great Britain. Mr. Watt says $5\frac{1}{2}$ men are equal in power to one horse; therefore the 15,000 engines are equal to nearly two millions of men.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE first volume of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland was announced for publication on the 31st of October.

"A Manual for the Economy of the Human Body, of Health and Disease;" comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation in Diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged, &c. is preparing for publication.

The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge, referred to some time since in our literary notices, has been published in London, and is spoken of in the Literary Gazette (the only English journal we have yet received which has noticed it) as a work full of amusement and instruction. From the extracts there given we should judge its perusal will excite some surprise in the minds of those who have been conversant with the religious works only of this celebrated divine. We hope to be able to give in our next number a more particular account of the contents of this work, with interesting extracts.

Herbert Milton has been translated into German by Mr. Richards (formerly a lieutenant in the Hanoverian service); and the same gentleman is now employed on Devereux, having already given Pelham and the Disowned a German dress. These translations, though stiff and destitute of grace and elegance, are very popular in Germany.

A History of China, translated from the Chinese of Choo-Foo-Tsze, by P. P. Thoms, many years resident at Macao in China, is announced for early publication. It is stated to commence with the reign of Fuh-he, according to Chinese chronology B. C. 3000, and to reach the reign of Min-te, A. D. 300, including a period of 3300 years.

The Annual Gem announces contributions from many celebrated English writers. The thirteen embellishments are under the direction of A. Cooper, and all from eminent living painters of the British school, and engraved by distinguished artists.

In addition to the new Annuals mentioned in our last, we notice advertisements of the two following:—

A Juvenile Annual, to be called the Zoological Keepsake, treating its zoological topics in a light conversational manner, varied by anecdotes and a share of humorous poetry and description; the embellishments to consist of engravings from drawings by Cruikshank, Landseer, Baynes, Saunders, &c. &c.

Fire-side Lyrics; a Musical Annual, consisting of Vocal Music, Quadrilles, and Waltzes, composed by F. J. Klose. The Poetry by the late Lord Byron, Edw. Knight, Esq. &c. &c. Embellished with highly finished Lithographic Engravings.

卷之五



Pendletons Lithog. Boston.

WALKING DRESS.

MORNING DRESS.

For Cottons Athenaeum

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 5.

ON HIEROGLYPHICS AND EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

It is a remarkable fact, that the most valuable discoveries which adorn the arts and the sciences have arisen from fortunate accidents, rather than from a precise idea of what was wanted, or from a regular pursuit of the means by which the particular object was to be attained.† The learned of Europe, for example, had for more than seventeen hundred years expended all their knowledge and research, with the view of finding out the meaning of a certain order of sacred engravings which met the eye of every traveller in Egypt; and yet it was not until some French pioneers, about the beginning of this century, dug up a stone in the foundation of a fort at Rosetta, that the true import of the most interesting class of hieroglyphics was ascertained. The slab now mentioned fell as a trophy into the hands of the English, and was subsequently conveyed to the British Museum, where it still remains. Upon examination it was found to present an inscription written in three different sorts of cha-

acters, one of which, as will be stated by and by, was used to interpret the two others.

There are three authors of antiquity who allude to the signs or characters employed by the Egyptians for communicating information, or for recording events. Herodotus, in his second book, and Diodorus Siculus, in the 81st chapter of his first book, inform us that the learned men of Egypt had two different kinds of writing, the sacred and the vulgar; but their details are so extremely scanty, that they afford not the means of perceiving the grounds of the distinction which they attempt to establish, nor of defining the limits which separate the nature and use of the two species of composition. Clemens Alexandrinus, who lived at a considerably later period, and who, from his profession as a christian priest in an Egyptian city, could not fail to become acquainted with the different kinds of hieroglyphics, tells us, in the fifth book of his *Miscellanies*, that

* Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities. By the Marquis Spineto. London: Rivington. 1829.

† In a highly interesting lecture, introductory to the course for the present season before the Boston Mechanics' Institution, the Hon. Joseph Story maintained the reverse of the above assertion. The most valuable discoveries in the arts and sciences were, he said, the results of long and patient investigation, frequent experiments, and gradual improvement,—and were less to be attributed to what is called *luck* than is generally supposed. Many cases could doubtless be brought forward in support of both these assertions; but so long as it is known that patient study, unwearied industry and perseverance, *have* resulted in some of the most important discoveries and inventions which have administered to the wants or the conveniences, or to the intellectual improvement of mankind, there are sufficient inducements to apply them to scientific pursuits, though accident *may* have occasionally produced, in a day, what industrious research had failed to accomplish for many centuries.

well educated persons in the country of the Ptolemies, learn first the *epistolary* characters, next the *hieratic* or sacred, and lastly, the *hieroglyphic*, the most perfect of the whole. The hieroglyphical signs, he adds, are divided into two classes, of which the first is expressive of objects symbolically, and the other, directly, by means of the *first elements*.

Now that the secret is discovered, every one is amazed that no person, since the days of Clement, was fortunate enough to conjecture that by "first elements" he might possibly mean the *initial sounds* of the words in which any particular objects engraved on a hieroglyphic tablet, were expressed in the common language of the country. The ingenious researches of Dr. Young, Champollion,* and others, have enabled us to expound the ambiguous phrase of the Alexandrian presbyter, and to discover in it this simple expedient, namely, that, as 'applied to our own tongue, the figure of an eagle would have represented the sound E; that of a mouse, M; that of a pen, P; that of an eel, E; that of a rat, R; that of an ox, O; and that of a raven, R. And in this way we should have made up, by means of the first elements, or initial letters of the several words, eagle, mouse, pen, eel, rat, ox and raven, the term EMPEROR. It was, we ought to observe, to give utterance to proper names that the method now described was usually employed, for it was only in such a case that the *symbolical* hieroglyphics could not be applied to the purpose of the historian. All action and suffering, and even sentiments of the mind, could be expressed by signs to a certain extent. Whatever a good pantomime could communicate by attitudes and gestures, an expert hierogrammatist could convey by imitative painting; but a mere sound, the name of a king, or a

commander, could not be transmitted to posterity 'except by alphabetical characters of some kind or other. Those employed by the Egyptian priests in their Kuriological hieroglyphics, as Clemens Alexandrinus calls them, are probably the rudest as well as the most ancient of which modern literature has obtained any knowledge; and yet it is not altogether unreasonable to conclude that the alphabets of the oriental tongues, and consequently those of the western languages, may have originated in a similar necessity. The main point, however, with us, in giving this outline of a most important discovery, is to draw attention to the fact just stated, and to explain that, by *phonetic* hieroglyphics, is meant that particular order of signs in the ancient carvings of Egypt, which, when expressed in words, supplied, in the manner illustrated above, the alphabetical sounds which were required to give utterance to a name or designation.

The Rosetta stone, as we have said, contains an inscription in three several languages, or sets of characters; one in Greek, another in hieroglyphics, and the third in a sort of running hand, called *enchorial* or *demotic*, that is, the common characters of the country. The slab is mutilated in several places, so that the top part of the hieroglyphical inscription is altogether wanting, and the beginning of the second, as well as the end of the third, are imperfect. But still enough is left to give a proper idea of its purport and contents. This precious relic, as might have been expected, soon attracted the attention of the greatest scholars of Europe; of Porson and Heyne in regard to the Greek, and of M. Selvestre de Sacy, Akerblad, Dr. Young, and Champollion, with respect to the hieroglyphic and the enchorial or demotic characters. The Greek, of course, proved

* M. Champollion is a member of the scientific expedition now in Egypt, sent out by the French government for the purpose of examining more particularly than had heretofore been done, the hieroglyphics and other antiquities of that interesting country. This expedition left France in the summer of 1828, and the communications of M. Champollion, since then, to the Academy of Sciences, have contained accounts of many important discoveries.

the key to the hieroglyphic and demotic inscriptions, and finally paved the way for the discovery, in the former class, of phonetic signs, that is, of objects which were meant to convey sounds and not ideas. It was ascertained that the Rosetta tablet contained a decree of the Egyptian priests, solemnly assembled in the temple, who inscribed on this stone, as a public expression of their gratitude, all the events of the reign of Ptolemy Epiphanes; his liberality to the temples and to the gods, his success against his rebellious subjects, his clemency towards some of the traitors, his measures to prevent the bad effects which arise from excessive inundation of the Nile, his care to remedy the damage which had already taken place, and his munificence towards the college of the priests, by remitting the arrears of taxes due for several years to the treasury. The whole concludes by ordering that "this decree shall be engraved on a hard stone, in sacred characters, in common characters, and in Greek; and placed in the first temples, in the second temples, and in the third temples, wherever may be the holy image of the king, whose life is forever."

We must refer to the able and entertaining lectures of the Marquis Spineto for a narrative of the discovery as begun by Dr. Young, and carried to a higher degree of improvement by the energetic mind of Champollion. It was in 1814 that Dr. Young's first paper on the subject appeared in the *Archæologia*. With the aid of Akerblad and De Sacy he had succeeded in deciphering the enchorial characters on the Rosetta stone, and thereby of obtaining an alphabet—a very limited one indeed—which might assist him in his future researches, and encourage others to follow his example. "Things remained in this state for some time, when a curious circumstance showed to a demonstration that the demotic alphabet of Akerblad, De Sacy, and Dr. Young, was the true alphabet employed by the old Egyptians. This was nothing else than

the discovery of a second stone, formerly existing at Menouf, containing an inscription in demotic and Greek characters. This stone belonged to M. Drovetti, the French consul at Alexandria; and Dr. Young, who saw it at Leghorn, and very properly considered it as a very important document, the only supplement, in fact, to the pillar of Rosetta then in existence, did all he could to obtain, though in vain, an impression of it. But what the learned Doctor could not get from the illiberal jealousy of M. Drovetti, he got by chance. On his way home he saw M. Champollion at Paris, who copied for him some parts of a very important papyrus, written in clear enchorial characters; and very soon after, Mr. Grey, on his return from Egypt, left with him a box containing several fine specimens of writing and drawing on papyrus, which Mr. Grey had purchased from an Arab at Thebes, chiefly in hieroglyphics, amongst which were two particularly deserving attention, inasmuch as they contained some Greek characters in a pretty legible hand. In examining one of these manuscripts, Dr. Young, to his great astonishment and delight, found that it began with these words, "A copy of an Egyptian writing;" and on proceeding with his examination, it turned out to be a correct translation of the very MS. which M. Champollion had transcribed for him; and both of them in reality were nothing less than the copy of the inscription engraved on the stone discovered at Menouf, belonging to M. Drovetti, which Dr. Young had seen at Leghorn.

The name of Drovetti has long been associated with the search for Egyptian curiosities, but very little to his credit, either for liberality or for a strict regard to prior occupation. The volumes of Belzoni record a series of vexations inflicted upon that enterprising traveller, through the influence of the French consul; and we have been recently made acquainted with another instance of his jealousy towards England, which seems to de-

mand reproof of a different kind from any that can be administered through the press. Mr. James Burton, who has spent several years on the banks of the Nile, discovered, a few months ago, in the threshold of a ruined temple, a slab containing an inscription written, as in the case of the Rosetta stone, in three different sets of characters, hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek. Drovetti used means, not of the most honorable kind, it is insinuated, to have this literary treasure taken from the Englishman, and transferred to the charge of the French consulate; and although copies of the inscription and a plaster cast of the tablet were secured before the seizure was made, there is still reason to lament that the labors of so deserving a scholar should have terminated in an issue so fruitless and annoying. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Burton's discovery was not casual, but the result of an active search continued at intervals during five successive years; and it is added, that agreeably to the rules adopted in Egypt by Europeans who visit the ancient buildings of the Pharaohs with scientific views, the stone found in the mosque of Giamma Emir Yakoor belonged indisputably to Mr. Burton. It was during the few days he was allowed to retain it that he made the copies and cast mentioned above: a task which was not executed without considerable difficulty, owing to the labor of moving so ponderous a body in the changes of position necessary for deciphering the more obscure letters and figures.

A sort of controversy was maintained for a short time throughout the republic of letters as to the honor of discovering the *phonetic* alphabet. Champollion, who took the hint from Dr. Young, thought proper almost immediately after to assume to himself the whole merit of expounding the famous passage in Clemens Alexandrinus, and of determining the true meaning of the phrase "first elements." But there is no longer any doubt among candid men that the

whole credit of reducing figures to letters, and emblems to sounds, must be granted to Dr. Young. The Frenchman had unquestionably improved upon this discovery, and greatly increased the number of alphabetical signs; but he himself acknowledges, that even in the year 1814, the secret was revealed by certain articles published in the *Archæologia*, and in the *Museum Criticum*, the avowed works of his rival. It is admitted on the other hand by the friends of Dr. Young, that his first essays were not free from mistakes; and even that his conjectures in some instances were essentially erroneous. They have, however, the satisfaction of showing that he ascertained the sounds indicated by several figures in the Rosetta inscription, that he effected a translation of the demotic or enchorial section of it, and, in short, established on the most convincing grounds the first principles of the system. The Marquis Spineto adds his suffrage to this conclusion in favor of the Englishman. "The merit of having first thought of ascertaining, by fact, the opinion of Zoëga and Warburton, to read hieroglyphics as letters, and of actually spelling the names of Berenice and Ptolemy, is, after all, so great as to counterbalance every possible mistake; for it was upon this discovery that M. Champollion afterwards engrafted his system, and was enabled to carry his researches into Egyptian antiquities and Egyptian hieroglyphics, to the truly astonishing degree that he has done." In short, the man who first found out that the figure of a lion in an inscription meant L, and not the wild beast, is entitled to the full honor of explaining the doctrine of phonetic hieroglyphics. But Dr. Young did more than this, for in deciphering the names of Berenice and Ptolemy, he fixed the characters—the oval, the parallelogram, the fox, the goose, the feather, the lion—which corresponded to the letters L. M. N. P. T. F. These sounds may be, and often are, expressed by other signs besides those mark-

ed by Dr. Young. "Yet it was a great matter," as the marquis observes, "when no one ever dreamt of a hieroglyphical alphabet to discover a few characters for some of the letters."

It is very clear, besides, that Champollion had not a distinct notion of a phonetic system of hieroglyphics when he first addressed the world on the subject; a fact which, we think, is manifested by the singular circumstance that no two readers could agree as to the meaning of his language. Sir William Drummond, for example, thought his exposition so obscure, that the ancient definition of St. Clement was decidedly to be preferred. "He would perhaps have done better to have followed Clemens than to have given this new account." (Origines, vol. ii. p. 288.) He describes the third species of hieroglyphical writing as "*de caracteres phonetiques, exprimant les sons encore par le moyen des images des objets physiques.*" "But," says the author just named, "it is not always easy to tell what is the precise physical object of which a phonetic character is the image," and everyone who reads the "Precis" of Champollion will make haste to acknowledge that there is in it a greater degree of obscurity than usually accompanies the pen of a writer who fully comprehends his subject.

The most interesting portion of the work now before us respects the application of the discovery which it announces to the religion, the geography, and the general history of ancient Egypt. We are as yet furnished only with the first fruits of what, we have no doubt, will form a most abundant harvest; but the little which we have received makes us very anxious that every facility may be granted to the enterprising persons who are at present engaged in establishing means for increasing the stores of primeval literature and philosophy. We observe that the facts already ascertained in regard to the successive dynasties of Egyptian sovereigns require a larger

period between the deluge and the era of Abraham than is marked out by the Hebrew chronology, while they coincide in a remarkable manner with the more extended interval sanctioned by the narrative of the Septuagint. This apparent difficulty, which is in fact an indirect proof that the record of Manetho and the interpretations of Champollion are founded in truth, has led the marquis into an interesting disquisition on the chronology of the Old Testament, in the course of which he pays a well-merited tribute to the industry of Dr. Russell of Leith, who in his late work has entered at great length into the intricate but very important question which respects the comparative authority of the two systems of dates to which we have just alluded. In his sixth lecture the Marquis says, "To those of my readers who wish to make themselves acquainted with this subject, I beg to recommend the introduction to 'A Connection of Sacred and Profane History,' by Dr. Russell; a work in which the reader will find exhibited, in a short but luminous manner, what has been written and what is worth knowing on this important subject." At the end of the eleventh lecture, which is wholly devoted to chronology, he observes, "I cannot conclude without mentioning, for the benefit of those who wish to acquire a complete knowledge of this interesting subject, the titles of the books which ought to be consulted." After naming Vossius, Gilbert, Freret, Jackson, and others, he adds, "and above all, the Preliminary Dissertation published by Dr. Russell at the head of his 'Connection of Sacred and Profane History,' a book that I cannot sufficiently recommend, and from which I have derived the greatest assistance." To the preceding eulogium of the Marquis Spineto we may here be allowed to add our unqualified commendation of Dr. Russell's excellent work.

It is not perhaps generally known in this country that the Marquis Spineto is the depute-professor of mod-

ern history in the University of Cambridge, and that the lectures now published were delivered to the members of that learned establishment. The research and assiduity, of which this volume affords so many proofs, could not fail to recommend him to that important office ; and it is fortunate for the public that the history of hieroglyphical discovery has been comprehended within the limits to which his duties as a lecturer are permitted to extend. We have derived much information from his book. It details

all that has been done ; the order and mode in which the first advances were made ; the conjectures which were circulated throughout all the learned bodies of Europe ; the suggestions of Akerblad, the hints of Bankes, the essays of Young, and the more brilliant illustrations of Champollion. No one who wishes to know what has been accomplished, and the extent to which discovery may yet be carried, in unfolding the mystic annals of ancient Egypt, can dispense with the volume of Spineto.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND LAST."

I KNEW a man, some years ago, who at one period of his life had attempted suicide, but failed in his intention of self-destruction. The mere verbal critic may quibble at my designation of him ; but it morally expresses himself, and his act. Had immediate surgical aid been unattainable, or its application ineffectual, *he* could have suffered no more. He had gone through all of bodily pang, and of mental anguish, which consciousness could make horrible. What remained of life would have been slowly extinguished, with no more perception of its feeble and final struggle than there is of the convulsive tremblings of the trunk, when the head has been dissevered by the axe of the executioner.

I knew this man. It was full twenty years after the event of which I have spoken. He was then religious, with something of that gloom and austerity in his religion which gave it a tinge of fanaticism. This was, perhaps, the natural consequence of his situation. His mind was of a superior order : his sensibility acute and morbid. The former would not allow him to disguise from himself the enormity of his transgression ; while the latter heightened this sense of enormity to a feeling of despair, when he reasoned upon the possibility of ade-

quate expiation. It was sometimes frightful to observe the agony with which he doubted of forgiveness hereafter. I enjoyed his confidence, and it was my office, at those times, to endeavor to convince him, that it was not permitted he should perish everlastingly, when he tempted such a doom, but rather that he should live and repent. I strove to calm his terrors by recalling the words of consolation, which had bound up the wounds of a heart stricken more deeply than even his own : "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up ; thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacle."

It was in one of the many conversations we had held together upon this subject, that I ventured (I hardly know under what vague impulse or desire) to touch upon the cause of his crime, and to glance at the fearful nature of that awful tempest of the passions, which must surely precede and accompany self-murder. I could perceive that I had flung open the portals of a scene from the harrowing visions of which his spirit recoiled with horror ; his countenance underwent a distressing change ; his lip quivered, his eye dilated, his brow was knit forcibly together, his breathing was thick and spasmodic, and his whole appearance like that of a man

who had been suddenly accused of a crime which he could not deny, but which he believed no human tongue, save his own, could declare. I deplored my rashness, and at that moment would have given half the remaining years I had to live, to recall my words.

He was silent; gradually the pang I had so wantonly inflicted subsided, and I resolved, in my own mind, never again to let my curiosity kindle at a flame so unhallowed.

It was several months after this occurrence, that he called upon me one evening, and proposed a walk. He had often done so before; but on this occasion I thought I perceived an unusual anxiety in his manner not to be denied. It was high summer, the evening calm, cool, and beautiful; and as I looked upon the rich landscape from my window, bathed in the sunny haze which so commonly succeeds to a sultry day in our climate, I felt that it would be "a blasphemy against nature" (to use a poetical expression of Milton's *prose*) not to wander among her works.

We set forth. The walks round —, where I then lived, cannot easily be surpassed, upon a small scale, for picturesque beauty and variety. On every side rose sloping hills of graceful form, their sides covered with thick woods, whose masses of dense foliage contrasted finely with those portions of the ascents which were either under cultivation, or left as pasturage for cattle, and which run shelving down, by a gentle declivity, to the rocky banks of the mazy Severn. In every direction, there were spots so lovelily laid out by the hand of nature, consisting of woodland, meadow, orchard, hill, and valley, that they required only the addition of greater space to confer upon them the highest character of diversified landscape. From one or two of the surrounding eminences, indeed, prospects were obtained of considerable extent, and the eye ranged with delight from the rich and luxuriant scenery immediately beneath the feet

of the spectator, to the far outspread level of waving corn fields, which was terminated by a bold outline of lofty hills.

As we sauntered along, beneath the shade of a noble avenue of stately trees, consisting of walnut, oak, elm, and ash, to our favorite seat under a large yew tree, which crowned with solitary and sombre grandeur one of the gracefully sloping hills I have mentioned, my companion seemed absorbed in his own thoughts, and our conversation, consequently, was desultory and irregular. I seldom disturbed his reflections when he was in those moods of silent abstraction; and this evening I was the less inclined to do so, because I was rioting in the luxury of my own meditations inspired by the glorious scene which encompassed me.

We arrived at our bench, and seated ourselves. The ascent had wearied us a little, and I was still gazing with an untired eye, and delighted spirit, upon the gorgeous landscape before me, over which the sun's setting rays had spread a mantle of dewy light, when he addressed me.

"Do you remember," said he, and there was a slightly tremulous faltering in his voice, "a strange wish you once expressed, to know the cause, and all the miserable circumstances—"

"I do!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "and I was heartily ashamed then, as I have been ever since, of my depraved curiosity."

"I thought it strange," continued my friend in the same faltering tone of voice, "to wish to tear open a ghastly wound for the sake of seeing how hideous it looked; to stretch me on the rack that you might count my groans, and take a special note of the very order in which each nerve and sinew cracked; to gauge the depth of that anguish which hurried me to the abyss of perdition, and of that tenfold greater anguish, that unutterable agony, which followed the delirium of the moment when I sprung from its brink. But I have learned to know that every pang I suffer here is but a part of an

offended God's appointed penalty for guilt; and though, with the timid shrinking of the flesh, I would have shunned the infliction at the time, I trust I have bowed myself meekly and submissively to it since. Read this, my friend: not now; but when you are alone. *You* can never know what it has cost me to trace the picture; and *I* shall never seek to know with what feelings you have contemplated it."

He put into my hands a small roll of paper, and added with great earnestness, "I have borne my punishment. Such portion of my atonement as that is meant to satisfy is released. Let it not be again exacted!"

It was with a sense of deep humiliation I received the roll from him; for *I* could not enter into *his* impressions, which invested with the character of a propitiatory sacrifice what I considered only as a confession wrung from newly awakened remorse by the prurience of a diseased curiosity. He had read me a severe lesson, and turned my eyes inward upon my own motives with a stern but searching scrutiny.

The writer of what follows is now a partaker of the great mystery of life—its end! I saw him die. His death was perfect resignation to the decree of Heaven; but doubts and fears dismayed his spirit as the curtain fell upon this world, and he hung trembling over the impenetrable obscurity of the next.

I know not with what emotions others may peruse what he wrote. For myself, I may truly say, the remembrance of my own is, and must ever be, among the most painful recollections of my life. It ran thus:

"I can easily imagine that the vague contemplation of suicide as a last and certain refuge, when afflictions become intolerable, has presented itself to thousands, who have never seen the moment when the burden of their sorrows could *not* be borne. But woe to the miserable wretch who at last says to himself, Now I will lay

my burthen down, for I faint, and can go no further!

"I remember the first time I looked beyond the dark vista of my troubles, and saw, as it were, my grave opening its arms to me as a resting place. The world had frowned upon my hopes, and blighted them. I was in sore tribulation, hemmed round with perplexities, and sick even to death with long suffering. It was then that as I stood by the margin of a quiet lake, I looked upon its smooth calm surface, and thought how peaceful all beneath was! I cast a stone upon the waters—it sunk—and the eye could scarcely discern where it had sunk, so quickly all was smooth and undisturbed again. Oh, God! how I wished I were beside that stone! And how I pondered upon the one little step from where I stood—the plunge—the moment's strong buffeting with the wave—and then the quiet sinking to the bottom, lifeless and at rest! A dark, turbid, rolling river could not have whispered such a purpose to my heart. • It would have been too much the image of what I was myself, to allure me to its troubled home. But this gentle, transparent lake, spread out in the solitude like an asylum for the wretched, seemed to woo me to its bosom. Religion had no share in holding me back. I resisted the strong temptation only by the influence of that stronger principle, the mysterious love of life, which makes us unwilling to die, even when the chain that binds us to life is reduced to the solitary link of our prerogative to breathe.

"I continued to breathe—but it was no more. I clung to a world which incessantly shook me off at each convulsive grasp. I was like the mariner who sees his bark drifting upon the rocks, by the force of a current which he cannot stem. The hours of his safety are numbered; and he knows he must perish. It is well for them, that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves on their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the mid-

dest of the stall,' to tell the forlorn of their race. that they may work, and eat, and live. To work, and eat, and live, are *not* the conditions of existence which will satisfy the desires of every heart. MAN has his place in society as the trees of the earth have theirs; and the towering cedar of the mountain will not flourish in the valley, where the lowly shrub and the rank weed thrive. I felt I had *my* place, which I had forfeited by no act of dishonor, and my exclusion from it, therefore, *was* dishonor.

"I am giving you the picture of what I *was*; unveiling the thoughts and feelings of a period of life when youthful hopes, and the aspirings of young ambition, quicken the ardent pulses of generous enterprise; when what we aim at is that which we teach ourselves to call our right; and when less than all we seek is too little to content our proud reckoning of the future. It is not what I *am*. I have now learned to look upon the world as upon a crowded theatre, where he who has not had his place secured must take the best he can find; or, as a much frequented thoroughfare, where all get along, because every one, in his turn, makes way for others.

"I had been worn down by self-created disappointments, when I made my last throw in the game of life. I lost it! Inquire not the stake for which I played. It matters not now. I lost it; and my resolution was taken; in no paroxysm of passion, in no frenzy of despair; but upon what I would *then* have called a calm philosophical estimate of the value of life in relation to its utility to myself and others. I placed before my mind every argument which it was at that moment capable of perceiving in favor of a further struggle, and every argument against it; but the former appeared to me as a grain of the vilest dust, in comparison with the riches of the east.

"My resolution was confirmed. But, oh! what a sickness of the heart came over me, in spite of my-

self, the moment I felt *assured* there was no to-morrow for me. It chanced, that as I returned home that night, I met a friend, whose cordial greeting smote my spirit like a malignant mockery; his smile seemed the cold malice of a friend, taunting me in laughter with his own better fortune; and his careless 'good night,' when we parted, pronounced as men bid good night, who look to meet again, fell upon my ear like a voice from the tomb, proclaiming that I had done with time, for this was *my* last night! It was suited to the chaos of my mind,—for I fancied he ought to have known what was about to happen, and have spared me such derision.

"When I closed the door of my chamber and bolted it—when I took from my pocket two loaded pistols, and laid them gently on the table—and when I seated myself beside that table, calmly and quietly—yes!—calmly and quietly!—for though each artery in my frame beat wildly, and though my brain seemed as if it were clasped in iron, and my blood-shot eyes burned in their sockets—there was not one tremulous pulse at my heart,—when, I say, I thus sate, and gazed upon those little instruments of death which I had prepared—such visions grew upon my fancy as throng only about the dark confines of a future world. Do you ask their nature? The language of man was never framed to tell, what man himself can never know, till he has put off his mortal attributes; which he does, the moment he vanquishes the fear of death, and stands ready to welcome him. I speak not of that victory over death which plucks out his sting, by holy preparation for his coming, whensoever he may come; but of that harder victory over ourselves, which must precede a purpose such as mine was, deliberately meditated and deliberately fulfilled, wherein the intention is equivalent to the act, in all the mysterious operations upon the soul.

"Lord God! what an utter oblivion of the past and of the present

there was, as I placed the muzzle of one of the pistols in my mouth, clenching it involuntarily with my teeth, as if to steady its aim! My finger was on the trigger—and in my left hand I grasped the other. I cannot tell how long I paused: it might be a minute; it might be an hour; for time was already annihilated in my mind. I only know, that even in such a moment, there came over me the dread of hideous mutilation, the possible shattering of my head and face, without death, without the physical energy afterwards to complete my destruction, and the image of a life saved, with a form loathsome to myself and horrible to others. I can well remember, too, when this thought possessed me, with what an agony of caution I withdrew the weapon, lest mere accident should realize the thing I feared; but *that* danger past, I had no other fear. My nerves were strung for the shock itself; I had strained, as it were, my sinews, to bear the sudden blow: and it called for no renewed effort to change the manner of receiving it.

"It is not to inspire you with any false notions of my heroism, or of the stoical apathy of my character, that I mention the fact of my selecting from a case, containing several razors, the one which I considered best adapted for my purpose. I *did* do so; and I did so without perturbation. What followed, was one grim vision of blood and horror! All I *distinctly* recollect is, the pain of the first incision, and the desperate gash with which I frantically followed it up, from

a desire to abridge my sufferings, and from a consciousness that I must go on. To me, too, it seemed as if the blade of the razor had buried itself in my neck; and that I had not power to draw it out. Of my *indistinct* recollections, the most vivid are, my falling from my chair—as I fell, flashes of fire darting from my eyes—a sense of weight on the top of my head, as if my skull were crushing in upon my brain with ponderous bulk—the warm pool of my own blood, in which I lay—and a noise that sounded in my ears like the booming of far off heavy guns. There was a faint glimmering of consciousness pervading my mind of what I had done, not unmixed with shuddering anticipations of what was so soon to follow.

"The rest was a blank! The grave itself could not have been more so. But it is no idle form of words to say, that language has no expression, no combination of phrases, which could even faintly shadow forth the marvellous images of two states of being, of death perfectly remembered—of returning life dimly comprehended—which reared themselves before my imagination as reviving consciousness slowly unfolded itself. The doubts of what I was—of where I was—and the mingling, but undefined, terrors of remorse and guilt, as I obscurely recalled the past, and yielded to the suggestions of the present—awakened emotions of such deep and thrilling awe within me, that the memory of them, even at this distant period, comes over my spirit like a fearful vision of another world!"

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

"O FATHER, Mother!"—"Fear not, mine own Flower!
But they will both be happy, when they see Thee happy as the Morn. Thou must not weep
Any more tears for them; and yet I love That paleness on thy cheek, for Nature's ties
Are holy; but the holiest of them all

Is that, which spite of Fortune and of Fate,
And evil stars, in life and death unites
Two souls whom this bad world and its bad laws
In vain would seek to sever! From that world
Far, far apart, and all its heartlessness,
We two shall live—Oh! let me see thee eyes

Again, and kiss away these idle tears—
And not a whisper ever shall be heard
From any human voice that is not charged
With prayers and blessings upon thee and
thine!

Yes! thou, even in their prayers, shalt still
be call'd

The Flower of Furness, when the poor do
kneel

To Him who pities and forgives us all,
And our transgressions, calling on the
Saints,

And Her whom we adore, to hold thee ever
Under their own protection, as thou walk'st
Among the woods, dispensing charity
To widows and to orphans; every boon
Felt in their sickness, penury, or age,
To be still more angelical and divine,
Because of the sweet sound and the sweet
light

Breathed with it from thy bosom and thine
eyes

Day after day more and more beautiful,
If that indeed may be, from being vow'd
To Love and Pity all life-long, and knowing
No happiness but that of doing good!
Yet, never, never ceasing, till we die,
To hold within the sanctuary of thy heart
Thine own Le Fleming, though unworthy
he,

But for the life-deep passion that attends
Thy coming and thy going, on thy breast
To lay his head in heaven! God bless
that smile!—

Aye! ours will be the sunniest life, my
dove,

That ever glanced or glided o'er the earth!
Sometimes upon thy palfrey, silver-rein'd,
Thy true knight by thy side, through alleys
green

Of glimmering forest, Queenlike thou shalt
go,

As in adventurous days of old Romance;
But peril near thee shall be none, no fiend
Or giant starting up among the woods
All still and beautiful as Faëry Land.
Or habited like huntress, even with bow
In thy fair hand, and o'er thy shoulders fair
A quiver, thou shalt like Diana's self
Pursue the spotted deer. Yet drop of blood
In these our innocent pastimes ne'er shall
stain

Arrow of thine; for thou from infancy
Hast loved the timid race; most sweet to
thee

To stand and look upon the hind at play
In shady places with her fauns, and soon
They all will learn to look upon thy face
With fearless love, nor shun thy noiseless
feet

Along the moss-sward, underneath the
boughs

So mossy of the overarching oaks.
Oh! I will lead thee thro' a hundred vales
Solemn or sweet to visit, our two selves
The only human creatures in the gloom
Flung down like night upon us from the
cliffs

Of huge Helvellyn, where the eagles cry;

Or in the hush, as gentle as thy sleep,
Of lovely Grassmere, where the Church-
Tower stands

Above the ashes of my ancestors,
A place always as peaceful as a dream!
Or floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the River-Lake
Hung for a while between two worlds of
stars!

Nor need'st thou fear, my Innocent, with me
To visit, through the moonshine steering
slow,

On Lady-Isle that Holy Oratory;
And on my bosom leaning, there to pray
That if indeed there any error be,
Frailty, or guilt, or sin, in love like ours,
Even for the dear sake of such contrite tears
As now flow from thine eyes, and still must
flow,—

For fondest kisses cannot reach their source
Profound—there both of us will plead and
pray,

My spirit then as humble as thine own,
That it may be forgiven! But if from Thee
I now must walk away in my despair,
And never, never see thee any more
In all this loveless life, this weary world;
If all my supplications now must fall
Into that bosom, idle as the shower
Of transitory tears which soon will melt
Away in its fair sweetness, how shall I
Bear up against the utter wretchedness
Of such a desolation! Keep my head
From going down to a dishonor'd grave!"

He ceased; nor in that passion did he
know,

Although he dimly fear'd, his wickedness.
For his was not a heart of stone; but fill'd
To overflowing with heroic thoughts,
With tender feelings, and with fancies wild;
A Being he, if ever such there were,
By Nature made to love, and be beloved,
Even as a vernal day. But Pride, the sin
Of seraphs, and of mortal men who stand
Upon the sunny summits of this life,
The native greatness of his character
Had lower'd unawares, and to the core
Corrupted, but not wither'd; for they grew
Strong at the heart, and in luxuriance still,
The passions that were given him to uplift
His soul, and gain for him a name in peace,
Fair, as in war it was most glorious.

And now he would beguile to sin and
shame,

And wo and death, and doom beyond the
grave—

For in the sacred judgments of our souls
Such seems the lot of ruin'd innocence—
That Virgin, whom his love had found as
pure

As dew-drop in a dream, as glad as light
Upon the hills of God!

With clasped hands,
And eyes beseechful, yet upbraiding not,
Imploringly the silent Statue pray'd
That he would yet have pity on her youth,
Even for her parents' sakes! Then like a
dove,

That, stricken by some sudden bird of prey,

Falls moaning near its nest, down at his feet
 She dropt, with one long sigh that seem'd
 to say,
 "My heart is broken!" To the Fairies'
 Well
 He bore the corpse; for in his agony
 That word, most hideous of all hideous
 words,
 Was heard within the dream of his remorse,
 While a more ghastly whiteness overspread
 The face of her whom he had murder'd!
 Lo!
 Through the dim opening of her eyes ap-
 pears
 Something that may be life! The eyelids
 move
 A little, and that glimpse of heavenly blue,
 Faint though it be and clouded, may not
 dwell
 In orbs that have eclipsed been by death.
 See! how the breathing mystery we call
 Soul
 Comes back! Where was it even now,
 when throbb'd
 No pulse—no sense took notice—and the
 heart
 Beat not nor flutter'd, nor one single
 thought
 Remain'd within the many-chamber'd
 brain?
 Gazing bewilder'd on some other world,
 She all at once starts up unto her knees,
 And fixes wildly on Le Fleming's face
 Eyes full of manifest insanity,
 As if she were a fiend unto a fiend
 Gibbering in wrathful speech. Oh! not a
 word
 Has meaning, or, if any meaning range
 Among the alter'd syllablings of names
 Familiar once and sacred, it is such
 As well might break the hardest heart to
 hear,
 Sinful, and like a poisonous breath distill'd
 Even from the dews of those most inno-
 cent lips,
 Even from the sweet stream of those inno-
 cent veins,
 Even from the pure drops of that innocent
 heart,
 Whose worst confessions, before God and
 man,
 A little while ago were scarcely worth
 The shedding of a tear!
 But Mercy's hand
 Hath readjusted now the wondrous springs
 On which the reasonable spirit moves,
 And hath at once her being and her powers,
 All knowledge of herself and of this world,
 Of Heaven and of the God who reigns in
 Heaven;
 Else, in their dread disorder, to the beasts
 That range the fields inferior in all sense
 And feeling, the most sad and terrible
 Of all the sad and terrible things in Nature;
 And once again the Flower of Furness
 shines
 In all her beauty brought back from afar,
 In innocence returning from the gates
 Of Hades. "Yes! I swear by all the stars

Reeling so strangely through the skies—
 by all
 The uncouth glimmering of that moon—
 by Him
 Who died for sinners—and a sinner I
 Beyond all other sinners—and I swear
 By Father and by Mother, whom my sin
 Will soon send to their graves, to follow
 Thee
 Where'er thou beckonest, and in love to lie
 Upon thy breast, though in some dungeon-
 cell
 Our couch may be, among all crawling
 things
 That flesh and blood doth shudder at, and
 life
 Recoils from into madness—I am thine!
 Body and soul—am thine! and for thy sake
 I sacrifice them both to endless death!"

Remorse! What art thou but a pang of
 guilt,
 By the destruction of some bliss enjoy'd
 Alarm'd and troubled, or by vanishing
 Of some bliss madly long'd for? Virtue
 hangs
 Upon a stay more frail than gossamere
 That hangs on Thee! Back from the gates
 of death
 By thee no sinner ever yet was turn'd;
 For thou art as unlike to sweet Contrition
 As the swart Ethiop on the Afric desert
 To Una wandering along Faëry Land!
 As bounds upon the battle-field the soul
 Of warrior to the cry of victory
 Round his Van-banner, bounded then the
 soul
 Of the Le Fleming! Cruel in his bliss,
 And most relentless—nor to pity moved
 By that confession, in their darkness felt
 By very fiends to be most pitiful;
 But even while her parents' ghosts stood by,
 So said the lost child who beheld them
 plain,
 His old grey head and her distracted eyes,
 He tied her to her oath, as to a stake
 Within the roarings of the coming sea;
 And to her fate resign'd, she touch'd his
 lips
 With one kiss cold as tombstone when the
 night
 Descends in frost upon a cemetery.
 Not till the parting that did then befall,
 Could that lost creature ever know that
 Love
 Was but one name for all life's miseries.
 For she had fix'd another Trysting-Hour
 From which she never more was to return
 Unto her sinless bed, but disappear
 Away with him from her old parents' eyes,
 And before God Almighty break their
 hearts.
 The moon had sunk; and over all the stars
 Black clouds came sailing from the sea;
 and sighs
 And groans most human-like went up and
 down
 The creaking woods, with dreariest inter-
 vals

Of utter silence. At the door she stood,
And fear'd to lift the latch ; then blind and
deaf

She totter'd o'er the threshold, and beheld
Her miserable father on his knees,
Before what, by the twinkling of the hearth,
Was seen to be a corpse—her mother's
corpse,

Sitting with unclosed eyelids on a chair,
And staring glazely throughout the gloom,
Straight on his daughter's face ! " My
wickedness

Has kill'd my mother !" And no other
words

Did issue from her lips till morning light ;
But in a most unbreathing trance she lay,
Her father sometimes fearing she was dead.

As if awaking from her usual sleep,
She at her usual hour arose, and knelt
By her bedside to say her usual prayers,
When, all on a sudden starting up, she
paced

Like one who hath deranged been for years,
In strange directions up and down the room,
Eying particular pieces of the walls,
As if that she were reading on a book,
And by the knowledge of some dismal thing
Distracted and amazed. 'Then all at once
Laying her finger on her lips, " Hush !
hush !"

She said, " hush ! hush ! my mother sleeps !
Those cruel sunbeams must not be allow'd
To strike her face !" 'Then with wild
shrieks she flew

Into her father's arms, and tore herself
Next moment from them with distorted
features,
Shouting and yelling, " Fiend—fiend—
fiend !"

The sea,

Whose foam has been through all the thun-
derous night

With floating shipwreck strewn, begins at
morn

To heave in terrible beauty, and subsiding
Hour after hour through all the fitful day
Into a rolling gloom, by sunset, lo !

The world of waters is as still as sleep !
So rag'd—so heaved—so roll'd—and so to
calm

Profound and perfect, that poor maniac's
soul

Return'd. And once again among the woods
The Flower of Furness in her beauty
walk'd ;

But pale and silent as a ghost, and none
In awe and pity dared to speak to her,
Or to the unearthly stillness of her grief.
In his bereavement her old father went,
As he had gone for more than forty years,
To work for their poor livelihood, far off
On the High-Furness fells. The day goes
by,

On which our soul's beloved dies ! The day,
On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
By hands that deck'd it when alive ; the
day

On which the dead is shrouded ; and the day
Of burial—one and all pass by ! The grave

Grows green ere long ; the churchyard
seems a place

Of pleasant rest ; and all the cottages,
That keep forever sending funerals
Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
As if the dwellers therein never died,

And this earth slumber'd in perpetual peace.
For every sort of suffering there is sleep
Provided by a gracious Providence,

Save that of sin. We must at first endure
The simple woe of knowing they are dead,
A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
And wish we were beside them in the dust !
That anguish dire cannot sustain itself ;
But settles down into a grief that loves
And finds relief in unproved tears.

Then cometh Sorrow like a Sabbath !
Heaven

Sends resignation down, and faith ; and last
Of all, there falls a kind oblivion
Over the going out of that sweet light
In which we had our being ; and the
wretch,

Widow'd and childless, laughs in his old
age,

Laughs and is merry even among the tombs
Of all his kindred ! Say not that the dead
Are unforgotten in their graves ! For all
Beneath the sun and moon is transitory ;
And sacred sorrow like a shadow flies,
As unsubstantial as the happiness
Whose loss we vainly wept !

And will She keep

That Trysting-Hour ? And all for love of
him

Who reigneth o'er her soul, as doth the sun,
Though hidden, o'er some melancholy sky,
Forsake her widow'd father's house—the
grave

Of her who died within the very hour
Her daughter pledged her oath to shame
and sin ?

That Trysting-Hour is come. The Wi-
zard's Oak

With its dark umbrage hides them from the
moon

And stars, but yet a little glimmering light
Is in the glade, and He beholds a face,
White as the face of one who hath been
dress'd

That morning for interment, beautiful,
With fixed features that shall never more
Be touch'd by one faint smile ! " My mo-
ther's dead.

And I have been, and fear that I am now,
Not in my proper mind. But I am come,
Though weak in body as I am in soul
Most truly wicked,—I am come to keep
My oath, and go with thee to love and
death !"

It was an hour for Passion's self to die
In Pity ; and the moonshine sadly fell
On his caresses tender now and pure
As those in which a father holds his child,
When call'd on to set sail to-morrow's morn,
From his sole orphan, to some far-off sea.
A sacred hush subdued his blood, which
flow'd

As cold as hers who wept herself away
 Within the embrace she had no cause to
 fear,
 Or turn from in her innocence. Her love
 Was felt to be religion towards one
 Who, while the beatings of his heart met
 hers,
 Knew how to venerate the sanctity
 Of nature overwhelm'd by vast distress.
 By pity touch'd, and shaken by remorse,
 He promised to allow her virgin life,
 At her beseechings, till another Spring
 To breathe amid her native woods; till then
 To come no more upon her solitude.
 "And happily thus," she said, "he might
 forget
 Her sinful sorrow and her sinful love—
 Her sinful self—and better it would be
 For both their sakes, if ere next May-day
 came,
 He were to hear that she was dead and
 buried!"

Into a foreign land he went away.
 The winter came, and all the winter's snow
 Again did melt and melt from the green
 earth;
 And the warm winds of April woke once
 more
 The sweet perennial flowers on bank and
 brae,
 Primrose and violet, with embroidery rare
 Decking the ground-moss in each forest
 glade,
 Around the woodlark's nest. Once more
 the Spring
 Upon the Flower of Furness look'd from
 heaven;
 And well might now the very Elements
 Sigh for her sake and weep. For she hath
 held,
 All through the gloomy days and raving
 nights
 Of winter, converse with a dreadful Shape,
 Shadowy indeed, and unsubstantial,
 Yet obvious on her path whene'er she went
 Alone into the woods—with lips, hands,
 eyes,
 All silent, and its glidings silent too,
 But in its sadness always terrible,
 Although it wore her mother's countenance,
 With such dim alterations as the grave
 Breathes o'er the ghost of one in life be-
 lov'd!
 If to the Fairies' Well she dared to go,
 'T was there! From out the holy Abbey's
 gloom
 It issued! Underneath the Wizard's Oak
 It had its seat; and from the solemn sea,
 If ever near the moonlight waves she
 walk'd,
 Arose the Apparition! That the grave,
 Or land beyond the grave, sends back the
 dead,
 From sin to warn in mercy, or to sin
 To drive in wrath our miserable souls,
 By passion and imagination stirr'd
 From their mysterious depths, hath ever
 been

The creed of guilty creatures, terrified
 By their communion with the spiritual
 world.
 And yet Religion saith we stand in need
 Of no such spectral visitations. Guilt
 The sole creator of all ghosts that haunt
 Her gloom! One dread Idea duly comes,
 As on the dial's face the certain shade,
 Upon our Conscience; and our moral being,
 Immortal prey of its immortal fears,
 Doth shudder at some immaterial Thing
 In which its apprehensions are embodied
 Of divine wrath and retribution;
 A messenger sent to us, so we think,
 From shades that lie beyond the shades of
 death,
 But rising from the night of our own souls
 And lost therein, again to reappear
 When Faith's star sets, and heaven itself
 is black
 As hell extending through Eternity!

"Have pity on your daughter! On the
 child
 Whom you so tenderly on earth did love!
 Have pity on me for our Saviour's sake!"
 But still the frowning Phantom turn'd
 away;
 Nor had the name of the dear Son of God
 Power o'er that icy ear, that icy eye,
 Unchangeable as the Almighty's doom!

May-day had come and gone, and May-
 day night
 From heaven o'er many a merry festival
 Had hung her earliest star. The Trysting-
 Hour
 Fell like a hush upon the woods; and lo!
 True as the sea-tide from some far-off shore,
 The Knight of Rydal, underneath the shade
 Of the Old Wizard's Oak. Nor panted long
 His heart for her sweet footsteps; like a leaf
 Instant she came, as lightly, noiselessly,
 And murmuring in his ear, "Within an
 hour
 Come to my father's hut;" ere he could kiss
 Her brow or breast, the shade had disap-
 pear'd!
 The Knight stood there, till many a bril-
 liant eye
 Look'd through the blue serene; the
 Trysting-Star
 Was close beside the moon; and soon he
 stoop'd
 His eagle-plumes below the humble door
 Within whose shade the Flower of Furness
 slept.
 All full of moonlight was the little room;
 And there, upon her lowly couch did lie,
 Cloth'd in white raiment, free from spot or
 stain.
 As her own virgin limbs, her virgin soul,
 The daughter of the widow'd Forester,
 Whom in his passion he had sought to lure
 To sin and shame, even while he talk'd of
 heaven.
 "These are my bridal robes!" and he beheld
 That she was in her shroud. "Nay, do
 not fear

To kiss my lips, though they be white and cold,
 And whiter still, and colder soon will be !"
 Sweet sounds he heard, but in his agony
 He knew not now the meaning of the words ;
 But well he knew the meaning of the sight
 That swam before his eyes, for death was there,
 As surely as that death is in the grave.
 "Our love was sinful—and my Mother's Ghost
 Was sent by God to save us from our sin.
 Long, long she bore a dreadful countenance,
 For though my spirit shudder'd in remorse,
 It had not known repentance. But last night,
 When I was praying, blest contrition came,
 And at that moment, softer, sweeter far
 Than ever voice of earthly thing could be,
 A whisper said, ' My daughter ! thy great sin
 Hath been forgiven thee !' I raised up my eyes,
 And close beside my bed, within the reach
 Of my embrace, my Sainted Mother stood,
 One of God's Angels, and let fall a kiss
 Upon my mortal brow, that breathed of heaven.
 And now my days are number'd on the earth.
 Before that moon shall set, below the Throne
 Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee ;
 And I may now in death a holier blessing
 Leave with thee, if thy heart indeed be changed,
 Than ever yet did sinful woman's love
 Give to her husband on their bridal day.
 I knew, before I saw that gracious Ghost,
 I had not long to live ; and in the woods,
 Oh ! even beside the Fairies' Well ! I framed
 This shroud, and gather'd for myself these flowers—
 Take one, and keep it for my sake—the rest
 Go with me to the grave. Oh ! never, never,
 Through all the longest life of happiness
 That heaven may have in store for thee, forget

Me, the poor penitent ! and swear to me,
 Swear on this cross, that never more thine eyes
 Will fall with sinful thoughts on any wretch
 Like me—for I, thou saidst, was fair—now look
 Upon my breast—aye, thou mayst kiss it now,
 Unblamed ! And I unblamed may take the kiss
 To heaven ! See—see—they come—they come !
 My mother's Spirit, and my little sister's
 Who left us when a child, and her's who died
 A few days after that her Lover's ship
 Was wreck'd on Holy Isle, my earliest friend,
 Out of our own small family—Holy ones !
 Oh ! bear me with you on your wings away !
 Farewell, my father—weep not for thy child !
 And thou ! for whom I die—Farewell—Farewell !"

He look'd, and she was dead !—The Civil Wars
 Ere long did drench all England in her best
 And richest blood ; and fighting valiantly
 For the Red Rose of Lancaster he fell,
 Foremost among his conquering Chivalry,
 And then his great heart gloriously got rid
 Of all its mortal sorrows. He had told
 Unto his sister, the fair Lady Blanche,
 The story of his love and his despair ;
 A gentle lady, in her pride of place
 Most poor in spirit, and who look'd on life,
 Humble or high, as Christians used to look
 In apostolic days. His obsequies
 Were celebrated—such his own desire—
 In Furness Abbey, and his body laid
 Within its holy cloisters. With a fine
 And pious feeling, she herself design'd,
 In her own brain and her own heart, his Tomb !
 And oft, 'tis said, she came and sate for hours
 Beside the sculptor, while he chisell'd out
 Into the deep repose of shadow'd death
 These Images ! till she through tears beheld
 Her Hero-Brother in his panoply,
 A most majestic Figure ! and as meek
 The Flower of Furness lying at his feet !

THE COBBLER OVER THE WAY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the noisiest inhabitants of the small irregular town of Cranley, in which I had the honor to be born, was a certain cobbler, by name Jacob Giles. He lived exactly over-right our house, in a little appendage to the baker's shop,—an excrescence

from that goodly tenement, which, when the door was closed (for the little square window at its side was all but invisible), might, from its shape and its dimensions, be mistaken for an oven or a pigstye, *ad libitum*. By day, when the half-hatch was open,

and the cobbler discovered at work within, his dwelling seemed constructed purposely to hold his figure; as nicely adapted to its size and motions, as the little toy called a weather-house is to the height and functions of the puppets who inhabit it; only that Jacob Giles's stall was less accommodating than the weather-house, inasmuch as by no chance could his apartment have been made to contain two inmates in any position whatsoever.

At that half-hatch might Jacob Giles be seen stitching and stitching, with the peculiar regular two-handed jerk proper to the art of cobbling, from six in the morning to six at night, — deducting always certain mornings and afternoons and whole days given, whenever his purse or his credit would permit, to the ensnaring seductions of the tap-room at the King's Head. At all other seasons at the half-hatch he might be seen, looking so exactly like a Dutch picture, that I, simple child that I was, took a fine Teniers in my father's possession for a likeness of him. There he sate—with a dirty red night-cap over his grizzled hair, a dingy waistcoat, an old blue coat, darned, patched and ragged, a greasy leather apron, a pair of crimson plush inexpressibles, worsted stockings of all the colors known in hosiery, and shoes that illustrated the old saying of the shoemaker's wife, by wanting mending more than any shoes in the parish.

The face belonging to this costume was rough and weather-beaten, deeply lined and deeply tinted, of a right copper-color, with a nose that would have done honor to Bardolph, and a certain indescribable half-tipsy look, even when sober. Nevertheless, the face, ugly and tipsy as it was, had its merits. There was a humor in the wink and in the nod, and in the knowing roll with which he transferred the quid of tobacco, his constant recreation and solace, from one cheek to the other; there was good humor in the half-shut eye, the pursed up

mouth, and the whole jolly visage; and in the countless variety of strange songs and ballads which, from morning to night, he poured forth from that half-hatch, there was a happy mixture of both. There he sate, in that small den, looking something like a thrush in a goldfinch's cage, and singing with as much power, and far wider range, —albeit his notes were hardly so melodious:—Jobson's songs in the "Devil to Pay," and

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlor, for kitchen, and hall,"

being his favorites.

The half-hatch was, however, incomparably the best place in which to see him, for his face, with all its grotesqueness, was infinitely pleasanter to look at than his figure, one of his legs being shorter than the other, which obliged him to use a crutch, and the use of the crutch having occasioned a protuberance of the shoulder, which very nearly invested him with the dignity of a hump. Little cared he for his lameness! He swung along merrily and rapidly, especially when his steps tended to the alehouse, where he was a man of prime importance, not merely in right of his good songs and his good-fellowship, but in graver moments, as a scholar and a politician, being the best reader of a newspaper, and the most sagacious commentator on a debate, of any man who frequented the tap, the parish clerk himself not excepted.

Jacob Giles had, as he said, some right to talk about the welfare of old England, having, at one time of his life, been a householder, shopkeeper, and elector (N. B. his visits to the ale-house may account for his descent from the shop to the stall) in the neighboring borough of D., a place noted for the frequency and virulence of its contested elections. There was no event of his life on which our cobbler piqued himself so much as on having, as he affirmed, assisted in "saving his country," by forming one of the glorious majority of seven,

by forming one of the glorious majority of seven, by which a Mr. Brown, of those days, a silent, stupid, respectable country gentleman, a dead vote on one side of the house, ousted a certain Mr. Smith, also a country gentleman, equally silent, stupid, and respectable, and a dead vote on the other side. Which parties in the state these two worthy senators espoused, it was somewhat difficult to gather from the zealous champion of the victorious hero. Local politics have commonly very little to do with any general question: the blues or the yellows, the greens or the reds—colors, not principles, predominate at an election,—which, in this respect, as well as in the ardor of the contest, and the quantity of money risked on the event, bears no small resemblance to a horse-race.

Whatever might have been the party of his favorite candidate, Jacob himself was a Tory of the very first water. His residence at Cranley was during the latter days of the French Revolution, when Loyalty and Republicanism, Pittite and Foxite, divided the land. Jacob Giles was a Tory; a Pittite, a Church-and-King, and Life-and-Fortune man—the loudest of the loyal; beld Bonaparte for an incarnation of the evil spirit, and established an Anti-Gallican club at the King's Head, where he got tipsy every Saturday-night for the good of the nation. Nothing could exceed the warmth of Jacob's loyalty. He even wanted to join the Cranley volunteers, quoting to the drill sergeant, who quietly pointed to the crutch and the shoulder, the notable examples of Captain Green who halted, and Lieutenant Jones who was awry, as precedents for his own eligibility. The hump and the limp united were, however, too much to be endured. The man of scarlet declared there was no such piece of deformity in the whole awkward squad, and Jacob was declared inadmissible;—a personal slight (to say nothing of his being debarred the privilege of shedding his blood in defence of the king and con-

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stitution) which our cobbler found so hard to bear, that with the least encouragement in the world from the opposition of Cranley, he would have rattled. One word of sympathy would have carried Mr. Giles, and his songs and his tipsyness, to the "Russell-and-Sidney Club" (Jacobins, Jacob used to call them) at the Grey-hound; but the Jacobins laughed, and lost their proselyte; the Anti-Gallicans retained Jacob,—and Jacob retained his consistency.

How my friend the cobbler came to be theoretically so violent an Anti-jacobin is best known to himself. For certain he was in practice far more of what would in these days be called a radical; was constantly infringing the laws which he esteemed so perfect, and bringing into contempt the authorities for which he professed such enthusiastic veneration. Drunk or sober, in his own quarrels, or in the quarrels of others, he waged a perpetual war with justice; hath been seen to snap his fingers at an order of sessions, the said order having for object the removal of a certain barrel-organ man, "his ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;" and got into a *demelé* with the church in the person of the old sexton, whom he nearly knocked down with the wind of his crutch (N. B. Jacob took care not to touch the old man) for driving away his clients, the boys who were playing at marbles on the tomb-stones. Besides these skirmishes, he was in a state of constant hostility with the officials called constables; and had not his reputation, good or bad, stood him in stead, his Saturday-nights' exploits would have brought him acquainted with half the roundhouses, bridewells, stocks, and whipping-posts in the country. His demerits brought him off. "It's only that merry rogue, Jacob!" said the lenient: "only that sad dog the cobbler!" cried the severe: and between these contrary epithets, which in Master Giles's case, bore so exactly the same meaning, the poor cobbler escaped.

In good truth, it would have been a

pity if Jacob's hebdomadal deviations from the straight path had brought him into any serious scrape, for, tipsy or sober, a better-natured creature never lived. Poor as he was, he had always something for those poorer than himself; would share his scanty dinner with a starving beggar, and his last quid of tobacco with a crippled sailor. The children came to him for nuts and apples, for comical stories and droll songs; the very curs of the street knew that they had a friend in the poor cobbler. He even gave away his labor and his time. Many a shoe hath he heeled with a certainty that the wretched pauper could not pay him; and many a job, extra-official, hath he turned his hand to, with no expectation of fee or reward. The "Cobbler over the way" was the constant resource of everybody in want of a help, and whatever the station or circumstances of the person needing him, his services might be depended on to the best of his power.

For my own part, I can recollect Jacob Giles as long as I can recollect anything. He made the shoes for my first doll—(pink I remember they were)—a doll called Sophy, who had the misfortune to break her neck by a fall from the nursery window; Jacob Giles made her pink slippers, and mended all the shoes of the family, with whom he was a universal favorite. My father delighted in his statesmanship, which must have been very entertaining; my mother in his benevolence; and I in his fun. He used to mimic Punch for my amusement; and I once greatly affronted the real Punch, by preferring the cobbler's performance of the closing scenes. Jacob was a general favorite in our family; and one member of it was no small favorite of Jacob's: that person was neither more nor less than my nursery-maid, Nancy Dawson.

Nancy Dawson was the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, a lively, clever girl, more like a French *soubrette* than an English maid-servant, *gentille* and *espiègle*; not a regular

beauty,—hardly perhaps pretty; but with bright laughing eyes, a ready smile, a pleasant speech, and altogether as dangerous a person for an opposite neighbor as an old bachelor could desire. Jacob became seriously enamored; wasted half his mornings in watching our windows, for my nursery looked out upon the street; and limped after us every afternoon when she took me (a small damsel of three years old, or thereabout) out walking. He even left off his tobacco, his worsted night-cap, his tipsyness, and his Saturday-night's club; got a whole coat to his back, set a patch on his shoe, and talked of taking a shop and settling in life. This, however, was nothing wonderful. Nancy's charms might have fired a colder heart than beat in the bosom of Jacob Giles. But that Nancy should "abase her eyes" on him: there was the marvel. Nancy! who had refused Peter Green the grocer, and John Keep the butcher, and Sir Henry's smart game-keeper, and our own tall footman! Nancy to think of a tipling cripple like the cobbler over the way,—that was something to wonder at!

Nancy, when challenged on the subject, neither denied nor assented to the accusation. She answered very demurely that her young lady liked Mr. Giles, that he made the child laugh, and was handy with her, and was a careful person to leave her with if she had to go on an errand for her mistress or the housekeeper. So Jacob continued our walking footman.

Our walks were all in one direction. About a mile south of Cranley was a large and beautiful coppice, at one corner of which stood the cottage of the woodman, a fine young man, William Wheeler by name, whose sister Mary was employed by my mother as a sempstress. The wood, the cottage, and the cottage garden, were separated by a thick hedge and wide ditch from a wild broken common covered with sheep—a common full of turfy knolls and thymy banks, where the heath flower and the hare-bell blew profusely, and where the

sun poured forth a flood of glory on the golden-blossomed broom. To one corner of this common,—a sunny nook, covered with little turfy hillocks, originally, I suppose, formed by the moles, but which I used to call Cock-Robins' graves,—Nancy generally led; and there she would frequently, almost constantly, leave me under Jacob's protection while she jumped over a stile inaccessible to my little feet, sometimes to take a message to Mary Wheeler, sometimes to get me flowers from the wood, sometimes for blackberries, sometimes for nuts,—but always on some ostensible and well-sounding errand.

Nancy's absences, however, became longer and longer; and one evening Jacob and I grew mutually fidgety. He had told his drollest stories, made his most comical faces, and played Punch twice over to divert me; but I was tired and cross; it was getting late in the autumn; the weather was cold; the sun had gone down; and I began to cry amain for home and for papa. Jacob, much distressed by my plight, partly to satisfy me, and partly to allay his own irritability, deposited me in the warmest nook he could find, and scrambled over the stile in search of Nancy. Voices in the wood—her voice and William's—guided him to the spot where she and the young forester sate side by side at the foot of an oak tree; and, unseen by the happy couple, the

poor cobbler overheard the following dialogue.

"On Saturday then, Nancy, I may give in the banns. You are sure that your mistress will let your sister take your place till she is suited?"

"Quite sure," rejoined Nancy; "she is so kind."

"And on Monday fortnight the wedding is to be. Remember, not an hour later than eight o'clock on Monday fortnight. Consider how long I have waited—almost half a year."

"Well!" said Nancy, "at eight o'clock on Monday fortnight."

"And the cobbler!" cried William; "that excellent under-nurse, who is waiting so contentedly on our little lady at the other side of the hedge!"

"Ah, the poor cobbler!" interrupted Nancy.

"We'll ask him to the wedding-dinner," added William.

"Yes; the poor cobbler!" continued the saucy maiden; "my old lover, the 'Cobbler over the way,' we'll certainly ask him to the wedding-dinner. It will comfort him."

And to the wedding-dinner the cobbler went; and he was comforted: he kissed the pretty bride; he shook hands with the handsome bridegroom, resumed his red cap and his tobacco, got tipsy to his heart's content, and reeled home singing "God save the king," right happy to find himself still a bachelor.

A DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

Mourn, mourn, winter is near!
Autumn is gone and fled,
The winds sweep by with a sullen roar,
And the dark waves foam on the chafed shore,
Yellow and brown and red;
The forest multitudes flock to their cold damp bed;
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

Doth not the mighty Sea
Moan, Wind, as thou sweepest over it?
Betwixt you there may no friendship be,
Ever it curlth in scorn of thee
When the shade of thy mighty wings doth cover it.
Then storm cometh and tempest drear:
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

Thus Time spreadeth his wing,
And the World leaps up with a scornful pride;
Shame on your strife,
World and Time!
From the same hour ye drew your life;
Together ye have won your prime;
And ye will pass away
When the Judge shall his final pomp display,
Both in one day!
Mourn, mourn, winter is near,
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

The spring will smile on the bier
Where the hours have lain to rest
The pale dead year!
And the earth will put on another dress,

Rejoicing in her own loveliness,
 And the sun will call from their narrow bed
 The germs which the winter hath prisoned,
 And the streams that with weeds now bridled be,
 With currents clear
 Will flow : earth and air, and the mighty
 sea,
 Will rejoice in their strength, calm and free !
 Mourn, Hours, for the Year !

And we shall linger here :
 Mid the youth of things, with hearts grown
 old :
 Through the genial spring, icy and cold !
 Alas, why may not we,
 With the months, that dying be,
 Pass to our eternal rest ?
 Free from pride, and hate, and fear,
 We were blest !
 Woe for the dying Year !

DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

DODDRIDGE was one of those marked and foremost men that alone deserve to be remembered among posterity, and of whom details, apparently the most inconsiderable, are strictly matters of interest to all who delight in analysing the characters and tracing the conduct of men of superior powers. Of what advantage is it to contemplate the course of mediocrity, or study the effusions of those whose career and whose influence are scarcely distinguishable from thousands of their contemporaries—but to encourage indolence, foster prejudice, and obstruct the progress of intelligence ? There is nothing exciting about such persons ; while the men, whose native energies, struggling into light, gave them priority and power among their equals, and commanded their esteem and admiration, infuse, by their example and success, fresh stimulus into a thousand generations. But then it is not enough to be told—here they were born, and there they were taught—this was their field of action, and those were their associates—such and such were their productions, composed under such circumstances and on such occasions ;—we desire to know the individual more intimately, more familiarly—in all his relations, at home and abroad, in the bosom of his family, and the intercourse of his friends, in his undress as well as his state-dress ; and wherever the means of communicating such information exist, it is surely a moral and sacred duty in the possessor to produce them fully

and frankly. To act thus would indeed enlighten ; whereas, to conceal one half of the man is only to keep us in the dark, and deprive us of the real benefit to be gathered from the closer knowledge of such as, endowed with higher abilities, are destined by nature to advance the course of moral knowledge. In the case of Doddridge, materials exist in abundance, and, luckily, they have at length fallen into the hands of a man—a great-grandson of the author's—with sense and spirit enough to present them to the world *unmutilated*. They consist of a considerable mass of correspondence, the greater part written in his earlier days, before he was involved in his more serious and pressing engagement ; and a diary, descriptive not of daily and minute occurrences, but of the state of his private feelings, and the more striking incidents of his life. Why, it may be asked, have they been so long withheld ? One reason probably was, the little value that was, till of late, set upon personal details by the public, and the consequent apprehension they would be welcome but to few ; and some scruple, moreover, was felt, lest the publication of such familiar matters might derogate from the dignity of the author, unduly contrast with the gravity of a personage like Doddridge, and exhibit him in a light scarcely becoming his theological character. But, thanks to the more liberal, or at least more inquisitive spirit of our times, original and personal documents are sought after

* The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. &c. &c. Edited by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq.

with increasing ardor, and are prompted, we are disposed to think, by an unquenchable desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, relative to the great of by-gone days. It is one of the best signs of the intelligence of our times, that while profession and perhaps hypocrisy are more justly chargeable on society than ever they were, and more concealments are aimed at, discovery and exposure with respect to the past are almost universally pursued; a sort of passion urges numbers to strip off old disguises of all kinds, and get precisely at things as they were. This, in spite of all obstruction, will lead us inevitably to judge correctly of things as they are; the application of past experience to the analysis and estimate of the present, is irrepressible; and we thus shall at once instruct ourselves, and establish surer principles for the guidance of those who come after us.

The portion of Doddridge's correspondence now published is exclusively that of his youth, extending only to his twenty-seventh year, and containing little of the grave matters and graver discussions the reader might haply anticipate from so venerable a name. The topics are chiefly relative to matters of personal interest—to the course of his education—to the subjects of his lighter readings—the affairs of his friends—the state of his feelings and affections—his solitude in the obscure village he resides in, and the unlicked and unintelligent society his intercourse with the world is confined to. He was not yet in conflict with much of the important business of life. In a subsequent portion, we shall find him in correspondence with all the more influential of his own class, and with many of the distinguished personages of the day, appealed to as authority, and respected as a sage and a saint; but with this we have nothing at present to do. If the reader be disappointed by lack of incidents, or the absence of weighty topics, he will be amply repaid by the truth and nature

that reign through the whole of his communications with his familiar friends. He writes with all the warmth and vivacity of youth; free from all affectation, and unrestrained by any mistrust. He has no misgivings, no apprehension of misconstruction, in the midst of what has occasionally an air of levity. Light-hearted and unsophisticated, he indulges his natural gaiety and turn for humor, and gives expression to the promptings of a playful fancy, in a tone of innocent badinage, that must be felt at once to be perfectly guiltless. Mr. Humphreys has clipped away none of this exuberance; he is too wise a man to comply with the fastidious and sectarian admirers of Dr. Doddridge. "Should the gaiety of expression," says he, "conspicuous in much of the correspondence, be to any a source of offence, I wish them warmer hearts and sounder heads."

Doddridge was of the class of dissenters known by the name of Non-conformists, and advantageously distinguished from the dissidents of the day, usually termed dissenters. The ministers were men of a more learned cast, most of them of respectable family connexion, and of more liberal society—men whose ancestors had sacrificed interest to integrity, and themselves refusing to temporize from the same honorable motive. In this class Doddridge was born and bred; and piety and principle were among the first feelings excited and confirmed in him. In the year 1712, then ten years of age, he was sent to Kingston-upon-Thames, to a school which had been kept by his mother's father, and which is by some mistake called the Grammar-school. About three years after he had been thus placed at Kingston, he lost both his parents; and some expressions of resignation, written by him on that melancholy occasion, show how carefully his religious duties had been inculcated, and how habitually and easily religious thoughts rose in his young mind. By the persons under whose guardian-

ship he fell on the death of his parents, he was removed to a school at St. Alban's, where he was also introduced to the notice and regard of Mr. Samuel Clark, the pastor of the Non-conformist congregation of the town, himself the son of an ejected minister of some distinction; and into this gentleman's church, according to the custom of those days and of the party, after due preparation, he was solemnly admitted a member, in his sixteenth year. While at this school, his piety and benevolence were early conspicuous; when only fourteen, though still mingling eagerly in the amusements of his age, he was, for the most part, quite a little man—methodizing his time, and keeping exact accounts of the disposal of it. He assisted his school-fellows, selecting those especially who he knew had not the same advantages as himself, and visited the neighboring cottages, reading the bible to the inmates, and expending his pocket-money for the relief of their necessities.

While at St. Albans the desire of devoting himself to the "ministry" became the settled purpose of his soul, and he accordingly began a course of preparation; but this was very soon broken in upon by the failure of his guardian, in whose bankruptcy was wrecked the whole of the family property. He took refuge with his sister, and while thus in anxious suspense, the Duchess of Bedford offered to place him at either of the Universities if he would adopt the Church as his future profession. He magnanimously declined this offer, though coming at so critical and tempting a period, on the ground of *subscription*, to which he already felt he could never bring himself to accede. As the ministry was still the first object of his wishes, and his hope of assistance for the accomplishment of it naturally resting on the dissenters, an appeal was made to Dr. Calamy, the head of that body, but from whom, unhappily, he met with nothing but a cold repulse, and advice to turn his attention to something

else. Mr. Humphreys speculates upon Calamy's motives for thus discouraging an ardent youth like Doddridge, and at last kindly, but gratuitously, concludes he must have been influenced by the delicate and frail appearance of his health;—he was tall and singularly slender, with a languid fullness of eye, and a mantling flush upon his cheek—the common heralds of early death. Checked thus in the attainment of his wishes, the law seemed his only source, and through the recommendation of a friend of the family, an advantageous proposal was made him in a solicitor's office, with which he was just on the point of closing, when he received a letter from Mr. Clark, of St. Alban's, with a frank offer, if he chose the ministry upon Christian principle, to take him under his own care. To Doddridge this generous offer was like a message from heaven, and he eagerly expressed his acceptance.

To this gentleman he accordingly hastened, and by him, at the end of a few months, was placed, in 1719, at an academy established at Kibworth, near Harborough, in Leicestershire—a leading place of education among Dissenters, ably conducted by Mr. John Jennings, a man of learning, piety, and candor. Here were nearly three years' admirably spent in the steady and unflinching prosecution of his studies, under the friendly guidance of a man of no common attainments, in the simple society of his tutor's family, and a few fellow students of the same class and the same views, apart from all that could distract or corrupt. His incomparable friend Mr. Clark, though himself in the narrowest circumstances, undertook the discharge of his expenses, which, small as they were, was a matter of considerable difficulty, but cheerfully borne. The influence of his tutor now and then obtained him a guinea or two, for books, from dissenting societies and private friends; and occasionally came a trifle from Lady Jane Russell, who lived within a few miles of Kibworth, to whom at

stated seasons he paid formal visits, and with whom, in after-life, he kept up a frequent and confidential intercourse by letters.

During his residence at Kibworth begins the correspondence now published, which is continued with one or other of his correspondents so uninterruptedly, that it presents a full account of his fortunes and course of life for ten years, the period of his final removal to Northampton, where he settled as the pastor of that congregation, and the principal of the dissenting academy. The correspondence from Kibworth is addressed chiefly to Mr. Clark, and a sister of that gentleman, and occasionally to his own sister, and two or three ladies, the friends of Mr. Clark or his own family, whom he usually styles his mamma or his aunt. The letters to Mr. Clark are descriptive of his studies and of his readings. His opinions of the books he was perusing, though at so early an age, are marked by the soundest judgment, but especially by that liberality of sentiment which characterised him through life, and which, indeed, distinguished most of the eminent men of his party, in his own age, and in that which immediately preceded. His letters to his sister are full, as occasion called forth his feelings, of affectionate sympathy, or playful complaint; while those which are addressed to his lady friends testify the warmth of his affections and the kindness of his nature, and exhibit him in the most amiable and attractive light, with a degree of gaiety and liveliness that seems never, in after-life, to have deserted him. Of this gaiety the reader shall have a specimen, and let no fastidious person turn up his or her nose—the evident *naïveté* may well excuse the apparent *brusquerie*. He is addressing the lady whom he calls his Aunt.

“Your rules of behavior are certainly very judicious. But the business of kissing wants a little farther explanation. You tell me, the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow

of *extemporary* kissing; which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence as would make your hair stand on end! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider, that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into farther irregularities, (not to say, that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature,) and so I refrain. But to-morrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavor to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st of October.”

Here is another specimen, in a style of compliment little to be expected from a raw lad under twenty, bred up in absolute seclusion, in a remote village, and in the absence of all courtly society:

“You see, madam, I treat you with

rustic simplicity, and perhaps talk more like an uncle than a nephew. But I think it is a necessary truth, that ought not to be concealed, because it may possibly disoblige. In short, madam, I will tell you roundly, that if a lady of your character cannot bear to hear a word in her own commendation, she must rather resolve to go out of the world, or not attend to anything that is said in it. And if you are determined to indulge this unaccounted humor, depend upon it, that with a thousand excellent qualities and agreeable accomplishments, you will be one of the most unhappy creatures in the world. I assure you, madam, you will meet with affliction every day of your life. You frown, when a home-bred, unthinking boy tells you that he is extremely entertained with your letters. Surely you are in a downright rage, whenever you converse with gentlemen of refined taste and solid judgment; for I am sure, let them be ever so much upon their guard, they cannot forbear tormenting you about an agreeable person, a fine air, a sparkling wit, steady prudence, and unaffected piety, and a thousand other things, that I am afraid to name, although even I can dimly perceive them; or if they have so much humility as not to talk of them to your face, you will be sure to hear of them at second hand. Poor aunt! I profess I pity you; and if I did but know any one circumstance of your character that was a little defective, I would be sure to expatiate upon it out of pure good-nature."

With all this gaiety, which some will term levity, he was not only assiduous in the pursuits of learning, but zealous in the cultivation of his moral qualities, and the practice of his religious duties. The rules which he laid down for his own guidance, while a student, have all the self-severity of the stoic, and the rational humility of the Christian.

Doddridge was now in his twentieth year, when his tutor removed to Hinckley, whither he accompanied him. Within a week or two, he was

prevailed upon by Mr. Jennings to make his appearance in the pulpit of a friend of his at Nuneaton. In a letter to his sister, he speaks of it in these terms:

"I preached my first sermon on Sunday morning, to a very large auditory, from 1 Cor. xvi. 22. It was a plain, practical discourse, and cost me but a few hours' study; but as I had the advantage of a very moving subject, and a good-natured, attentive people, it was received much better than I could have expected. There was one good old woman, that was a little offended to see such a lad get up into the pulpit; but I had the good fortune to please her so well, that as soon as I had done, she told Mrs. Jennings that she could lay me in her bosom."

Though preaching now almost every week, and sometimes oftener, he still continued for some months with his old tutor, to complete what was termed the theological course; and such was the reception his animated style of preaching met with, that he was quickly invited to so important a post as Coventry, and declined it only to avoid some probable conflict or jealousy with older men. In the mean while, Kibworth had had no regular minister since Jennings left it. Doddridge had often filled the pulpit, and the little society were earnest to have him settled among them. Thirty, or five-and-thirty pounds was the utmost they could raise; but to this place Doddridge finally resolved to go, partly as a place where he might uninterruptedly prosecute his studies, and partly to gain time to qualify for a more intelligent or fastidious congregation. His correspondence, much of it to the same parties, still takes the same light and bantering tone. Addressing a lady just married—"a very agreeable lady who was once—Mrs. Rebecca Roberts," and soliciting excuse for his neglect of her "charming and edifying letter," he proceeds:

"As I throw myself at your fair feet with tears of penitence, let me

entreat you to raise me with the hand of gentleness, and bestow upon me a kiss of forgiveness; and thus show that you are the kindest, as well as the fairest of your sex; and (by graciously restoring me to that place in your favor which I had most ungraciously forfeited) make me the happiest, though I have been the most unworthy of my own. You see this is an altitude of rapture far above my common strain of writing; but you will remember, madam, that it is the greatness of my concern that has thus elevated and transported me.

"To talk a little more seriously, you cannot imagine how I have been taken up these three last guilty months. I never had so much business in my life—and I am still in such haste, that I know not how to express it but by blots and blunders. I have frequently been on horseback three days in a week, and have had the important business of two Societies and three mistresses upon my hands at the same time. This is as good an excuse as so bad a cause will admit of. But I believe, upon second thoughts, that I need not concern myself about an excuse; for, I assume, on a moderate computation, it is about fifty to one, that you have never thought of me since you wrote the superscription to my letter; for I perceive you are just entering upon the holy state of wedlock, and I know that is enough to swallow up all other thoughts. Well, good, dear madam, send me word in your next, how, and where, and when you were married, and whether you are still the same gay, good-natured creature as you were when you were a maid—of Bethnal-green. I profess I am almost sorry to think, that one of our sex is to be made happy in your possession, and a thousand miserable in your loss. I heartily wish I were a poet, as I would then have sent you a most glorious epithalamium; but, however, as I am a minister, a more honorable, though not a more profitable employment, I intend, in my next, to give a most accurate and useful discourse relating to

the conjugal duties, for which I shall expect your thanks, and a pair of kid gloves from your husband

"One great piece of news I have to tell you, and then I must finish my letter. I am going to settle at Kibworth, in the place of my worthy tutor, and a worthy successor he will have. I am to live in a little village in the neighborhood, where I shall have a charming girl in the house with me, and not another within half a score miles. If I mistake not, my philosophy will be in danger, for she is really an incomparable creature."

At Kibworth, or rather at Stretton, a village just by, he describes his situation to one of his female correspondents in these lively terms:—

"You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbor under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green-sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honor to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun; when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these

inanimate beauties, that I fancy that I am like Adam in Paradise ; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

"The master and mistress of the family, where I board, are very good, plain sort of people ; but his politeness extends no farther than the team and the plough, nor hers than the poultry or the dairy ; and they are so much taken up with these important affairs, that your poor friend has but little of their company. I swear by the Heart of my Mistress, which is the supreme oath, that I am very frequently alone twenty-one hours in the twenty-four ; and sometimes breakfast, dine, and sup by myself. I cannot say that this hermetic life, as multitudes would call it, is very agreeable to my natural temper, which inclines me to society. I am, therefore, necessarily obliged to study hard ; and, if it were not for that resource, my life would be a burden. You cannot imagine how I long for the enjoyment of my friend Clio, who is in my thoughts a thousand times a day : and so far from burning her letters, which she was once so barbarous as to intimate, I read them oftener than ever."

In a few months he left this farmer's, and took up his residence at the house of another farmer of a somewhat higher cast, whose daughter he had known at Mr. Jennings's, and of whom he often speaks as his "pretty pupil." The consequence of this proximity was inevitable with a youth of Doddridge's warm and imaginative temperament : he became quickly, devotedly attached ; but the young lady, though confessing a mutual flame, was somewhat capricious, and seems at times to have harassed her admirer and shaken his equanimity—now accepting and now refusing—not understanding *why* she should marry Doddridge without a competent provision, when she could marry another *with*. Doddridge had nothing but his 30*l.* and she nothing but expectancies, which, though considerable, were re-

mote. The friends of the lady, never very favorable to the match, suffered the affair to go on, and of course, though nothing could alienate his mind from the duties of his profession, or scarcely check the severity of his studies, she occupied much of his thoughts, and his attentions to her subjected him to remark. No indiscretions followed, as apparently in our days, with the same opportunities, would in nine cases out of ten inevitably have done—so relaxed are the springs of good morals among us, proved by the greater precautions we now take, and the smile of incredulity that would be raised by the contrary supposition.

In the meanwhile he had numerous invitations, or *calls*, from different quarters, and some of them of great importance in the Non-conformist world—Nottingham, Coventry again, and even London ; but all were declined ; some because he was required to *subscribe*. Speaking of the London call, he says, "Considering the temper of the people, I thought it very probable that I should have been required to subscribe, which I was resolved never to do ; for as I had been accustomed, under my dear tutor, to that latitude of expression which the scriptures indulge and recommend, I could not resolve upon tying myself up in trammels, and obliging myself to talk in the phrases of the Assembly's Catechism, which Mr. Some told me would have been necessary there." In this matter of subscription there is some inconsistency, which we cannot readily reconcile. He refused the Duchess of Bedford's offers because he could not matriculate without subscription, but that was to the whole thirty-nine. The subscription required from dissenting ministers was to the doctrinal articles, with which he now resolves to have nothing to do ; and yet we find, when he began to preach in the neighborhood of Hinckley, he did subscribe at Leicester—Mr. Humphreys adds in a note, he could not safely preach without. We must conclude either the enforcing of

the law at this time was relaxed, or Doddridge was grown firmer.

The correspondence which belongs to this period, though containing much that is of a graver cast, and some that are argumentative on points of doctrine and criticism, is, for the most part, of the same light and sportive character. It is no part of our present purpose to notice what may be regarded by some of more importance. The next fasciculus, which will be published in the coming season, will comprise the more weighty part, and also the Diary, when ample opportunities will be afforded us of presenting this excellent, liberal-minded person in the light which his admirers (some of them at least) probably think he ought only to have appeared in. This is not our opinion. We like him the better for his *humanity*. Things as they are, is our motto, and away with disguises. Saturnine must be the complexion that does not smile at the specimen of the mock-pathetic, in vol. i. p. 405.

The connexion with Miss Kitty, which occupied so large a portion of his thoughts, and fills so many of his letters, was suddenly broken off; an event thus communicated to his brother-in-law:—"Restoration, peace, and liberty! These few lines come to let you know that I am well: and that I lost my mistress yesterday, about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon, and am, &c." The young lady had, it seems, been imperative, and insisted on his breaking off all connexion with Mrs. Jennings, his tutor's widow, of whom she appears to have been vehemently jealous. Devoted as he was to Miss Kitty, he peremptorily rejected the imperious condition, and moralizes thus on the subject to his friend Mr. Clark:—"And now, Sir, I have seriously to look back upon an *amour* (this was written in 1726, the reader will take the word as it was then used) of about twenty-eight months, and I find that, at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond

transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagancies, which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name, I have only purchased a more lively conviction that *all is vanity!*"

Doddridge now resided with Mrs. Jennings and her daughter at Harborough; the latter a beautiful girl, but quite a child, to whom, however, insensibly, and in despite of her childishness, he became warmly attached, and would willingly have married her; but this act of imprudence was prevented by her finally fixing her affections on a pupil of Doddridge's. This was Mr. Aikin; and the young lady was afterwards the mother of Mrs. Barbauld. Among the letters written during his residence with Mrs. Jennings, none are more remarkable than his expostulatory one to little Miss, and two, of a retaliatory kind, to the mother, and a sister or cousin of hers, who lived in the same house. Miss Jennings, whom he had at first fondled as a child, began quickly to perceive, with all her sex's instinct, her power over him, and treated him capriciously. In his letter, he urges her to be either always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; but though managed adroitly enough, it will not compete with either of the letters to the elder ladies, both of whom, it seems, had taken upon them to read him (he was now not four-and-twenty) a matronly lecture, and probably expected nothing less than such a retort. We may perhaps quote these hereafter.

As he grows older, Doddridge's talents and acquirements become more known, and everywhere acknowledged; his friends multiply; he is engaged in correspondence more connected with his profession and the business of life; and the young man gradually disappears, but never the hilarity and amiableness of his nature. The volumes conclude with his removal to Northampton, the scene of all his after-celebrity.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET, &c.*

WE find in this new publication only another enchanting proof of female genius; original, varied, delightful, and exalted. That there may be marks of carelessness or haste in passages—or rather that the writer will not waste a systematic polish upon the treasures which her gifted mind pours so profusely forth—will not escape the microscopic regard of the minute examiner; but the splendid poetical imagery,—the superabundant evidence of true inspiration, the ever-recurring flashes of new thoughts, and the passionate bursts of noble strains, which prevail throughout the whole, will bear along the soul of every reader of taste and feeling; and all will be unnoticed, save the magic power of this extraordinary individual. We profess that we have no terms high enough to speak our admiration of many parts of the volume before us, alternating from depths of sentiment to the most pathetic touches of nature; and from simple ideas of perfect novelty and exquisite beauty, to prolonged themes of moral and philosophical grandeur, which seem rather the attribute of masculine understanding and profound reflection than the emanations of a young and feminine spirit, though endued with that marvellous faculty which we know to be genius, and to be as different from talent or cultivated intellect, as the sun which lights is different from the reflected image of the lake or stream. And it is to this rare quality, after all, that the homage of fame is paid. The level and ordinary, though sweet and graceful, composition, excites none of those strong emotions which genius raises at command; we are pleased and gratified, but the heart never gushes over in a flood of sympathy, struck from it by the master-stroke of the prophet's wand; the soul never rises with the sublime sentiment; the involuntary

exclamation of wonder and rapture is never elicited by that irresistible appeal which wakens its response in the inmost cells of the human bosom. It is to genius, and to genius alone, that such an empire belongs; and without referring to the many preceding instances in which L. E. L. has asserted her rights to the throne, we are indeed deplorably mistaken if the following selections will not cause it to be again acknowledged by common and universal assent.

Of the first of the poems, "the Venetian Bracelet," we shall, however, say nothing, except that, as an attractive story, it is perhaps more completely wrought out than any of the writer's former productions. The "Lost Pleiad" (from which Mr. Howard and Mr. W. Finden have painted and engraved one of the loveliest gems of a frontispiece that we ever saw) is also a tale of great and affecting interest: it is that of the Star which, according to heathen mythology, formed an earthly attachment, and lost its place in that heavenly constellation where the other six daughters of Atlas still continued to shed their celestial influence. From this poem we make our commencing extract.

"Oh pleasant is it for the heart
To gather up itself apart;
To think its own thoughts, and to be
Free as none ever yet were free,
When, prisoners to their gilded thrall,
Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall!
With frozen feelings, tutor'd eye,
And smile which is itself a lie.
—Oh, but for lonely hours like these,
Would every finer current freeze;
Those kindlier impulses that glow,—
Those clear and diamond streams that flow
Only in crystal, while their birth
Is all unsoil'd with stain of earth.
Ever the lover hath gainsay'd
The creed his once religion made,—
That pure, that high, that holy creed,
Without which love is vain indeed;
While that which was a veiled shrine,
Whose faith was only not divine,
Becomes a vague, forgotten dream—
A thing of scorn—an idle theme.

* The Venetian Bracelet; the Lost Pleiad; the History of the Lyre; and other Poems. By L. E. L., author of "the Improvisatrice," "the Troubadour," "the Golden Violet," &c. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1829.

Denied, degraded, and repress,
Love lies beneath the heartless jest.
Oh vain ! for not with such can be
One trace of his divinity.
Ever from poet's lute hath flown
The sweetness of its early tone,
When from its wild flight it hath bow'd,
To seek for homage 'mid the crowd ;
Be the one wonder of the night,
As if the soul could be a sight ;
As all his burning numbers speak
Were written upon brow and cheek ;
And he forsooth must learn its part,
Must choose his words, and school his heart
To one set mould, and pay again
Flattery with flattery as vain ;
Till, mixing with the throng too much,
The cold, the vain, he feels as such ;
Then marvels that his silent lute
Beneath that worldly hand is mute.
—Away ! these scenes are not for thee :
Go dream beneath some lonely tree ;
Away to some far woodland spring,
Dash down thy tinsel crown, and wring
The scented unguents from thine hair :
If thou dost hope that crown to share
The laurel'd bards immortal wear,—
Muse thou o'er leaf and drooping flower,
Wander at evening's haunted hour ;
Listen the stockdove's plaining song
Until it bear thy soul along ;
Then call upon thy freed lute's strain,
And it will answer thee again.
Oh, mine own song, did I not hold
Such faith as held the bards of old,—
That one eternal hope of fame
Which sanctifies the poet's name,—
I'd break my lyre in high disdain,
And hold my gift of song as vain
As those forced flowers which only bloom
One hot night for a banquet-room."

"The History of the Lyre" is one of L. E. L.'s very powerful compositions. Here she is upon her own peculiar and impassioned theme ; painting in language of deep and touching pathos the feelings and the sufferings of those who are gifted with the dangerous love of song ; and here she sweeps, with exquisite spirit and truth, over chords to which the heart of every bard, or young or old, or male or female, that ever longed for fame and immortality, will as surely and sensitively respond as human nature is human nature. Eulalia, a Roman girl,—something of the Improvisatrice of that volume which first established the celebrity of the writer,—is the heroine of this beautiful poem ; and the scene in which she is introduced is worthy of her own loveliness and destinies.

"We stood beside a cypress whose green spire
Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.

Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray
The marble show'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting ; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,
Entire enough to cast a deep black shade ;
And a few statues, beautiful but cold—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that seem
To mock the change in which they had no part—
Fit images of the dead. Pensive enough,
Whatever aspect desolation wears ;
But this, the wrecking work of yesterday,
Hath somewhat still more touching ; here we trace
The waste of man too much. When years
have past
Over the fallen arch, the ruin'd hall,
It seems but course of time, the one great doom
Whose influence is alike upon us all ;
The grey tints soften, and the ivy wreath
And wild flowers breathe life's freshness round :
but here
We stand before decay ; scarce have the walls
Lost music left by human step and voice ;
The lonely hearth, the household desolate,
Some noble race gone to the dust in blood :
Man shames of his own deeds, and there we gaze,
Watching the progress, not of time, but death."

We quote the congenial description of Eulalia :—

"Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear
and soft,
That shadowy brightness which is born of
tears,
And raised towards the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven ; her
cheek—
Emotion made it colorless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of
thought,
Yet flushes in a moment into rose ;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which
come
When the heart wants a language."

Then follows the affecting picture of a superior nature thrown away in the mere nothings of common life ; unable to expand in its nobler sphere, and filled with regrets at its own want of energy to resist or escape the trifling world. In this also the comparisons are new and powerful.

"Yet still our meetings were mid festival,
Night after night. It was both sad and strange
To see that fine mind waste itself away,
Too like some noble stream, which, unconfined,
Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round ; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls,
And sparkling eddies ; or coop'd up to make
The useless fountain of a palace hall.
One day I spoke of this ; her eager soul
Was in its most unearthly element.
We had been speaking of the immortal dead.
The light flash'd in her eyes. 'Tis this which
makes

The best assurance of our promised heaven :
This triumph intellect has over death—

Our words yet live on others' lips; our thoughts
Actuate others. Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world!"

Eulalia is reproached with the
weakness of suffering less worthy pur-
suits, or rather occupations, to engross
her faculties; and she answers—

"Speak not of this to me, nor bid me think;
It is such pain to dwell upon myself,
And know how different I am from all
I once dream'd I could be. Fame! stirring
fame!

I work no longer miracles for thee.
I am as one who sought at early dawn
To climb with fiery speed some lofty hill:
His feet are strong in eagerness and youth;
His limbs are braced by the fresh morning air,
And all seems possible:—this cannot last.
The way grows steeper, obstacles arise,
And unkind thwartings from companions near.
The height is truer measured, having traced
Part of its heavy length; his sweet hopes droop.
Like prison'd birds that know their cage has
bars,

The body wearies, and the mind is worn—
That worst of lassitude:—hot noon comes on;
There is no freshness in the sultry air,
There is no rest upon the toilsome road;
There is the summit, which he may not reach,
And round him are a thousand obstacles."

We shall now add a splendid and
pathetic picture of a young poet's fate,
especially in the intercourse of society.

"All time attests the miracles of man:
The very elements, whose nature seems
To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
His way has been upon the pathless sea;
The earth's dark bosom search'd; bodiless air
Works as his servant; and from his own mind
What rich stores he has won!—the sage, the
bard,
The painter,—these have made their nature
proud:

And yet how life goes on, its great outline
How noble and ennobling!—but within
How mean, how poor, how pitiful, how mix'd
With base alloy; how Disappointment tracks
The steps of Hope! how Envy does success;
How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
And worn mid scoffs! Trace the young poet's
fate:

Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrate
His talents and his state? These scenes soon
change.

The vain, who sought to mix their name with
his;

The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle,—all these have been gratified,

And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly
For that it was not dream'd of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;
Vanity craves for its accustom'd food;
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
His feelings poetry; and discontent
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no
more

Its early music:—social life is fill'd
With doubts and vain aspirations; solitude,
When the imagination is dethroned,
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?"

And such, it may be anticipated, is
the destiny of Eulalia. In her lament
over disappointed anticipations is the
following striking passage:—

Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high re-
solves
Look down upon our slumbering acts."

The Miscellaneous Poems are of
many a kind and many a verse;—the
effusions of the hour, and partaking,
we hardly like to say so, of the appa-
rent moods of their author,—accom-
plished by an innate or heaven-born
principle, which has not always that
glorious direction of which it is sus-
ceptible; but is occasionally marred
by a frivolity that it spurns and mourns
in its nobler hours.

We select the fanciful and playful
lines called "Fantasies," and address-
ed to Mr. Crofton Croker, the estima-
ble author of "Fairy Legends," and
other justly popular works.

"I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of
ours:

I will go dwell afar with fairies and flowers.
Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
Where each step is a study, a falsehood each
glance;
Where the vain are displaying, the vapid are
yawning;
Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawn-
ing,
Are wasted, as Fashion, that tyrant, at will
Makes war on sweet Nature, and exiles her
still.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—I'm off with the wind:
Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind?
—Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
O show me your kingdom! O let me dwell there!
I see them, I see them!—how sweet it must be
To sleep in yon lily!—is there room in't for me?
I have flung my clay fetters; and now I but
wear

A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.
Go harness my chariot, the leaf of an oak;
A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette;
I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.

Go fetch me a courser ; yon reed is but slight,
Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.
I must have a throne,—ay, yon mushroom may
stay,
It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gather'd
next day :
And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign ;
For, alas ! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are
but vain."

And we would now close our grateful task, were it not that a composition doing equal honor to the poetical genius and the liberal feelings of the fair author claims our suffrage. It is addressed to a yet younger ornament of our bright galaxy of female talent, and breathes a degree of plaintive and boding apprehension, while it pours out a measure of affectionate council, which are eminently calculated to exalt both the author and the object of her poetic solicitude, in the esteem of every reader whose esteem is worth enjoying.

" To Mary Anne Browne.

" Thy hands are fill'd with early flowers,
Thy step is on the wind ;
The innocent and keen delight

Of youth is on thy mind :—
That glad fresh feeling that bestows
Itself the pleasure which it knows,

The pure, the undefined ;
And thou art in that happy hour
Of feeling's uncurb'd, early power.

Yes, thou art very young, and youth,
Like light, should round thee fling
The sunshine thrown round morning's hour,

The gladness given to spring :
And yet upon thy brow is wrought
The darkness of that deeper thought

Which future time should bring.
What can have traced that shadowy line
Upon a brow so young as thine ?

'Tis written in thy large dark eyes,
Fill'd with unbidden tears ;
The passionate paleness on thy cheek,
Belying thy few years.

A child, yet not the less thou art
One of the gifted hand and heart,
Whose deepest hopes and fears
Are omen-like : the poet's dower
Is even as the prophet's power.

Thy image floats before my eyes,
Thy book is on my knee ;
I'm musing on what now thou art,
And on what thou wilt be.

Dangerous as a magic spell,
Whose good or evil none may tell,
The gift that is with thee ;

For Genius, like all heavenly light,
Can blast as well as bless the sight.

Thou art now in thy dreaming time ;
The green leaves on the bough,
The sunshine turning them to gold,
Are pleasures to thee now ;

And thou dost love the quiet night,
The stars to thee are a delight ;
And not a flower can grow,
But brings before thy haunted glance
The poet days of old romance.

With thine ' own people ' dost thou dwell,
And by thine own fireside ;
And kind eyes keep o'er thee a watch,
Their darling and their pride.

I cannot choose but envy thee ;
The very name of home to me
Has been from youth denied :
But yet it seems like sacred ground,
By all earth's best affection's bound.

'Tis well for thee ; thou art not made
Struggle like this to share ;
Ill might that gentle, loving heart,
The world's cold conflict bear ;
Where selfish interest, falsehood, strife,
Strain through their gladiatorial life ;
Save that the false ones wear
Seeming and softness and a smile,
As if guilt were effaced by guile.

I dare not speak to thee of fame,
That madness of the soul,
Which flings its life upon one cast,
To reach its desperate goal.
Still the wings destined for the sky
Will long their upward flight to try,
And seek to dare the whole,
Till, space, and storm, and sunshine past,
Thou find'st thou art alone at last.

But love will be thy recompense,
The love that haunts thy line ;
Ay, dream of love, but do not dream
It ever will be thine.
His shadow, not himself, will come ;
Too spiritual to be his home,
Thy heart is but his shrine ;
For vainest of all earthly things
The poet's vain imaginings.

Go, still the throbbing of thy brow,
The beating of thy heart ;
Unstring thy lute, and close thy page,
And choose a humbler part ;
Turn not thy glistening eyes above,
Dwell only in thy household love,
Forgetting what thou art ;
And yet life like what this must be
Seems but a weary lot for thee.

Or trust thee to thy soaring wing,
Awake the gifted lay ;
Fling life's more quiet happiness
For its wild dreams away.

'Tis a hard choice : on either side
Thy heart must with itself divide,
Be thy doom what it may.
Life's best to win, life's best to lose,—
The lot is with thee, maiden, choose.

Ah no !—the choice is not thine own,—
The spirit will rebel :
The fire within the poet's heart
Is fire unquenchable.
Far may its usual curse depart,
And light, but not consume, thy heart !
Sweet minstrel, fare thee well !
And may for once the laurel wreath
Not wither all that grows beneath !"

W—— OF TRINITY HALL.

A PORTRAIT.

IN the old grey court on the right of the master's lodge, not far from the rooms occupied by Ebdén,* that merriest, though not the mildest of tutors, lived, in the year 181—, W——, of Trinity Hall. He was a short, fat, thick-set man, with a round red face, fond of grog, but very averse to Greek—a naval gentleman disguised in academicals; and as he rolled along Trumpington-street, in his full, flowing, fellow-commoner's gown, with the same step and stagger with which he would have paced his own quarter-deck, was a spectacle which has been known to relax the iron muscles even of Professor Scholefield himself.

But if his appearance was droll, much more were his demeanor and dialogue. He had served many years in the navy; and having (to use his own expressions) "thrice fought a ship, was now *about to work a church!* No chance of promotion now our *best friend* is deposed! My father will have a vacant living very shortly; and I," he sighed deeply, "must fill it! So," thus he concluded, to the utter amazement of the resident fellow, "I've brought myself up in smooth water, and here I am, like a young bear, with all my troubles before me."

Never was there a neophyte more sadly perplexed. When in his cap and gown, he always seemed doubtful of his own identity. Moreover, he was perpetually puzzled between his clerical prospects and his nautical retrospects. "Wind westerly! This day nine years, I was wrecked off Ushant. By the way, have you heard that the Bishop of Peterborough has issued a fresh code of signals—psha!—questions I mean! How on earth I'm to answer!—Mind your weather-helm, Madam!" he exclaimed, as the gigantic Mrs. Battle transfixed him with the point of a huge

umbrella. "You should have shortened sail in this squally weather," was his gruff observation, as he with difficulty disengaged himself from her drapery and apologies.

Etiquette required he should be introduced by the tutor to some man of his own college. Mr. C—— C——, one of the "exclusives," was fixed upon. "Ha! I knew something of one of your family,—old Billy Blue."† Mr. C. C——'s complexion bore considerable affinity to his noble relative's nickname at that particular instant. "Old Billy Blue! Ah! he was not one of your psalm-singing beggars, with his hair as straight as a die. No, no! he knew what was a midshipman's duty, and more he never required. Not like your saintly skip-pers of modern days, who, while they give their orders, turn up their eyes like a lady in love, and—expect impossibilities."

"You should endeavor, Sir," was the sage advice of the professor of civil law, "to give your mind an academical turn while resident in this our university." But in vain. He convulsed the bystanders by the most pertinacious adherence to his professional phraseology. He persisted in maintaining, before a horrified assembly of the "most serious young men," that Mr. Simeon's action in the pulpit reminded him "of a ship's course working to windward;" and averred that "Professor ——, while delivering his lectures, resembled a stormy petrel on the look-out for squalls."

"W——," said the gay Sir Charles ——, as he rushed into his room one morning, breathless and half-dressed—"W——, shut your doors, the bailiffs are after me, and what can I do?"—"Do! stand out to wind with every stitch you can crack. But stay, have a glass of grog before you start. Ea-

* Tutor at present to Mr. Wellesley's sons.

† The late Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

sy, easy. Why you bellow like a bunch of boatswains !”

I feel some difficulty in stating whether it was during a college examination in Trinity Hall, or a criminal one before the Vice Chancellor, that Mr. W—’s parts shone forth with the greatest brilliancy. The examination papers are generally printed: this year they consisted of Questions on one of the Gospels in the Greek Testament. “Do you find any difficulty, Mr. W—?” said the examining fellow, kindly, observing he had been poring over his papers for an hour in evident perplexity—“I shall be happy to give any explanation, or remove any obstacle that—”

“I’m quite at sea, Sir, with my sailing orders,” was W—’s mournful reply. At one, he folded up his papers with his characteristic composure, and placed them in the tutor’s hands. Their contents were a simple

“Mem:—May 20th, 181—, 1 P. M. Wind westerly—dead calm. Pored for three hours over my printed instructions,—as incomprehensible as Lord Gambier’s speeches. Never could understand but one chapter in the New Testament, the twenty-seventh of Acts—that not called for. As to Mr. Cyrus, it’s all babbled !”

R. W.

There had been a trumpety row in the University, which, magnified by malice, was brought under the cognizance of the Vice Chancellor. W—’s evidence was material, and both parties pressed for it proportionably. “I’ll show the old lady a bit of traverse-sailing,” said W—, and he *mystified* accordingly. “But what was the origin of the fray?—who struck the first blow?” asked Mr. Vice, and asked in vain.

At length the Vice drew a long breath and began:—“Mr. W—, you were present at the commencement of this dreadful outrage,—you were an eye-witness of the whole of this flagrant proceeding,—now, Mr. W—, on your honor,”—these words were repeated with the most appalling solemnity—“On your honor, Mr. W—, what was the first thing

you saw?”—“Mr. Vice Chancellor,” replied W—, with an elongated visage, a mock solemnity of utterance, and a pause between each word, that gave the most farcical air to the whole proceeding—“There’s no working to windward of truth:—the—first—thing—I—saw—was—Mr. Fitzosborne canting his ballast.”

Yet his stories were to the full as memorable as his sayings. He had an inexhaustible store relative to Lord Collingwood, with whom he had sailed, and his dog Bounce, which he used to detail to the huge delight of a large laughter-loving audience. One I must find room for, the shortest, not the best. A Jemmy Jessamy of a midshipman waited on his Lordship to solicit a lieutenancy. The Admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, “That would be sporting with men’s lives indeed! Sir, I would not trust you with a boat in a trout-stream!”

I lost sight of him for some years. At length we met again at ——— Palace, he for institution, I for examination. It was one of our rainy, chilly summers, and the bishop, a thin spare man, whom hard study and sedentary habits had evidently enervated, shrank from the inclemency of the season. “The morning is cold, the wind must be easterly.”

“No, my Lord, not since this day week,” said W—. “It was southerly at six; then veered a point or two to the *norward*, and is now due north.”—“Indeed!” said the Bishop, who was evidently surprised at this lengthy reply, and by no means up to his man. Then addressing his secretary, who waited for his signature, he inquired, “Is it the first or second of June, Mr. Porteus?”—“The first, my Lord, the glorious first of June—Howe’s victory, My Lord. How I should like to have another lick at those—” The Bishop stared and turned to his secretary, who reflected his Lordship’s look of wonder with one of the most unqualified bewilderment. —“Hem!—hem!—my Lord, I beg pardon.”

AURA VENI.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.*

BALMY freshness ! heavenly air !
Cool, oh ! cool this burning brow—
Loose the fiery circlet there—
Blessed thing ! I feel ye now.

Blessed thing ! depart not yet—
Let me, let me quaff my fill :
Leave me not my soul to fret
With longing for what mocks me still.

O ! the weary, weary nights
I've lain awake and thought of thee ;
Of clouds and corn, and all sweet sights
Of shade and sunshine, flower and tree.

Of running waters, rippling clear,
Of merry birds, and Gipsy camp,
Then how I loathed to see and hear
That ticking watch—that sickly lamp.

And longed at least for light again ;
For day—that brought no change to me ;
The weight was on my heart and brain,
God might remove it—*only He*.

But now and then the fount of tears,
So seeming dry, was free to flow ;
'Twas worth the happiness of years,
That short-lived luxury of woe !

And in the midst of all my pain
I knew I was not quite forgot ;
I knew my cry was not in vain—
So I was sad, but fainted not.

And now His merciful command
Hath lightened what was worst to bear ;
And given of better days at hand
A foretaste in this blessed air.

BUT !

How many pangs that rend the heart,
are centred, sometimes, in one little
word ! How sad a preparation for
sorrow and disappointment lies, too
often, in that which is here selected !

The forlorn widow, with her orphan
children, breathes her necessitous
prayer for aid in the ear of some rich
relative, who listens as patiently as if
he only desired to know the full ex-
tent of her wants ; and her eye beams
with the kindling ray of hope.

" I am, indeed, grieved to find that
you are so distressed. I had not the
least idea my brother had left you and
your children so destitute. You must
find it a hard struggle, I am sure, to
provide for so many mouths, to say
nothing of clothes, and other unavoida-
ble expenses. (A heavy sigh, and a
gathering tear, acknowledge the sad
truth.) I wonder you are able to
manage at all, when every necessary
of life is so dreadfully dear ; and it
would be a great satisfaction to me if
I could do anything to assist you ;
but—"

He need not have said another word.

The blow was given. The kindling
beam of hope was quenched by the
tears that followed this chilling har-
binger of disappointment. What did
it avail her to know that the stream
of bounty *might* have flowed, "*but,*—
he had a large family himself, who
were becoming very expensive—the
times were bad—money was scarce—
he had experienced heavy losses"—
and all those other selfish reasons,
which a cold heart nourishes, as the
safeguards of a close pocket.

Look at the thin grey hairs, whose
struggling locks curl round the scar
upon that veteran brow, where the yet
full blooded veins and arteries show
their meandering course in dark blue
lines ! He holds in his hand a letter,
which he has read only half through.
He has worn a sword for half a cen-
tury ; and in every clime he has drawn
it with honor to himself, and with ad-
vantage to his country. He might
almost number the years he has lived,
by the battles he has fought ; but there
needs no arithmetic to count the re-

* We regret to be enabled to state that these exquisite verses have been composed in no factitious state of feeling, the amiable writer having been for many months past in a delicate state of health. It rejoices us to hear, however, that she is now convalescent. She is one of the true spirits, and such can ill be spared.

wards he has received. He was a lieutenant, when, in his first campaign, he was cut down by a blow from an enemy's sabre, and left for dead on the field : he is a lieutenant now, and reduced to half-pay, while many millions of fortune, who slept in their cradles when he was watching at an alarm post, or mingling in the shock of arms, have purchased, by money, or by ducking, that advancement, for which he could pay only with his blood. But though there was value given, he could never write value received.

And that half finished letter—what is it ? An answer to a memorial which he had sent in to the commander-in-chief's office, setting forth his claims to promotion upon the ground of length of service and severe wounds. He had waited long and anxiously for it, believing that his case was one which entitled him to the favorable consideration of the Horse-Guards. Hope deferred makes the heart sick ; but what medicine is there for the disease of hope destroyed !—This was his answer :—

“ Sir, your memorial has been laid before the commander-in-chief, and I have it in command to inform you, that the prayer of it has received every attention. The length of service which you mention, as well as the arduous nature of that service, together with the many wounds which you have received, and the high testimony borne to your merits by the distinguished officers under whom you have served, are, all of them, circumstances which give you an undoubted claim to the gracious consideration of his Majesty ; and the commander-in-chief would feel great pleasure in recommending you for promotion, *but—*”

“ But,” exclaimed the veteran, as he folded up the letter, without finishing it, and put it in his pocket, while a faint flush tinged his rough soldier's cheek, “ I have *only* my deserts to back me—my *past* services to plead—and what are they when no *future* ones are wanted ?”

Your only honest, upright, respectable character in the world's catalogue, is he who pays what he owes. There is no nobility like the nobility of the purse ; no roguery to be compared with that which is ragged and penniless. It will sometimes happen, however, that the man of thousands lets his thousands all slip from him, while he himself slips into debts which are a thousand fold greater than his means to discharge them : but—there is such a thing as *misfortune* to account for the *accident* in his behalf who cannot plead necessity. How fares the man who never had his thousand pounds, yet owes his fifty with an insolvent pocket ? Where are the accidents and misfortunes to speak for him, and open his prison door ? Alas ! there is only one tongue whose voice can be made audible, and that is a golden one ; only one answer for his supplications, and that is a receipt in full. His creditor is an adept in nice and subtle distinctions ; a master of metaphysical ethics. He would never have adopted proceedings against him, *but—*he considered himself ill used ; the ill usage, correctly translated, consisting simply in the fact that he had not been paid ; and he would willingly drop the business now, *but—*it is in his lawyer's hands, and he cannot interfere. This, too, requires translation, when it reads thus :—“ I shall be satisfied with anything that satisfies my solicitor ; and I have told my solicitor he is not to be satisfied with anything except the money.”

“ Another day has passed,” exclaims a wretched criminal, whose hours are numbered, as he casts himself in anguish upon his bed. He has been condemned to die for forgery ; and the day of his execution is appointed. He is no common victim of offended justice—one who has always had the halter round his neck ; and accounting every hour he lived a triumph over the gallows, for which he had long been ripe. He is a husband and a father ; and, till the commission of the crime for which his life had been declared forfeited, his name was

high, and his credit, like his name, upon the public mart, where "merchants most do congregate." His friends deplore—his miserable family bewail—his fate. It is a heavy and a bitter penalty, to pay down at the close of a life which has stretched through half a century, for an offence that has many mitigating circumstances to soften all its darker shades.

The prayers of his wife and children, the intercession of his friends, the appeal for mercy, even from his fellow-citizens who declared him guilty, have made themselves heard at the foot of the throne.—There is hope! When is there not for the wretched? In vain the tongue denies her presence: she lingers in the heart, till that which stills its last throb, stifles her voice of promise. But "another day has passed," and there are no tidings of that which is to determine how many days more remain for the anxious supplicant in this world. Tomorrow comes, to him for whom, perhaps, there shall only be another tomorrow; and with it comes the dreaded certainty of the worst. His intercessors are told that all their representations have been deliberately weighed—that the particular circumstances which were considered as discriminating the case of the prisoner from that of others doomed to a similar punishment, had been attentively reviewed—that they did, indeed, constitute a strong ground for the extension of mercy—that the learned judge who tried the case had been applied to, to refer to his own notes of it—and that great hopes were entertained of such a report upon all the circumstances submitted in behalf of the prisoner, as would have justified the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in advising his Majesty to extend his gracious clemency, *but*—"

What a dismal consequence was here to be gathered! In the whole vocabulary of the English language, was there a word, or a combination of words, capable of conveying a sharper pang to an already lacerated and bleeding heart, than this little *but*,

which said to the living—thou art to die; and to the afflicted—thou must mourn?

—
These are some of the darker scenes of human life connected with this important monosyllable; but we find its unwelcome face staring upon us from a thousand nooks and corners. The author takes up the Quarterly Review, or the Monthly Magazine, to read the criticism upon his last work. His eye sparkles with delight at all the positive excellences that are enumerated; and though they outnumber, ten to one, the drawbacks that are brought up, in the rear, as a *corps de réserve*, under the command of this same "*but*"—the very appearance of the word gives a shock to his nerves, worse than that of the torpedo. "Mr. — is a vastly clever writer—great imagination—a fertile invention—considerable power of language, &c. &c. —*but*"—Why it is like one of Grimaldi's tricks in a pantomime, who bows and scrapes to the fine gentleman, puts his hand to his heart, shakes his head, and looks ineffable politeness: then, the moment he turns his back, salutes him with a kick! What lady could endure to be told, "You have fine eyes—a charming complexion—exquisitely white teeth—*but* —?" What lawyer, even though he were the Lord Chancellor—"Your legal knowledge is great—your talents are undeniable—*but*—you are without principle?" What actor, that he has ninety-nine requisites for the stage, *but*—that he wanted the hundredth? What artist, that his pencil united all the various styles of Correggio, Rembrandt, Claude, and Raffaele, *but*—? What Sunday newspaper-maker, that he can use the scissors, *but*—not the pen?

In short, I know not any way of making this ugly word agreeable. A bum-bailiff might as well attempt to introduce his friends John Doe and Richard Roe, as two sentimental gentlemen, fond of retirement, and soliciting the company of those who have already spent too much, to spend a

few weeks with them at their country-house in St. George's Fields. The poet laureat is the only man I know who has no reason to find fault with his "*but*"—and that is merely be-

cause it is spelt with two *t*'s instead of one; *but*, after all, I must confess I have made it my own *butt*—and *but* for that, I should not have written what I have. B. U. T.

UNPUBLISHED LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.

BY THE LATE DR. WOLCOT.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a waggon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples*, the color that of lilac shot with white. It fastens down the front with a narrow rouleau and a broad bias fold. The body is made slightly *en gerbe*, and is surmounted next the throat by a triple French ruff, formed of *Parras lace*. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, confined at the wrists by an embroidered cuff of *tulle*, surmounted by a full ruffle of broad lace. The cap is of broad blond, turned back from the face, and the hair confined across the forehead by a net-bandeau of pink satin. Under the border of the cap, and laying on the hair, is placed, on the right side, a bouquet of flowers, consisting of a large full-blown Provence rose and branches of fern: over the left temple is a small bouquet, formed of the pink flowers named Venus's Fly-trap, with their green foliage.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of buff-colored muslin, with a narrow flounce of white muslin next the feet; over this is a broad flounce ornament cut in deep square

notches, the inside of which, notches are jagged *en sue*. This is also of white muslin, and it is bound round, and surmounted by green satin rouleau binding. The corsage is made high, up to the throat, and down each side of the bust is a triple ornament of white muslin, fluted, which forms a kind of *fichu* robing down each side, while it gracefully marks out the contours; the waist is encircled by a belt of the same color and material as the dress, fastened on one side with a lozenge-shaped buckle of gold. A triple ruff of lace encircles the throat; the sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, and are confined at the wrists by narrow bracelets of white and gold enamel; the hat is of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with puffings of the same, and white Gueldre roses. Under the brim are points of ribbon, terminated by small rosettes, consisting of one loop and one end. The hat ties under the chin with a *mentonnière* of blond, and strings of broad white ribbon, brocaded, float over the shoulders. The half-boots worn with this dress are Nankeen.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

CELEBRATION OF GÖETHE'S BIRTH-DAY. HIS PARENTAGE.

THE anniversary of the birth of Göethe, on the 28th August, was celebrated with great pomp in several cities in Germany, but especially in Frankfort, where he was born. Among other modes of rejoicing, were a dinner, ball, and concert, given in his honor at the Hotel of the Weidenhof, and attended by upwards of 150 persons, who were entertained with orations, musical compositions, and poetical effusions made for the occasion, as well as a variety of airs and pieces, the words entirely by Göethe, the music by Beethoven, Nägeli, Schuyder, von Martensee, and Just. The Weidenhof was very appropriately chosen as the scene of the festivity, since the poet's grandmother at the time of his birth was the owner of that Inn, and a good deal of interest was excited by a genealogical account of the family of Göethe, drawn from the archives of the city of Frankfort, and was as follows :

Göethe's great grandfather, Hans Christian Göethe, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, at Artern, in the county of Mansfield, and followed the calling of a farrier. One of the sons of Hans Göethe, Frederic George, born on the 7th September, 1657, was apprenticed to a tailor, lived several years in France as an itinerant journeyman, and afterwards came to settle at Frankfort on the Maine, where he married (1687) the daughter of Sebastian Lutz, a master tailor, and himself became a master in the same trade. She died early, (1700,) but not before she had borne several children. After living some years a widower, Frederic George married a second time, and espoused the Widow Cornelia Schelhorn, who, on the death of her former husband, had succeeded to the Weidenhof Hotel, of which her second husband un-

dertook the management. In the course of a twenty-five years' happy union, many children were born to this couple, all of whom through the flourishing state of their affairs, they were able to bring up with every advantage of education. He died in 1730 at the age of 73, she in 1754. Of this marriage came John Gaspar Göethe, born on the 31st July, 1710, the father of Göethe, the poet. In consequence of the talents he early displayed, he received a liberal and scientific education, and took his doctor's degree, and lived in his native city as imperial resident and acting councillor, to which offices he was appointed on the grounds of his extraordinary knowledge and aptitude for affairs. In the thirty-eighth year of his age, he married Katherine Elizabeth Textor, the seventeenth daughter of the city bailiff and imperial councillor, Textor, at whose house his business continually required his attendance. This marriage was solemnized on the 20th August, 1748.

Göethe's father died after a happy union of thirty-four years, on the 27th May, 1782, seventy two years old ; his mother lived to see her son great and famous ; she died on the 13th September, 1788, aged 77.

BERANGER'S RELEASE FROM PRISON.

The daily journals have noticed the expiration of the term of imprisonment of the celebrated Beranger, and his consequent release from durance. This event "*Le Globe*" notices as follows :—"Beranger is at length released from prison, after nine months peaceably passed in solitary study, in sweet communion with a few faithful friends, and in receiving the visits of patriots from all parts of France, anxious to become acquainted with him. He lived in his prison as if he were at home : resigned, nor sighing too ardently for his liberty, which he had

risked voluntarily for what he considered true and right to say, nor regretting too deeply the pure sky and the air of the fields, which had been the theme of his muse at the commencement of a former captivity, and which moreover our wretched summer has given him little cause to regret. His health has not suffered; we find him as we could wish to see him; we see the same kind and simple cheerfulness; the same gentle wisdom, tinged with a dash of melancholy; the same noiseless devotion to his own ideas, to his principles as a man of the people, to use his own expression; the somewhat biting raillery of our half aristocratic, half republican manners. He is himself still, only older by a year of meditation, more rich in recollections which have leisurely repassed in his memory, by some true dreams of poesy, and a few additional good deeds."

PAPER TO RESIST HUMIDITY.

M. Engle prepares paper which will resist moisture; to accomplish this, he dips unsized paper once or twice into a clear solution of mastic in oil of turpentine, and dries it by a gentle heat. The paper, without becoming transparent, has all the properties of writing paper, and may be used for the same purposes. It is especially recommended for passports, workmen's books, legal papers, &c. When preserved for years, it is free from injury, either by humidity, mice, or insects. It is further added, that a solution of caoutchouc will produce even a still better effect.

CEMENTATION OF IRON BY CAST IRON.

Pure iron, when surrounded by, and in contact with cast iron turnings, and heated, is carbonized very rapidly, so as to harden, to temper, and in fact to exhibit all the properties of steel. M. Gautier finds this to be a very advantageous process in numerous cases, especially where the articles to be case hardened, or converted into steel, are small, as iron wire, or wire gauze. The temperature required is

not so high as that required in the ordinary process of cementation, and the pieces to be carbonized are not injured in form. The kind of cast iron used should be the gray metal, and the more minutely it is divided, the more rapid and complete is the operation. By covering the mass of cast metal, in which the iron to be carbonized is enveloped, with sand, oxidation from contact of the air is prevented, and the cast metal may be used many times. Plumbago, experimented with in the same manner, does not produce the effect.

EXAMINATION OF PATENT CLAIMS.

Since 1826, the applications for patents in Piedmont and Sardinia have been referred to the Academy of Sciences at Turin, with the intention of negating all those founded in ignorance or knavery, and supporting only those which are true improvements, and in their effects really advantageous to the arts. Although the number of patents has been excessively diminished in consequence, yet it appears that the applications have increased in an extraordinary degree. The academicians, though much engaged in the year 1826 in examining claims, were poorly rewarded by the occurrence of actual improvement. Only two machines were brought forward which received their sanction.

CATS.

There is a propensity belonging to common house-cats that is very remarkable; I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favorite food; and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify; for, of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. Mr. Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The cat be-

longed to Mr. Stahley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water, as they stood on the bank. This seems to be a natural method of taking their prey, usually lost by domestication, though they will retain a strong relish for fish. The Rev. W. Bingley mentions another instance of a cat freely taking the water, related by his friend Mr. Bill of Christ-church. When he lived at Wallington, near Carshalton, in Surrey, he had a cat that was often known to plunge, without hesitation, into the river Wandle, and swim over to an island at a little distance from the bank. To this there could be no other inducement than the fish she might catch on her passage, or the vermin that the island afforded. These are curious instances; but the following, which may be depended on as a fact, is still more remarkable. At Caverton Mill, in Roxburghshire, a beautiful spot upon the Kale Water, there was a favorite cat, domesticated in the dwelling-house, which stood at two or three hundred yards from the mill. When the mill-work ceased, the water was as usual stopped at the dam-head, and the dam below consequently ran gradually more shallow, often leaving trout, which had ascended when it was full, to struggle back with difficulty to the parent stream; and so well acquainted had Puss become with this circumstance, and so fond was Puss of fish, the moment she heard the noise of the mill-clapper cease, she used to scamper off to the dam, and, up to her belly in the water, continued to catch fish like an otter. It would not be easy to cite a more curious case of animal instinct approaching to reason, and overcoming the usual habits of the species.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Dissolve a little green vitriol in a glass of water, and add to it a few drops of the solution of the prussiate of potassa, and we obtain a very rich blue

color, which, filtered and dried, is the compound called Prussian blue.

2. If lemon juice be dropped upon any kind of buff color, the dye will be instantly discharged. The application of this acid by means of the block, is one of the methods by means of which calico-printers give the white spots and white figures to piece-goods. They use the crystallized acid, called citric acid, for this purpose.

3. Cut the leaves of a red cabbage into small pieces, pour boiling water upon them, and let them stand for an hour or more; now pour off the water, which will have become of a rich blue color.

4. To a wineglassful of the blue infusion of cabbage (3), add a few drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), and the blue is changed to a bright red.

5. To another glassful of blue infusion of cabbage, add a little solution of salt of tartar (subcarbonate of potassa), and the blue color is converted into a fine green.

6. To another glass half full of the blue infusion of cabbage, add some liquid oxymuriatic acid (chlorine), and the color is entirely destroyed. Some liquid chlorine, if added to the respective glasses, will destroy the red of 4, and the green of 5.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Second Series of the Romance of History will shortly appear.

The Life of Lord Byron, by T. Moore, is nearly completed; and Mr. Moore's next work will be (in 1830) a History of Ireland from the earliest authentic records to the emancipation of the Catholics.

On the 20th of November was to have been published, *The Olive Branch*; a Religious Annual for 1830; consisting of original contributions in prose and verse, with a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Gordon.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones; now first compiled from his original journals, correspondence, and other papers, brought from Paris by his heirs at the time of his death, and from his letters to his relations in Scotland. Including an account of his services under Prince Potemkin, in the celebrated Russian campaign against the Turks in the Black Sea, in 1788, is in the press.

Stories of a Bride, by the authoress of "the Mummy," are also announced for speedy publication.

SPIRIT

OF THE

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THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 6.

ON THE GENIUS OF THOMAS MOORE.

If that may be considered as useful which is productive of pleasurable emotions, and conducive to the happiness of mankind, the question as to the utility of poetry may be at once put to rest, and like all other troublesome phantoms quietly consigned to the Red Sea. There is something in the imaginative, in the romantic, and chivalrous, to exalt our thoughts, and to elevate our spirits above the pressure of calamities,—to lead us from the cold dulness of reality to the ethereal regions of vision, peopled with beings of innocence and beauty, and arrayed in the glory of perennial verdure, where the voice of woe is never heard, and where, to use the beautiful expression of Goldsmith, “every sound is but the echo of tranquillity.” It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that poetry has been the most popular of all arts; that it has taken the firmest hold of the human affections; and exercised the widest influence over the passions of mankind. In it sorrow finds a solace,—by it “men are taught as if you taught them not.” The philosopher endeavors vainly to soothe the afflictions of life by assuring us that all matters are indifferent, and that pain is no evil. The politician assumes the supremacy, by holding up the scourge as a terror to evil doers; and withdraws men from error, not by showing that their ways are wrong in themselves, but that they will draw down upon them the vengeance of the law. The poet acts a

more paternal part; he purifies the mind by images of beauty and sublimity; he instills into our hearts the love of harmony and social order; and endeavors to show us the happiness of innocence, and the enormity of guilt, in order to make us good. That spare time which lies heavy upon the hands of even the most busy—the intervals of relaxation—the repose from severer studies, may be thus filled up with pleasure and advantage. It is no failing of the present day that the feelings of romance and enthusiasm are too widely diffused, or too generally acted upon; nor is it greatly to be feared, in a commercial nation like our own, that self-interest will by this, or any other means, ever come to be greatly neglected. The actual tendency indeed is directly otherwise. The feelings of society, if not thus elevated, have a continual tendency downward; and, in illustration, it is worthy of remark that no nation of either ancient or modern times, without a love of the fine arts, has ever arrived at any superior degree in the scale of moral exaltation.

The promotion of this generosity of character—the diffusion of this liberality of mind is, we imagine, the great end of poetry—poetry, the relic of paradise, the rainbow of more substantial visions. It strengthens our love of country by raising its strains in the patriot’s praise;—it strengthens our love of mankind, by exhibiting to us whatever is noble,

and generous, and amiable, in our nature,—only showing us that we are all guided or governed by the same affections, and liable to the same necessities. It strengthens our love for the Creator, by fanning the flame of admiration for his works, and leading the mind onward to a future state, where alone the fictions of poetry can be realised; for this world is at best a passing show, and, as men are now constituted, it is in vain to look for

“A progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.”

Many of the ancient fables are nothing more than beautiful allegories, illustrative of the power of poetry and music over the human mind; and in our own day the strains of genuine inspiration have proved themselves to be as irresistible as ever; for if any of the arts bear a resemblance to “things unseen” and wished for, it is poetry. It is an aspiration of the soul after unapproachable good. It purifies our nature from its corporeal dross, and exhibits the splendor of its intellectuality. By it man is temporarily elevated above the wants which are incidental to the grosser parts of our nature, and linked to superior orders of intelligences. He exists only in the strength of his affections.

The poetry of Moore is in a great measure of this elevating and ethereal kind; full of harmony and spirit and splendor; of the heroism of man and the tenderness of woman; the beauty of the inferior creation and the magnificence of nature. He seems to have drawn in with the first breath of existence the very spirit of gladness, which, operating on a mind of great sensibility and fervid imagination, has rendered him acutely alive to every internal and to every external impression; to “all the impulses of soul and sense.” The buoyancy of his feelings will not allow gloomy associations to take possession of his mind; his delight is not in the tempest, but in the sunshine; not in the desolate bleakness of winter, but in the summer landscape; not in the climes

where the necessities of men are supplied by labor and persevering industry, but where nature brings forth of herself, spontaneously spreading her luxuriant bosom to the sun, and offering up a feast for all that lives. His muse is like one of his own Eastern Peris, full of life, and light, and beauty,—a froward and restless cherub, too animated to be ever listless, and too full of gaiety to bestow aught but a transient tear on the misfortunes, or crimes, or follies of mankind; whose delight is in the luxuries of art and nature; whose flight is above the materialities of the grosser elements; whose thoughts are a concatenation of thick-blown fancies; whose syllables are music.

The genius of Thomas Moore is unquestionably of a lyrical description. His finer efforts are for the most part of this kind; and even amid the beauty of his more lengthened and more weighty productions, they break upon us like a greener spot in the garden. When he assumes a graver tone, he seems evidently to be wandering from his natural demesne, and feels like an exile in a far country, where he finds only “strange tongues, strange voices, and oh! hearts more strange.” The horrors of war are not for him; with its pomp and circumstance, its pageantry and parade, he is more in his element. To the delineation of the stronger affections of the mind, to the conception of the tempests and tornadoes of passion, he is not unequal; but it evidently costs him a strong effort to support himself. He would rather sit in the grot of Calypso than struggle with Ulysses, between the Sicilian whirlpools.

If Crabbe is said to be the poet of severe reality, with still greater propriety Moore may be affirmed to be the poet of luxurious refinement. A district of Alpine scenery, whose only interest consisted in torrents, and rocks, in pine forests and avalanches, which have come down “with mountainous overwhelming,” would have less charms for him than a moonlight

lake, whose banks were perfumed with roses and geraniums. The simple maiden of devoted heart, and artless innocence, would not suit his pencil so well as the delicate lady with pearls in her hair. The truth is, that Moore is too fond of gaudy and glittering finery. He puts too much color in his pictures; and the result is, that he is more apt to please than to impress, to dazzle than to delight. He hurries the reader from landscape to landscape, where nothing is to be seen but artificial cascades, and orange groves, or apple orchards; above which peer Turkish minarets and Chinese summer-houses: or if the evening be abroad, introduces him into an assembly of belles and beaux; where myriads of lamps' lustres throw a deluge of light on rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; flaunting feathers and glittering necklaces; harps, tambourines, and frizzled dandies. But it must not be inferred from this, that his machinery is artificial, or that he has not a relish for the severer beauties of nature. His poetry is totally and radically different from the Della Cruscan. The finery of Moore consists in doing the utmost to exalt, embellish, and—if we may so speak—to etherealize his subject, not in stilting the intrinsically worthless into eminence; and if his heroines be sometimes over-dressed, it will be found that their natural beauty entitles them to every mark of the poet's regard. Activity, and a willingness to be delighted and delightful, are the predominant characters of his poetry. No objects, however beautiful, are allowed to remain long the idols of his affection; and he says everything that can be said in their praise with fervency, and in few words. He is borne along on the wings of a brilliant imagination; and, from the rapidity of his flight, it is not wonderful that objects sometimes appear to have a retrograde motion. He has more affectation than sickness of sentiment; more brilliant than profound observation; not to say that he is either a coxcomb or a sophist, but that, from

the activity of his imagination, ever on the wing, and willing to be doing, we can observe some things that are overdone, and others that had better have been left undone. Thus in a chain of beautiful and true inspiration a link of falsetto is dexterously interposed to fill up a gap, like a gunflower woven amid a natural garland. In his satirical and lively pieces he possesses all the freedom and naïveté of Prior, with a stronger poetical temperament. His hues are more ethereal, and his imagery gathered from a wider range; though in other essentials for this secondary species of poetry he is decidedly his inferior. Acuteness and dexterity he possesses in abundance; but Prior possesses the faculty, in a superior degree, of exhibiting pleasantry on weighty matters, and seriousness on trifling occurrences; of displaying, with a laughing grace, the most vulnerable aspect of his subject, and then half shading it over so suddenly as to attract instead of repelling the intrusive glances of the reader. Moore is deficient in adapting his materials so exactly to his purposes. His compliments are as fine, but his raillery and invective are less fastidious, and coarser. He strikes the nail with equal force and decision, but Prior rivets it on the other side. The one throws Prometheus on the ground, and chains him there: the other does more than this; he sets a vulture to feed upon his liver.

We are heartily glad that the taste of this age is determined to keep this species of poetry within the limits which its natural secondariness assigns it, and to let the seat of supremacy be filled by that which is more pure, more elevated, and more comprehensive. It has never been disputed that the satires of Juvenal and Persius are inferior in point of dignity and true poetical enthusiasm to the heroic descriptions of Virgil and Ovid; and it is just as far beyond the possibility of cavil that Pope and Dryden, with all their excellences, must content themselves with a less elevated region on Parnassus than their predecessors

Shakspeare and Milton. We assure Mr. Moore that were we possessed of his powers, we would put them to better and to higher purposes than in caricaturing the fashions or the follies of the age, the last of which will die with or before their possessors, and the first be forgot before the satire reaches them.

Until the publication of "*Lalla Rookh*," Moore could only be considered as a poet of promise. Many of the "*Irish Melodies*" are surpassingly beautiful, but their shortness made them appear "like angel visits." Perhaps what Moore intended to render their greatest attraction is that which is in truth their greatest blemish; we mean his too frequent, and in many instances, his too forced allusions to Irish tradition: yet to the feelings that dictated this we bow with sincere admiration. The most beautiful specimens are those in which he has unbosomed internal reflections which are common to the whole of mankind, and which must render them interesting to the world in general as being applicable to the feelings and affections of the whole of mankind, and as finding a sympathetic chord in every bosom. From his poetical versatility and active imagination, combined with a delicate taste and powerful command of language, it is not surprising that Moore has utterly eclipsed all the song writers of his age. Indeed he has no superior in this department within the range of British poetry, unless it be in Burns, who starts from the crowd "proudly preëminent," and challenges the past, the present, and the future, to a rivalry of excellence.

Both are esteemed national poets, but Moore is by no means so worthy of the appellation as the illustrious Scotchman. From the lyrical poetry of Moore we may collect something of Irish tradition, and of that brilliancy of fancy which is characteristic of the country. But it is in vain that we would look for Irish habit and Irish prejudices; for the national scenery, or the national costume. We have nothing of the peasantry, no allusion to the interior of the sheiling. His

delineations and his language are all directed to a certain class; and would be as incomprehensible to the great mass of the Irish natives as if they were written in a foreign idiom. They have been general favorites in the drawing-room, and deservedly so; and it cannot be denied that they make delightful accompaniments to the piano and the harp. But the popularity of Burns is of a wider range. He has something wherewithal to satisfy every appetite, and to please every taste. His songs take in the whole compass of society; he is a worthy successor of Shakspeare. It is not by one class alone that he is read, or by one class only that he is relished and thoroughly understood. In Scotland his name is a household word, and his verses are in every mouth. By the exile, in a "far and foreign" clime, his compositions are read and remembered as the dearest and most endearing tokens of recollection—as the most faithful, the most delightful, the most genuine, and characteristic sketches of his beloved country—of the home of his ancestors and the scenes of his youth. Moreover, it may be deemed the highest triumph of genius over adverse circumstances that the world has yet afforded, that the birth of an obscure and unlettered peasant should be celebrated wherever his countrymen are to be found, from the Athens of the north to the capital of the British settlements in the eastern world.

We doubt much whether the poetry of Moore, with all its excellences, will ever be capable of exerting such an influence over the minds of his countrymen; or whether he will ever be considered as a national bard in the latitude to which that term may be justly applied to the inimitable Burns. The elegance of his language, and the refinement of his sentiments, are not calculated to promote this universality of his fame among his countrymen. Burns and Moore, however, may not unaptly be taken, individually, as the personified Genius of their respective countries—the latter of Erin, with her natural eloquence

and airiness—and the former of Scotland, with her deep thought and impassioned feelings.

From the future exertions of Moore much may reasonably be hoped for; but as yet *Lalla Rookh* is the volume on which his fame chiefly depends. The preparatory reading which it cost him must have been stupendous; and, notwithstanding the powerful exertions of Sir William Jones and of Southey, no one will hesitate to say that the costume is better preserved, and that the imagery and allusions are more strictly Oriental. It has been objected that he riots in a kind of lawless luxuriance, and tramples on the abundance of the sweets he cannot taste; but, after all, this is no more than a proof of his powerful resources and of his internal wealth—of the study he has bequeathed to his subject, and the ability with which he was prepared to illustrate it.

"*The Veiled Prophet*" exhibits the most frequent marks of severe composition, and the most eloquent bursts of passionate thought; but then there is a laxity and slovenliness in the versification, which, to those who have been delighted with the varied energy and sweetness of Dryden, Goldsmith, and Campbell, make it appear heavy, and monotonous, and cloying. Has Mr. Moore adopted this style—for it is different from that of his early epistles—from the idea of its originality, or from its bearing some analogy to the laxity and indolence of Asiatic manners? The tone of the greater part of the poem is imposing, and gorgeously magnificent. The scenes between Azim and Zelicca, however, are replete with chastened beauty; and the conclusion of the whole inspires a feeling of gentle repose, breathing over the mind a holy calm, soft and sweet, like the south wind after passing over a bed of violets.

To be convinced that Mr. Moore has wandered from his natural element in composing "*The Veiled Prophet*," we have only to turn to the delightful fiction of "*Paradise and*

the Peri." Nothing can be finer than the description of the beautiful outcast of the celestial regions, bathing her plumage in the sunshine over the ruins of Palmyra—of the patriot expiring with the broken lance in his grasp—or of the heart-distracted prodigal surveying the innocence of childhood, and, like "*The Robber Moor*," reverting with a bleeding heart to the days of his childhood.

Were we, however, called upon, in a word, to mention the most excellent of Moore's compositions, without hesitation we would say "*The Fire Worshipers*," as it is that in which he has exhibited the greatest power of versification and invention; in which his peculiar excellences are more distinctly marked, and from which the most favorable impression of his genius may be obtained. *Hinda* is a beautiful creation, though it would be difficult to find her counterpart in the living world. She is all love, and belief, and tears—the embodied spirit of tenderness—a thing of celestial elements, walking in an enchanted circle, and throwing around her a halo of unearthly beauty. The conflict of affection and patriotism, in the chief of the Guebers, is finely portrayed. His heroic determination demands our admiration for himself, and our regret for *Hinda*. We behold him striking the last blow for liberty—baffled in the attempt, and, amid the darkness of night, throwing himself upon the funeral pyre, a sacrifice to his faith, and the last of a mighty line.

After this, "*The Light of the Har-em*" can only be considered as a lesser constellation; but its radiance is sparkling and pretty enough. It is a trifle, to be sure, but such a trifle as few except Mr. Moore could have well managed,—the hero a self-willed prince, and the heroine a pouting beauty. The chief merit of the piece lies, however, in the lyrical effusions interspersed throughout. The scenery is to the highest pitch splendid and magnificent; nothing is to be heard but music, and nothing beheld but the female beauties of the east, amid

moonlight fountains and groves of fragrance.

Moore has no relation, except by contrast, to any modern author but Lord Byron; and even when set down beside him, the marks of his originality are sufficiently distinctive. With a more active imagination than the author of "The Corsair," Moore does not possess, in an equal degree, the command of such vigorous expression. The current of his thoughts is shallower; his ideas float more on the surface of his mind. Moore is the poet of sunshine and summer—Byron of tempest and desolation. The one revels amid the joyful forebodings of youthful hope and ardent fancy; the other broods over the wreck and ruins of the human heart,

when the soul is bending under the weight of existence, and only hoping that it is "something better not to be." The genius of Moore may be compared to the coruscations of the aurora borealis amid the deep blue of the northern sky; that of Byron to the eruption of a volcano, blazing with tyrannic fury through the silence and shadows of midnight, glaring on the affrighted earth, and evolving its blackness over the starry canopy. On the whole Moore is inferior to Byron in true poetical energy—to Scott in just observation of mankind—to Campbell in strength of conception—to Southey in variety of detail—but in vivid splendor of imagery, and grace, and facility, the palm of superiority is his own.

ELEN OF REIGH.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

HAVE you never heard of Elen of Reigh,
The fairest flower of the north countrie?
The maid that left all maidens behind
In all that was lovely, sweet, and kind:
As sweet as the breeze o'er beds of balm,
As happy and gay as the gamesome lamb,
As light as the feather that dances on high,
As blithe as the lark in the breast of the sky,
As modest as young rose that blossoms too soon,
As mild as the breeze on a morning of June;
Her voice was the music's softest key,
And her form the comeliest symmetry.

But let bard describe her smile who can,
For that is beyond the power of man;
There never was pen that hand could frame,
Nor tongue that falter'd at maiden's name,
Could once a distant tint convey
Of its lovely and benignant ray.
You have seen the morning's folding vest
Hang dense and pale upon the east,
As if an angel's hand had strewn
The dawning's couch with the eider down,
And shrouded with a curtain gray
The cradle of the infant day?
And 'mid this orient dense and pale,
Through one small window of the veil
You have seen the sun's first radiant hue
Lightening the dells and vales of dew,
With smile that seem'd through glory's rim
From dwellings of the cherubim;
And you have thought, with holy awe,
A lovelier sight you never saw,
Scorning the heart who dared to doubt it;
Alas! you little knew about it!

At beauty's shrine you ne'er have knelt,
Nor felt the flame that I have felt;
Nor chanced the virgin smile to see
Of beauty's model, Elen of Reigh!

When sunbeams on the river blaze,
You on its glory scarce can gaze;
But when the moon's delirious beam,
In giddy splendor woos the stream,
Its mellow'd light is so refined,
'Tis like a gleam of soul and mind;
Its gentle ripple glittering by,
Like twinkle of a maiden's eye;
While all amazed at Heaven's steepness,
You gaze into its liquid deepness,
And see some beauties that excel—
Visions to dream of, not to tell—
A downward soul of living hue,
So mild, so modest, and so blue!

What am I raving of just now?
Forsooth, I scarce can say to you—
A moonlight river beaming by,
Or holy depth of virgin's eye;
Unconscious bard! What perilous dream-
ing!
Is nought on earth to thee beseeching,
Will nothing serve but beauteous women?
No, nothing else. But 'tis strange to me,
If you never heard aught of Elen of Reigh.

But whenever you breathe the breeze of
balm,
Or smile at the frolics of the lamb,
Or watch the stream by the light of the
moon,
Or weep for the rosebud that opes too soon,

Or when any beauty of this creation
 Moves your delight or admiration,
 You then may try, whatever it be,
 That to compare with Elen of Reigh :
 But never presume that lovely creature
 Once to compare with aught in nature ;
 For earth has neither form nor face
 Which heart can ween or eye can trace,
 That once comparison can stand
 With Elen the flower of fair Scotland.

'Tis said that angels are passing fair
 And lovely beings ;—I hope they are :
 But for all their beauty of form- and wing,
 If lovelier than the maid I sing,
 They needs must be—I cannot tell—
 Something beyond all parallel ;
 Something admitted, not believed,
 Which heart of man hath ne'er conceived ;
 But these are beings of mental bliss,
 Not things to love, and soothe, and kiss.—
 There is something dear, say as we will,
 In winsome human nature still.

Elen of Reigh was the flower of our wild,
 Elen of Reigh was an only child,
 A motherless lamb, in childhood thrown
 On bounteous Nature, and her alone ;
 But who can mould like that mighty dame
 The mind of fervor and mounting flame,
 The mind that beams with a glow intense
 For fair and virtuous excellence !
 Not one ! though many a mighty name,
 High margin'd on the lists of fame,
 Has blazon'd her ripe tuition high.
 The world has own'd it, and well may I !
 But most of all that right had she,
 The flower of our mountains, fair Elen of
 Reigh.

But human life is like a river—
 Its brightness lasts not on forever—
 That dances from its native braes,
 As pure as maidhood's early days ;
 But soon, with dark and sullen motion,
 It rolls into its funeral ocean,
 And those whose currents are the slightest,
 And shortest run, are aye the brightest :
 So is our life—its latest wave
 Rolls dark and solemn to the grave ;
 And soon o'ercast was Elen's day,
 And changed, as must my sportive lay.

When beauty is in its rosy prime,
 There is something sacred and sublime,
 To see all living worth combined
 In such a lovely being's mind ;
 Each thing for which we would wish to
 live,
 Each grace, each virtue Heaven can give.
 Such being was Elen, if such can be ;
 A faith unstain'd, a conscience free,
 Pure Christian love and charity,
 All breathed in such a holy strain,
 The hearts of men could not refrain
 From wonder at what they heard and saw ;
 Even greatest sinners stood in awe
 At seeing a form and soul unshadow'd—
 A model for the walks of maidhood.

You will feel a trembling wish to know,
 If such a being could e'er forego
 Her onward path of heavenly aim,
 To love a thing of mortal frame.
 Ah ! never did heart in bosom dwell,
 That loved as warmly and as well,
 Or with such ligaments profound
 Was twined another's heart around ;
 But blush not—dread not, I entreat,
 Nor tremble for a thing so sweet.

Not comely youth with downy chin,
 Nor manhood's goodliest form, could win
 One wishful look, or dew-drop sheen,
 From eye so heavenly and serene.
 Her love, that with her life began,
 Was set on thing more pure than man—
 'Twas on a virgin of like mind,
 As pure, as gentle, as refined ;
 They in one cradle slept when young—
 Were taught by the same blessed tongue ;
 Aye smiled each other's face to see—
 Were nursed upon the self same-knee ;
 And the first word each tongue could frame
 Was a loved playmate's cheering name.

Like two young poplars of the vale,
 Like two young twin roses of the dale,
 They grew ; and life had no alloy,—
 Their fairy path was all of joy.
 They danced, they sang, they play'd, they
 roved,
 And O how dearly as they loved !
 While in that love, with reverence due,
 Their God and their Redeemer too
 Were twined, which made it the sincerer,
 And still the holier and the dearer.

Each morning, when they woke from
 sleep,
 They kneel'd, and pray'd with reverence
 deep ;
 Then raised their sightly forms so trim,
 And sung their little morning hymn.
 Then tripping joyfully and bland,
 They to the school went hand in hand ;
 Came home as blithesome and as bright,
 And slept in other's arms each night.

Sure in such sacred bonds to live,
 Nature has nothing more to give.
 So loved they on, and still more dear,
 From day to day, from year to year ;
 And when their flexile forms began
 To take the mould so loved by man,
 They blush'd—embraced each other less,
 And wept at their own loveliness,
 As if their bliss was overcast,
 And days of feelings pure were past.

But who can fathom or reprove
 The counsels of the God of love,
 Or stay the mighty hand of Him
 Who dwells between the cherubim ?
 No man nor angel—All must be
 Submiss to his supreme decree.
 And so it hap'd that this fair maid,
 In all her virgin charms array'd,
 Just when upon the verge she stood

Of bright and seemly womanhood,
From this fair world was call'd away,
In mildest and in gentlest way.
Fair world indeed; but still akin
To much of sorrow and of sin.

Poor Elen watch'd the parting strife
Of her she loved far more than life;
The placid smile that strove to tell
To her beloved that all was well.
O many a holy thing they said,
And many a prayer together pray'd,
And many a hymn, both morn and even,
Was breathed upon the breeze of heaven,
Which Hope, on wings of sacred love,
Presented at the gates above.

The last words into ether melt,
The last squeeze of the hand is felt,
And the last breathings, long apart,
Like aspirations of the heart,
Told Elen that she now was left,
A thing of love and joy bereft—
A sapling from its parent torn,
A rose upon a widow'd thorn,
A twin roe, or bewilder'd lamb,
Reft both of sister and of dam—
How could she weather out the strife
And sorrows of this mortal life!

The last rites of funereal gloom,
The pageant heralds of the tomb,
That more in form than feeling tell
The sorrows of the last farewell,
Are all observed with decent care,
And but one soul of grief was there.
The virgin mould, so mild and meet,
Is roll'd up in its winding sheet;
Affection's yearnings form'd the rest,
The dead rose rustles on the breast,
The wrists are bound with bracelet bands,
The pallid gloves are on the hands,
And all the flowers the maid held dear
Are strew'd within her gilded bier;
A hundred sleeves with lawn are pale,
A hundred crapes wave in the gale,
And in a motley mix'd array
The funeral train winds down Glen-Reigh.
Alack! how shortly thoughts were lasting
Of the grave to which they all were hast-
ing!

The grave is open; the mourners gaze
On bones and skulls of former days;
The pall's withdrawn—in letters sheen,
"Maria Gray—aged eighteen,"
Is read by all with heaving sighs,
And ready hands to moisten'd eyes.
Solemn and slow the bier is laid
Into its deep and narrow bed,
And the mould rattles o'er the dead!

What sound like that can be conceived?
That thunder to a soul bereaved!
When crumbling bones grate on the bier
Of all the bosom's core held dear;
'Tis like a growl of hideous wrath—
The last derisive laugh of death—
Over his victim that lies under;

The heart's last bands then rent asunder,
And no communion more to be
Till time melt in Eternity!

From that dread moment Elen's soul
Seem'd to outfly its earthly goal;
And her refined and subtle frame,
Uplifted by unearthly flame,
Seem'd soul alone—in likelihood,
A spirit made of flesh and blood—
A thing whose being and whose bliss
Were bound to better world than this.

Her face, that with new lustre beam'd,
Like features of a seraph seem'd;
A meekness, mix'd with a degree
Of fervid, wild sublimity,
Mark'd all her actions and her moods.
She sought the loveliest solitudes,
By the dingy dell or the silver spring,
Her holy hymns of the dead to sing;
For all her songs and language bland
Were of a loved and heavenly land—
A land of saints and angels fair,
And of a late dear dweller there;
But, watch'd full often, ears profane
Once heard the following solemn strain:—

MARIA GRAY. A SONG.

1.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead,
And that I in this world can see her
never?
Who says she is laid in her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for-
ever?
Ah! they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver!
For every night she is by my side,
By the morning bower, or the moonlight
river.

2.

Maria was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal
dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was
clear,
And her form all human forms excelling.
But O! if they saw Maria now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

3.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meetness.
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd
my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there,
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

4.

Farewell, ye homes of living men!
I have no relish for your pleasures—

In the human face I nothing ken
 That with my spirit's yearning measures.
 I long for onward bliss to be,
 A day of joy, a brighter morrow;
 And from this bondage to be free,
 Farewell, thou world of sin and sorrow!

O great was the wonder, and great was the
 dread,
 Of the friends of the living, and friends of
 the dead;
 For every evening and morning were seen
 Two maidens, where only one should have
 been!
 Still hand in hand they moved, and sung
 Their hymns, on the walks they trode
 when young;
 And one night some of the watcher train
 Were said to have heard this holy strain
 Wafted upon the trembling air.
 It was sung by one, although two were
 there:—

HYMN OVER A DYING VIRGIN.

1.
 O Thou whom once thy redeeming love
 Brought'st down to earth from the throne
 above,
 Stretch forth thy cup of salvation free
 To a thirsty soul that longs for thee!
 O Thou who left'st the realms of day,
 Whose blessed head in a manger lay,
 See her here prostrate before thy throne,
 Who trusts in thee, and in thee alone!

2.
 O Thou, who once, as thy earthly rest,
 Wast cradled on a virgin's breast,
 For the sake of one who held thee dear,
 Extend thy love to this virgin here!

Thou Holy One, whose blood was spilt
 Upon the Cross, for human guilt,
 This humbled virgin's longings see,
 And take her soul in peace to thee!

That very night the mysterious dame
 Not home to her father's dwelling came;
 Though her maidens sate in chill dismay,
 And watch'd, and call'd, till the break of
 day.
 But in the dawning, with fond regard,
 They sought the bower where the song
 was heard,
 And found her form stretched on the green,
 The loveliest corpse that ever was seen.
 She lay as in balmy sleep reposed,
 While her lips and eyes were sweetly
 closed,
 As if about to awake and speak;
 For a dimpling smile was on her cheek,
 And the pale rose there had a gentle glow,
 Like the morning's tint on a wreath of
 snow.

All was so seemly and serene,
 As she lay composed upon the green,
 It was plain to all that no human aid,
 But an angel's hand, had the body laid;
 For from her form there seem'd to rise
 The sweetest odors of Paradise.
 Around her temples and brow so fair,
 White roses were twined in her auburn
 hair;
 All bound with a birch and holly band,
 And the book of God was in her right hand.

Farewell, ye flow'rets of sainted fame,
 Ye sweetest maidens of mortal frame;
 A sacred love o'er your lives presided,
 And in your deaths you were not divided!
 O, blessed are they who bid adieu
 To this erring nature as pure as you!

INTERLACHEN IN 1829.

Of all the extraordinary things I have
 seen in my travels, what seems to me
 the most singular is this colony of
 fashionables in the heart of primitive
 Switzerland. It is a curious idea of
 the gay and the sociable, who take
 the trouble of crossing mountains and
 lakes in order to meet one another
 again in this out-of-the-way corner of
 the world.

Imagine a village of boarding-
 houses by the side of black wooden
 chalets, in the midst of the wildest
 scenery, in face of the Monch and
 Jung Frau, with scarcely any other

mode of approach except by one of
 the two lakes of Thun or Brienz, be-
 tween which it is situated. When
 you go out to walk, you find an excel-
 lent road, shaded by beautiful walnut-
 trees, which, unfortunately, this year
 are very much eaten by the cock-
 chafers, and have just the appearance
 of ladies dressed in muslin or gauze—
 every form and limb is seen in that
 clear, hazy manner. You meet every
 moment parties of fashionables of
 both sexes, who are promenading or
 visiting; or else you encounter groups
 of pilgrims to the picturesque, going

or returning from the surrounding mountains; gentlemen and ladies with pikes in their hands, and both with equally large straw hats. The only particular in which they differ, are the men wearing "blouzes," and carrying havresacs on their backs; and even this distinction is sometimes done away with.

But how shall I immortalize the English four-in-hand I met to-day in Untersen? A dashing English carriage, with four hack horses, had a curious effect, combined with the charrs of all shapes and sizes one sees driving in all directions, with the clumsy riding-horses taken from the cart—in short, with the vast variety of moving vehicles everywhere to be seen. Nor must I forget the boats moving continually on the lakes of Thun and Brienz to every village on their well-known banks.

Yet amidst all these temptations to wander to a distance, sufficient time is found for every home amusement. Society is never wanting, as the boarders meet at a public dinner-table. Balls and concerts are sometimes got up, and the Church of England service is performed on Sunday. The cheapness of living, for five francs a day, everything included, is not the least astonishing part of this extraordinary Swiss village. Running and wrestling matches, at which prizes are distributed by the strangers to the victorious country people, may likewise be noticed among its singularities.

The young peasant-girls are here much prettier, and much more tastefully dressed, than those who languish in comparative obscurity in the other parts of Switzerland. Their hair is simply dressed in a circular plait, quite low behind, but it is parted and braided over the forehead in front, and a little bow of black ribbon stands coquettishly on one side, and is very becoming.

Instead of the stupid, full Swiss petticoat, the shape is shown to some advantage, and the greater height and slenderness of their figure appears.

After the short, full white sleeve ends, a colored stocking is worn which fits close to the arm, and is fastened above the elbow by a colored garter, which is pretty, though odd. This is the present fashion among the juvenile belles of Interlachen. Those who work in the fields wear generally large straw hats to shade their faces; in short, the "paysannes" of Interlachen are more conscious of their beauty, and more coquettish in their manner, than any women I have ever seen. They have much more quickness, and more delicate features than the generality of the Swiss peasants; in short, they are quite the fashionable ladies of this part of the country; and truly their delicacy is fostered by many circumstances.

Many of the families are very rich; they have no oppressors, and most of them add the pride of ancient descent to present ease of circumstances—having coats of arms which they have inherited from their fathers; so that they resemble the ancient Swiss, as they are represented in the time of the first confederation,—equally at ease, equally proud and independent. I should think there is very little change in the country since then, only liberty has rendered it more flourishing.

In speaking of the women of Interlachen, I must not forget the Belle Bâtelière, who keeps a shop at Untersen; and the young men still run after her to look at her, on account of her former fame, though sorrow has left indelible traces on her countenance.

How shall I ever be able to describe all the curiosities of the neighborhood of Interlachen, so numerous in every way, besides the fashionable fantasies I have mentioned!—to tell the legends attached to every castle, to the mountains, the villages, the caverns, which I have listened to with delight, while strolling among the shady walks commanding a view of the interesting places which were the subject of conversation; while the Monch and Jung Frau, fit companions for one another, shone beautifully in

clear vestal light, after obscurity had crept over the other mountains, and were reflected in the dark waters of the Aar beneath: even the guardian star of the Jung Frau, which seems ever to watch over her, and enlighten her in the hours of darkness, shone brightly in the river—beautiful emblem of the care which Heaven takes of innocence amidst the night of adversity! How many ages have these two pure beings stood silent witnesses of the deeds of men! What scenes of dark wickedness could they tell of; and how must the souls of those who committed them have reproached them, when they turned their eyes towards these beautiful mountains from the blood which flowed around them. When the Lord of Rothenflue had murdered his brother for the sake of his inheritance, no wonder that he could no longer bear the sight of such enduring witnesses, but fled his country, and died far from all he had loved;—as we read in the inscription on the rock on the road to Lauterbrunnen, near which the deed was committed.

I will endeavor to retrace some of these legends, the memory of which endures in my mind. I have read and listened attentively to the subject, for my heart takes delight in the romance attached to it.

Rinkelberg is a nice village, in a lovely situation on the Lake of Brienz. There are the remains of an old castle, and a church is now built close beside them. A romantic tale is told of the last lord of this place. He became enamored of the daughter of a fisherman, remarkable for her beauty, in the village opposite, across the lake. He often begged her father to bring her to his castle and leave her with him; but the old father said he should rather prefer her death. One day he brought her, accompanying her himself, but could not be prevailed upon to leave her: which so enraged the tyrant lord, that from his castle he shot the poor girl in the heart, as she was returning home in her father's boat.

The old man seemed to take no notice, but he nurtured the deep cold vengeance of a true Swiss heart. He buried his daughter, and left the country. Sometime after, the tyrant lord wished to build another castle on a neighboring eminence, and for that purpose he summoned all the best architects. The old father of the unfortunate maid seized the opportunity of revenging her fate; he suffered his beard to grow, and otherwise disguised himself completely. Pretending to be a master-mason, he presented himself before the Lord of Rinkelberg, took him to the hill where the castle was to be built, tried the rock, considered the situation, and, finally, asked the lord what his castle should be called. "Schadenburg, the castle of wrong," said he. "No, Freyburg, the castle of liberty," resumed the pretended mason; and at the same time he struck the vile lord a blow with his hammer, which despatched him within sight of the spot where his fair victim had perished through his unworthy and ungoverned passions. Tradition assures us of the safety of the old fisherman. The tyrant was the last of his race; and his was not a character to attract the affection of the neighboring peasants, who most likely shielded their countryman from the rage of the lord's retainers, had any been willing to revenge his death.

At the distance of a long walk from Interlachen is the Beatenhohle, or St. Beat's Cave. You arrive there through a pretty wood of firs, in many places close to the Lake of Thun, and indulging you with many peeps of its waters through openings in the dark trees. An ancient direction-post points the way to this once celebrated place of pilgrimage. Having passed this, you still ascend to a high face of perpendicular rock, in which is a cavern shaded by trees and bushes, out of which runs a stream, which forms, lower down, the pretty cascade of Beatenbach, seen by all voyagers on the Lake of Thun. Tradition assigns this as the residence of the first

preacher of Christianity in this neighborhood. For the honor of my countrymen, I must fain declare him to have been an Englishman, who returning from Rome, where the Pope had taken great pains with his edification, and given him the name of Beat, was quite in despair on seeing the dreadful state of this then heathen valley. Finding no one would take him into their home, he sought three days for a habitation, and at last rejoiced in finding a very sorry one, —none other than this cave : where, I fear, the water must at times have been a great annoyance to him. However, Satan was a still greater plague, if report speaks truth. Seven days he battled with him for this miserable hole ; till at last faith and prayer prevailed, and St. Beat obtained possession, but not quiet, for the Devil raised a most dreadful tempest when the good saint wished to go and administer the food of the word to a faithful flock who waited for him, broke his boat, and reduced him to despair, till he cast himself down on his red mantle ; and then the Devil's spite was amply made up to him, for he was wafted on it high over the waves to the expectant congregation, who, no doubt, were much strengthened and confirmed by his miraculous appearance. Another sweet bit of revenge he obtained over Satan, who in the church, when one of Beat's converts was preaching, was very busy in a corner under the pulpit, setting down the names of all those who fell asleep on a very hot day after a long walk, during the sermon ; feeling quite sure, that, if he had it down in black and white, to show at the judgment-day, these unlucky wights would all be condemned, without mercy, to everlasting chains. So many slept, that the goat's-skin the Devil had with him was quite full ; and in order to stretch it to make it hold more, he pulled it with his teeth till his head knocked against the pulpit and rang again : which made Beat, who was watching him, burst into a loud laugh, and woke all the sleepers for that

day. The miraculous virtues of Beat's cloak seem to have ceased after this —for fear, I suppose, of his becoming too conceited. He is said to have died in peace, leaving Christianity prosperous on the shores of the Bended Lake (as the Lake of Thum is called in these legends), and in all the neighboring country.

Will my kind reader endure any more absurdities ? If so, I will tell him a history which is really believed by some of the people of the country.

The Blumelis Alp is an immense mass of snow-covered rock seen from the Lake of Thun. It derives its name from the punishment inflicted on it in consequence of the wickedness of a farmer who lived there once on a time ; for it was not always buried in snow, but had green pastures and fertile meadows when in its natural state. He was so rich, that he made a staircase of cheeses to the mountain top. He lived there with his wife, his servant-maid, who seems to have been his chief ally, and his dog. His wife being a good woman, died in peace ; but he, his maid, dog, and cow, are still believed to be imprisoned in the everlasting snow on the summit.

Yet a few stories of the people of Merlinghen, a village on the Lake of Thun, remarkable for the personal strength and mental weakness of its inhabitants.

They are said to have been guilty, —one winter, of carrying the snow over in a boat to the other side of the lake ; —and once, when they wanted to make a fire, to light a candle, they knew not how ; and seeing one lighted at the other side of the lake, they went over in a boat with a stick, in order to set it on fire and bring it burning to light their candle. —Seeing some blades of grass on the roof of their church, they imagined it necessary to take up an ox to eat it away. —When the walnuts began to get ripe, and the skins to crack, they fancied they were thirsty, and opened their mouths for drink ; so they bent the tree down with cords to the lake.

The tree, however, was the strongest, "et emportait tous les pauvres gens en l'air."—Wanting to get rid of some weeds in their corn, they would not suffer any person to walk among it to pull them up, lest he should tread the wheat down; but they made four men carry one in a litter, in order to accomplish it without injury!

Whether they are improved now, and become *gens d'esprit*, I do not know; but one of them made the following reply to a stranger who went there, and asked whether there were as many silly people as ever there. "Oh oui; et il en arrive tous les jours dans le pays."

The ascent of the Faulhorn is the most interesting and most difficult excursion in the neighborhood of Interlachen. It is necessary to go to Grindelwald and sleep there, setting out early in the morning on horses or mules and carrying provisions. In passing through the valley, the guides point out the spot on which a single ray of the sun, on a particular day, shines after he has been sunk a long while beneath the mountains. The reason is, that there is a hole through the Eiger, behind which the ray passes, and consequently casts a momentary light on a particular place in the vale below.

The view soon becomes exquisite on a sunny day, when the sky is clear blue, and the glaciers glittering in light. You toil up a long ascent till you reach a small lake, in a little plain of fresh verdure, enamelled with all manner of fairy colors, occasioned by the beautiful flowers which the melted snow brings forth. It is surrounded with high, dark, and partly snow-covered walls of rock, which you must still ascend to reach the top—immensely steep and fatiguing to attain; but, when attained, the most magnificent and striking of imaginable views amply repays you: indeed, I think it is by far superior to any other in Switzerland. You stand on a point of ground, which behind you slopes steeply down, and before you is brok-

en off perfectly perpendicular; so that the eye plunges down a black precipice, and finds at the bottom a melancholy lake with one single habitation on its bank—the station, I believe, of a custom-house officer. Where the Lake of Brienz is visible beyond, you may see boats like little specks plying to and fro to the Giesbach—in the distance are the Rigi, the great and little Mythen overhanging the town of Schwitz, Mont Pilate, Zug, the Lakes of Neuchatel, Thun, and Lucerne, and the range of the Jura between France and Switzerland, with many a fair Swiss mountain, village, and river, inferior to these, and stretching out in a comparative plain. On turning, you behold vast masses of black rocks, covered in parts with bright verdure, irregularly shaped, and surmounted with a wreath of snow, whose border is cut into the most elegant peaks imaginable. Here the Blumelis Alp, Jung Frau, (with the brilliant Silber-horn,) Monch, Eiger, Viescherhorner, Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Berglistok, and Wetterhorn, raise their ancient heads in the clear blue ether, while the Schwarzhorn and Signal rock, which they tower above, most strongly contrast with their purity. It is impossible to describe one's feelings while beholding this unique spectacle. You are so completely in the heart of the Alpine regions, their secrets are so entirely laid open to your view, that you see at once the connection of every glacier and every mountain you have before visited separately, and only regarded in its isolated position, and are carried away by admiration of this unexpected and beautiful revelation of the whole, and the wonderful coincidence of such enormous and widely separated parts.

Spiritualized and excited by this intimate connexion with the harmony of Nature, you seem no longer to belong to the ordinary world, which is left so far behind that you expect the beasts must sink with fatigue, and yourself perish with hunger, ere you can again behold the habitations of

men; so entirely are they lost to view, and a new world opened, bright, splendid and immaterial as the visions of a poet's dream.

They live, those hoary beings—they understand your thoughts—they become the confidants of the most concealed sentiments of your soul, of every internal pang, of every unencouraged hope—imagination represents them answering, like the oracles of old, those ideas which have never yet passed your lips, and scarcely dared to present themselves in the deepest solitude to your mind. The delight and pain of such feelings can never be imagined by one who has not ex-

perienced them; and I do not think they could be borne, unless tears came to the relief of the too highly excited soul.

We descended a different way, in face of the majestic scene I have described, and dining in a valley inhabited by goats and cows, and one or two half-human beings, who chanted, while milking, the "*Ranz des Vaches*" in its simplest form, being merely a repetition of the word *kuh* (cow) in musical cadence, reached Grindelwald again by moonlight, with the scene so engraven on our hearts, that I do not think it can ever be dimmed or effaced.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES*," "*ANNALS OF THE PARISH*," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE first time I had occasion to visit London was in the spring of 1804. I arrived in the York mail early on a fine May morning.

My journey had been uncomfortable. I had left home for the first time; I was about to engage in the warfare of business, and, partly arising from fatigue, and partly from the crisis of my circumstances, there was an altogetheriness of dissatisfaction with myself, "the world, and my hostel," the inn where I alighted.

Being weary, sleepy, and annoyed, when I got my luggage disembarked from the coach, I was shown, by request, to a bedchamber. It opened from one of the upper galleries of the quadrangle of the inn, and seemed to me, on entering, a strange and unsafe commonage, compared with the quiet propriety of my father's house. The floor was damp—the piece of carpet round the bed ragged—the curtains mean—and the aspect of the room and furniture gave no assurance of repose; nevertheless, I slept soundly, to which three days' hard journey specially invited.

It was eleven o'clock before I

awoke, but although refreshed, the noise in the yard, and the cataract-like sound in the streets, were yet not calculated to alleviate the feelings of distaste with which I had been affected on my arrival.

Having dressed myself, I descended to breakfast in the coffee-room. Here everything was still more disagreeable. The floor was coarsely sprinkled with sand, which grated beneath my tread—breakfast was slovenly served—the eggs were of course bad—and, by way of consolation, after I had tapped the end of the second batch, the waiter assured me that all bad eggs came from Scotland. Instead of the rural cream to which I had been accustomed, the milk was pale and lachrymal.

Before leaving home, I had been advised by some of my friends who had recently visited the metropolis, to take up my abode in one or other of certain genteelly frequented coffee-houses; but the manner in which I felt affected that morning, made me shudder at the idea of attempting to figure so openly on the stage of public life.

Having finished my breakfast, I

went in search of a sober street for apartments, in which, for eight or ten days before delivering my letters of introduction, I might have time to determine where my permanent domicile could be best established. Accordingly, I walked into Newgate Street. The crowd passing from the east and west induced me to pause. I thought that on the one side a popular preacher had surely but just dismissed his congregation, and on the other, that either a riot or a patriotic election had been dissolved.

I stepped into a shop until the streams should subside; but after waiting, and remarking upon the subject to the shopman, I was civilly informed that the commingling tides were daily customary, and would continue to flow until the business and diurnal vocations of men were ended by night.

This, the first fact which impressed me with a sensible notion of the magnitude of London, smote my heart, and admonished me of the helpless, the defenceless, and the powerless condition of a stranger in that great vortex of interests and passions.

I left the shop, elbowing my way to the westward, and though many bills on windows invited me to look at lodgings, I yet passed down Skinner Street, then just becoming habitable, up Holborn-Hill into Hatton-Garden, and the Lord knows by what other turnings and windings, as it then seemed to me, until I reached Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

It has often struck me since as curious, that I should have traversed so wide an extent of the dormitory of London, without discovering a haven. But when I recall to mind the circumstances which led me to pass from house to house, and from street to street, I can scarcely suppress a smile.

In Hatton-Garden, I was deterred from applying at one house, because the door was newly painted, and the bill in the window, "Apartments to let," was wafered to the pane with three wafers of divers colors, and a slake of starch. It was impossible

that neatness could be within, or aught of the order and prepared decorum so essential to comfort and tranquillity.

In Theobald's Road I saw in a window a lodging bill seemingly of beautiful penmanship. It was inscribed on the glass, in elegant characters, simple, tasteful, and alluring. I entered—I inquired—I inhaled an odor, and returned hastily into the street, exclaiming, How deceitful are appearances! The inscription on the glass of the window was permanent; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of the apprentice, an embryo genius.

I have another memorable reminiscence of that morning's perambulation. In Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, possibly in London or Howland Streets, but certainly in one of the three, I saw the ordinary placard. I knocked at the door, and was answered by a Cinderella. I requested to look at the apartments; she showed me into the parlor. Soon after came a matron with a masque of rouge, a handsome shawl, and a dirty morning gown. She assured me that her house was of the most respectable order, but to the veracity of which assurance, the paint on her cheek gave a blushing denial. I forget in what way I contrived to bid her good-morning, without ascertaining the state of any of her apartments.

Columbus-like, steering still my course westward, I at last came to a neat house in Mortimer Street, next door to an upholsterer. In its appearance were symptoms of cleanliness and compactness. A vine spread up between the two parlor windows—the sashes were painted for the season—the door, too, had put on a new verdure. It was a house, indeed, which, for its size, indicated pretensions to more consideration than such a size would have seemed to justify. It was respectable rather than genteel, and yet it had about it an air of gentility; for, instead of gaudy-painted calico, suggesting atrocious imagery of cathedrals, or of abbeyes, the lower part of the parlor windows was screened with

Venetian blinds. The knocker of the door was of a ponderosity that bespoke an expectation of guests not ashamed to demand entrance; and the bill in the window was written evidently by a female hand not practised in romantic literature.

I knocked at the door, and after a reasonable time it was opened by a loose-haired damsel of the north, who inquired my will and pleasure. I explained to her the quest upon which I had come, and, without reply, she showed me into a small back parlor, and retired. Soon after Mrs. Winsom, her mistress, came to me.

Mrs. Winsom was, properly speaking, rather beyond what might be called a matronly age. She was declined into the vale of years, and the style of her dress, without being old or obsolete, evinced that she herself possessed a distinct knowledge of her age. She appeared to be just in her right station, and yet her look betokened a degree of intelligence greater than her station required. As I have remarked, she was not decidedly aged, but her manner, her dress, her look and deportment, indicated that she classed herself among the old.

A single glance at her person and appearance persuaded me that in her house I should find a home; and accordingly, without reflecting on the silliness of the observation, I told her that I was come to take her lodgings.

"In which of the floors?" said she, calmly, with a Scottish accent, but yet not exactly in the tone of a Scottish landlady.

I was disconcerted by her question, and still more by her penetrating look. However, I mustered self-possession to reply:

"I have been in search all the morning of comfortable apartments, and I have seen no house I like so well as yours."

She made no answer for some time, but looked at me curiously, and then she asked, "What part of my house do you think you could afford to take?"

This discomposed me still more,

and I knew not wherefore. It seemed as if the question were impertinent, and yet there was an accent of kindness which changed the effect entirely, especially as she immediately subjoined, "I discern, young gentleman, ye're a stranger in London, and a novice in a certain sense to its delusions. But my parlor floor's a guinea a-week—my first floor two guineas—my second floor is a five-and-twenty shilling—and for the attics, I keep them for myself and Babby, that we may not be brought into tribulation with the lower order of lodgers, the like o' them that dwell in garret-rooms. As for the parlor floor, that is in occupation by a most discreet gentleman that has a concern in the Parliament frae Embro'—and the first floor—the drawing room, which is very handsomely furnished, is bespoken for a family expected in town. But the second floor, which is the most comfortable of the three, and has a chamber bell which rings in Babby's room, just behind my bed-head, is at your convenience."

Our negotiation was soon concluded, and it was agreed that I should bring my luggage in the evening, and that Mrs. Winsom should have the room prepared for my reception, and a cake of Windsor soap, as suggested by herself, on the wash-hand stand, as I had not provided myself with such an indispensable.

We had some farther conversation on various topics, but it was chiefly on her side. She appeared to search as it were the objects of my visit to London. This inquest put me, I think, inordinately on my guard, and I replied to her drily, and, like all young Scotchmen, drew myself up into the full stature of all the consequence I could assume.

"I hope," said she, as I was leaving the house to return to the coach inn, "I hope you have not provided yourself in coming to London, like many other thoughtless young men, with new clothes?"

I assured her I had not. "Then," replied she, "you are, no doubt,

recommended to a fashionable tailor—what's his name?"

I gave her at once that of my ever since and present indulgent creditor, Mr. Stitches. "I thank you," said

Mrs. Winsom, "for its a rule with me to gang for a character rather to a young gentleman's tailor, than to his high friends and fine connexions."

CHAPTER II.

After leaving Mrs. Winsom's house, I felt as if I had established a home, and, although I wandered in my way back to the coach-inn, it was without anxiety. I knew, when tired, I had only to go into the first coffee-house and order a coach. Such is the effect of having a local habitation. I have, however, discovered, that without the precaution of going into a coffee-house, a coach may be obtained by hailing in the street.

When I had thus, aimless and purposeless, spent three or four hours in a desultory transit from street to street, I found myself at last, about dinner-time, near Charing-cross. I knew not then the place, but I recollect well that it was there I first was sensible of the total insignificance of an individual in London. In passing from Pall-Mall down to Whitehall, I met a gentleman of a superior appearance, walking with a little red-nosed personage. It was the Prince of Wales and Colonel Macmahon. No one seemed to notice his Royal Highness except a young man of a mechanical appearance, with a paper-cap. He paused and pointed out the Prince to another, seemingly a country-lad, and I was amused at the astonishment with which the latter looked back on a phenomenon so ordinary and so familiar as His Royal Highness appeared to be.

I am not sure that any single incident ever gave me so much instruction as this one. It plucked from me the feathers of vanity, and taught me that in London a man was to be valued only for himself. I was disturbed by the discovery, for I had brought with me a whole mail of commendatory letters—many of them were to the wise and high, the rich and the renowned. I paused, and for a moment

hesitated. I then said to myself, What claim have I upon the patronage of those? None. I will put my letters into the fire, and see what fortune has prepared for me, by luck or endeavor, in the circumstances into which I may be cast.

The savory steam of the Spring-garden coffee-house, at this juncture, invitingly addressed my olfactory nerves. I looked at the low, mean kitchen-like apertures from which the fume was ascending. I conjectured, by the dull, numerous windows of the coffee-house above, that appetite might be appeased there, so I went in and ordered dinner.

While it was preparing, I examined the features of the apartment. They did not seem much superior to the triste and gritty appliances of the coach-inn. They were neater, certainly, and, when the dinner was served, there was an unnecessary show of plate. It was manifest that I was in a different atmosphere from that of the neighborhood of Newgate-street. The other guests in the coffee-room were spruce and trim, talked loud, and spoke curiously, hereby showing themselves a different race indeed from the unshaven and coach-rid travellers of the Bull and Mouth.

My first day's visit to London was, as may well be supposed, unsatisfactory. My accustomed habits were shaken. I was not taught that they had been wrong, but I was convinced that the world had no respect for individual feelings. I would have smiled at my own foolishness in attaching importance to the looks and bills of lodging-houses, but, somehow, it was impossible to divest myself of the persuasion, that in those things there were at once admonition and information. I was come into a sphere

over the movements of which I could have manifestly no control, and yet my thoughts occasionally reverted to the peculiarities and motherly manners of Mrs. Winsom, and in driving in the hackney-coach which took me to the inn in the evening to bring my luggage from thence to her house, I resolved, old woman as she was, to win from her some of the results of her experience; for, in the course of our interview, she had impressed me with a high idea of her discernment and prudence.

When I reached Mortimer-Street, Mrs. Winsom had gone out, but her handmaid, Babby, was in expectation of my arrival. The apartments were prepared, candles set, and the appearance of my sitting-room had an air of homeliness and comfort, in pleasant contrast to that strange combination of solitude and bustle which is at once the charm and annoyance of a coffee-house in London.

Babby made some thriftless excuse for the absence of her mistress, which perhaps would have passed unnoticed had she not said,

"Puir body, it's a pity she's sic a compassionate woman, for her hainings just gang like chaff before the wind amang them that hae been her lodgers, and hae but sma' claim or cause for a godsend frae her. Howsomever, it's no an ill faut that comes o' kindness, and I maun thole wi' her indiscretions, though she wiled me frae my parentage in the shire of Ayr, wi' the vision o' an inheritance—holding out to me, to say in the words o' the Presbytery, that, being her cousin, I was to be helper and successor. But gude kens where the succession will come frae if all's gien awa' and naething be retained for an honesty."

I did not very well understand this commentary, but I concluded that Mrs. Winsom was a good, kind-hearted body, and that something in the history of a previous lodger had drawn upon her charity.

This surmise, with the favorable impression of her appearance, led me

to think, when I retired for the night, that I had fallen into the chances of some adventure.

In the morning I found Babby busy in my sitting-room, preparing breakfast.

"Will you give my compliments to your mistress," said I, "and say I would be glad of her company to breakfast?"

"Na," replied Babby, "I would think shame to do the like o' that, for what would my mistress think o' a young gentleman inveeting her to his forlorn breakfast? She has ne'er done the like o' that."

But, notwithstanding Babby's protest, I again requested her to invite Mrs. Winsom. Some circumstance, however, unexplained at the time, prevented my invitation from being accepted, but in the evening, after having dined again in a coffee-house, when I returned home I found candles and the tea equipage set on my table, with two cups on the tray. Babby lighted the candles, and soon after her mistress came into the room.

"It would," said she, "have put me to an inconvenience to have troubled you with my society at breakfast, though it was at your own request; but I thought you might have a leisureliness at tea-time, for I jalouse you're of an inquisitive nature, and you have been thinking I could tell you something of the town. Now, sir, for that reason I have come of my own accord to drink my tea with you, though, on so scrimp an acquaintance, sic familiarity may no beget for me a great respect. But when we have few friends, we're fain of companions; and maybe I have an exemplar and a lesson to teach worth an inexperienced young man's attention. You hear that I'm a woman of your own country, but you know not what has made me to fix the pole of my tent in a foreign land."

By this time Babby had arranged the materiel of the tea, and Mrs. Winsom having, after blowing into the spout of the teapot, determined that all

was right and proper, proceeded to sip and chat, until from less to more she gave me the following sketch of her life.

CHAPTER III.

"My father," said Mrs. Winsom, "was an Antiburgher minister, with a narrow stipend, and a small family of eleven children, whereof only five came to the years of discretion, and I was the youngest of them. He was a worthy good man, and held in great respect by the minister of the establishment, Dr. Drumlie, whose wife was a perfect lady, and took upon her my education, which was the cause of its coming to pass that I grew into a superiority above the rest of my father's daughters.

"Being of a sedate and methodical turn, Mrs. Drumlie thought when I was grown up, that I would make an excellent housekeeper for her brother the Laird of Kirkland, whose ledgy was in a weakly way, and his house for that because in great need of red-ding. His servants were neglectful, and everything about him had fallen into a sort of decay and wastery. So, to make a long tale short, after writing letters and getting back answers, and talking a great deal of the good fortune that awaited me, I left my father's house, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, with a burden on my back. I trow it was not, like his, a burden of sin, but what the folk in Scotland call 'gude hamert-made claes.'

"The house of Kirkland was an auncient building; some thought it was the work of the Peghts, but the Laird himself, a man of edificial knowledge, was of a different conceit, and maintained it was of the time of the Reformation.

"The lady of the house of Kirkland being, as I have said, an ailing woman and of a frail condition, was sitting when I was shown in to her in an easy chair, on the lee side of the dining-room fire. I saw that she was preijunct and genteel, and that if she had been in a state to herd her householdry, there

would have been nae need of the like of me.

"When she had judged of me by some questions, she bade me to sit down, and put me under a strict examine concerning what I knew; but I had been so well brought up by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Drumlie, that she was pleased to commend me as just such a young woman as she had long wanted. Thus it came to pass, that I espoused my fortune as housekeeper in the house of Kirkland; and verily it was a great charge, for the Laird had his fykes and was ill to please, being a sort of an astronomer, greatly addicted to big auld-fashioned books. His book-room was just a confusion. I made a trial on an occasion one morning to set it in order, but Oh! the whirlwind of passion that he was in when he saw what I had been doing! So I was debarred from that time frae putting my foot within the door of that chamber. As for the Leddy's sickliness, it had nae doubt helped to make her silly, and not being able, by reason of rheumatics in her legs, to go about the house, the ordering of her own room and the room she sate in was her day's darg. But though she was a thought malcontent, I must do her the justice to bear testimony, that if she was fashed with trifles, she yet could reward merit and eydencie.

"My time, notwithstanding the Laird's fykes and the Leddy's fashes, would have howled away pleasantly enough, but to get the upper hand of the neglectful servants was not an easy task. However, what by parting with one and ruling with moderation the rest, before a year was done I had conquered the regency of the house, and it was spread far and wide that I had wrought a meercle at Kirkland.

"My name being so spread, it was thought throughout the country side,

that I would make a wonderful wife ; and thus it came to pass in the course of nature, that Zachary Winsom, who was then butler at Guzzleton Castle, as Jenny sings in the sang, 'cam a-courting to me.'

"He had saved money, was held in great respect, and though rather too well stricken in years, he was yet a blythe and portly man, with a pleasant rosy look and powthered hair, and he had a jocose and taking way with him, so that, from less to more, after acquaintanceship had quickened into affection, we were married ; and a vacancy being at the time in Guzzleton, by the death of the house-keeper, Mrs. Pickles, I was translated into her capacity. But there was an unca difference between the household charge of my new situation, and the faculties o' my duty at Corncraiks. However, I gave satisfaction to the family, and when Sir Alexander died, which was in the third year of my servitude, he left a brave legacy to my husband, and leaving a legacy to him I was not forgotten, so we thought o' coming into Edinburgh, and taking up a house o' lodging for the genteeler order of Colleegeeners. But after a short trial, we soon saw that it was a trade would never answer ; the young gentlemen were often outstraplaes, which was a way of life and manner that did not accord with the orderliness of my habit and repute ; and, moreover, they had no reverence for Mr. Winsom, but made light of his weel-bred manners, and jeered at some o' his wee conceities ; for although he was a man o' a thousand, I'll no deny that he had his particularities. But they were innocent infirmities, and had won for him both civility and solid testimonies of favor from the gentlemen and friends of our late honored master. We, therefore, after due deliberation, made a resolve that we would give up our house in Edinburgh, and before entering on a new sphere of life, would take a jaunt to see the world.

"Accordingly, in the summer, when the college broke up, and our

lodgers had gone home to their fathers' houses, we packed up a trunk, and having gotten it on board a Berwick smack at the pier of Leith, we sailed for London, where, after a pleasing passage of four days, we were brought in good health, much the better of our voyage to this town, where Mr. Winsom having a cousin in a most prosperous way, living in Bury Street, St. James's, letting lodgings to government members of Parliament, and nabobs with the liver complaint from India, whereby he was making a power of money ; and making a power of money, it so fell out that Mr. Pickingwell (for that was the name of our cousin) invited us to stay with him and his wife, they having at the time a room unlet. Well, ye see, speaking with them of what we had come through with our lodgers, they gave us some insight how they managed with theirs ; and when we had been with them the better part of a week, seeing shows and other fairlies, me and Mr. Winsom had a secret consultation about settling ourselves in London, and setting up genteel dry lodgings like Mr. Pickingwell's. This led to a confabulatory discourse between the men, while I sounded Mrs. Pickingwell, who was just transported to hear of our project ; a thing, when I considered we were to be rivals, was very liberal, indeed, on her part.

"When the ice had been thus broken, it was agreed among us, that until we had got some experience in the way of management, we should set up for a doucer kind of lodgers ; and so it came to pass, that after looking about us for a house, we came by an accident to hear of this one, and having bought the lease, Mr. Winsom went to Scotland and brought our furniture, I staying in the meantime getting insight with Mrs. Pickingwell. And it was just extraordinar to see what a profit they had on their weekly bills. But it was not ordained for me and Mr. Winsom to fall into the way of such good fortune ; for, although this house is

worth twa of the house that Mr. Pick-ingwell had, yet the folk that come here are for the most part of an economical nature, though I'll allow they're to the full as genteel, being in a certain sense men of stated incomes of their own, but no sae free as those wha hae the handling of public money, or the rooking of Hindoo Rajays. But for all that, if our gains were less, we led a quieter life, and for the first three years we lived in the land of Caanaun, till one evening Mr. Winsom having the gout in his toe, felt it come into his stomach, whereby he was, before break of day, (though we had the best of doctors,) removed into Abraham's bosom, and left me a disconsolate and forlorn widow, in my seven-and-thirtieth year. Maybe I might have retired, for I'll no misca' the blessing by denying that I had a competency sufficient to have maintained me with decorum among my friends in Scotland; but usage to the business, and the liking I had to see things in order, enticed me to remain where I was; and thus, from less to more, day by day, and year by year, I have come to the verge of age, seeing but small cause to repine at my portion in this world, when I compare the sober passage of my life with the haste and hurries that I have witnessed in the fortunes of many of my lodgers."

The old lady having finished her narrative, I could not but applaud the tranquil respectability in which she had spent her days; and her concluding remark led me to say, that although her sphere had been narrow, it would yet seem that it had not been without interesting events. She acknowledged that this was the case, and added, that a lodging-house is "a wee kingdom, wi' different orders and degrees of inhabitants, all subject to many changes. Maybe had it been less so, I would have wearied and gone home to my friends; but whenever I had a hankering o' that sort, something was sure to befall my

lodgers that led me to take a part in their concerns, and detained me here. No farther gone than the present spring, I had come to a resolve to dispose of my lease, and, for that purpose, I had the house newly done up and beautified; but before I could find a purchaser, a lady and a gentleman took the first floor; and they were not long with me till I found myself fastened to them by the enchantment of an unaccountable curiosity,—not that there was anything remarkable in their manners, or that I had any cause to suspect their conduct was wrong, but still there was a mystery about them; they were visited by nobody, and the lady was often, when alone, seemingly in deep distress. They remained with me about a month, and suddenly left the house. I could discover no cause to induce them to remove: but still their determination was so hastily adopted, that I could not but think some unexpected and unforeseen event had wised them. In the course of a fortnight they came back, but the apartments were occupied, and I could not then receive them. Yesterday, a short time before you called, they came again, and, at the lady's request, I went to see her this morning in the lodgings where they now reside. I am still, however, as much in the dark as ever respecting them. It may be very true, as the gentlewoman says, that she prefers my house to that where they are at present accommodated; but that throws no light on the cause of their abrupt departure, nor on the distress which she so carefully conceals from her husband, if he be indeed her husband."

This incident, so casually mentioned, induced me to express a desire to hear something of those lodgers who had on other occasions attracted her particular attention, and she promised to gratify me when I had a leisure half hour to hear her; for the night was by this time too far advanced for her to enter upon any new topic.*

* Chapter IV. &c. in the next and the following numbers.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sate he,
"And now," he said, "to you I'll tell
A dismal thing, which once befell
In a ship upon the sea.

"TIS five-and-fifty years gone by,
Since, from the River Plate,
A young man, in a home-bound ship,
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout timbered ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvass set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days like a winged thing
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time we slackened speed,
Turned helm or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy
Of wealth from the Spanish main,
And the treasure-boards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean ;
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with
brass,
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow,
And all men deemed that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me :—on the lone high seas,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced in the silent second watch,
I sate on the deck alone ;
And I heard from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo !
The captain stood by me,
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turned him round ;
And he drew in his breath when me he
saw,
Like one convulsed, whom the withering
awe
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and palsied lips,
And the stare of his ghastly eye,
When he turned in hurried haste away,
Yet he had no power to fly ;
He was chained to the deck with his heavy
guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.

' 'TWAS a cursed thing,' said I, ' to kill
That old man in his sleep !
And the plagues of the sea will come from
him,
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For Heaven his groans hath heard !'
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand
His aching eyes to shade—
But the blood that was wet did freeze his
soul,
And he shrank like one afraid.

And even then, that very hour,
The wind dropped, and a spell
Was on the ship, was on the sea,
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin :
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murder'd
man,
And the El Dorado hoard,
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his sin, a murdered man,
A thousand fathoms low.

And many days, and many more,
Came on, and lagging sped,
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky,
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me ! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day ;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door,

And up and down the sailors walked,
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The captain's son was on board with us,
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand
And made him kneel and pray
That the crime for which the calm was sent
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his
prayer,
And set the vessel free ;—
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,
Nor why the calm was sent ;
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud
Arise in that sky of flame,
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,
And blackened as it came.

And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky,
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound
Like giants, passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow ;
And the waves were heaved from the
ocean depths,
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death-calm
Its horrid hold undoing,
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea,
And the captain rushed from the hold be-
low,
But he durst not look on me :

He seized each rope with a madman's
haste,
And he set the helm to go,
And every sail he crowded on
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout,
And the naked masts with a crash came
down,
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men to spars and splintered boards
Clung till their strength was gone,
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Washed over, one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,
A curse in the boiling wave ;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sate apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so !'

And then those heavy iron chests
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.

And out from the bottom of the sea
There came a hollow groan ;—
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he looked like icy stone—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing, thundering roar,—
I saw the captain fall to the deck,
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five,
But ere the middle of that night
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear ;
Oh ! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear !

At length, as if his prayers were heard,
'Twas calmer, and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I,
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he uttered not a cry.

There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none,
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me
When my last hopes were gone ;
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days,
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide ;

And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on,
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel passed us by
That was sailing cheerily ;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed,
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea :—
' Not yet ! not yet ! ' he feebly cried,
' There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned
That fair, warm ship to see,
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me !

I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray,
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell
Of wreck and wild distress,
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness.

For I loved the boy, and I could not
cloud

His soul with a sense of shame :—
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name !
So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honorable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships, -
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me ;
And God hath blessed him every where
With a great prosperity."

DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following are two of the letters to which we referred in our last, and which we were obliged, for want of room, to defer. They exhibit a strange mode of interference with family and personal affairs. To Miss Jennings, the daughter, Mr. Doddridge writes :

" Dear Jennings,—You will probably be surprised, that in the midst of the familiarity of daily conversation I have recourse to the formality of a letter ; and still more, when you find it is to tell you seriously that there are some things in your behavior which I am so far from admiring, that I think it worth my while to spend half an hour on a Saturday morning to engage you, if I can, to reform them. To come directly to the point, there are some particular seasons, which have occurred oftener within this last month than in all the other fourteen I have been at Harborough, in which you seem to imagine that you have a dispensation to treat me just as you please, without any regard to the considerations not only of

friendship, but of common politeness ! I have not time to tell stories with pen and ink, and so will not enter into particulars ; besides, the instances are individually so trifling as not to deserve mention, though when ten or twenty occur in a day, they amount to something that cannot be seen without observation, nor borne without some resentment ; at least, where there is not a perfect indifference, which, by the way, they have a great tendency to produce. I appeal, my dear, to yourself, whether it be decent entirely to disregard many instances of kindness and respect, which though in themselves very little, are such as evince a mind disposed to please you ; whether even so very a trifle as a cup of tea, when offered with civility and good humor, ought not either to be received or refused with a smile or a nod. Or if an air of pettishness in the whole behavior be the most agreeable and equitable way of refusing those innocent freedoms which you know at the worst

are but the errors of excessive tenderness. After all, my dear, I own that these are but little faults; yet when they recur frequently, they throw a blemish upon a character that would be otherwise very agreeable. I have been something more surprised at such behavior to me, as I know that since I came into the family I have loved you most heartily, and treated you not only with constant civility, but with tender friendship. It is with pleasure that I have discovered any opportunity of serving or pleasing you. I have spoken of you with the most affectionate respect in your absence, and almost quarrelled with some of the wisest and best of my friends for charging you with that negligence and affectation of which I have now reminded you; and you yourself know, that when you have been disposed to quarrel and find fault, you could fix on nothing but an excess of fondness. Forgive me this wrong! And yet, on the other hand, I can never believe that you apprehend that I offer myself as a lover, and that it is therefore necessary to treat me with an air of coldness and scorn, that I may not take too much encouragement. I know not whether your late *complaisant* refusals were in jest or earnest; but of this I am sure, that if they were in jest, they had not so much wit or humor as to excuse their repetition thrice; and if they were in earnest, they were very unnecessary! However, to prevent such dreadful apprehensions, I do seriously assure you that I have at present no such thought; and I here give it you under my hand, that if I ever offer anything of that nature, I will proceed in form. I will acquaint mamma in the first place, and will never plead your indulgence to my friendship as any engagement upon you to accept my love. With this precaution, I think I may safely tell you that I do still esteem you beyond any other person in the world of *your age*; and do really think that when you are in a good humor, you are, without a compliment, one of the most agreeable creatures I

know. I must further do you the justice to acknowledge that you have frequently, perhaps I may say generally, treated me with an air of tender friendship, which to a man of my temper is engaging and endearing in a very uncommon degree; and I need not look back farther than yesterday to recollect some very agreeable instances. But, after all, my dear, I must add, that it is this mixture and uncertainty of temper and behavior that perplexes me more than anything else. There is an epigram in the *Spectator*, which, though not made upon your sex, so exactly expresses my sentiments, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, and would by all means advise you to let your memory imbibe it:

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a wayward, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There's no existing with—nor e'en without thee.

Therefore, my dear, I have one favor to beg of you, and all that I have already said was only intended as its introduction; and that is, that you would reflect a little upon my character in general, and upon my behavior to you in particular, and then come to a resolution to treat me in a constant manner. Be always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; and though I cannot say it is a matter of indifference which you choose, yet I am persuaded I shall in either case be easier. If you can resolve upon the latter of these expedients, which yet methinks I am unwilling to suppose, my friendship is ended, but my civility will continue. I am not humble enough to make any fresh complaint either to yourself or your mother, nor spiteful enough to attempt to injure or tease you. Nay, I have so much regard to the friendship of your excellent mother, whom I know to be most tenderly concerned for your interest, as well as to the obligations of common humanity, that I will do my utmost to promote your improvement in religion and in other accomplish-

ments as far as may be in my power. But as to what you think of me, or the humor you are in with me, I shall be as utterly unconcerned as I am about honest Frank's being in the vapors, or the crying of Nanny Parsons when she is out of my hearing! But if, according to my firm expectation, you take this friendly admonition as kindly as I mean it; if you make it your future care to treat me with civility and good humor, and rather to bear with any tolerable infirmity than to quarrel when I have given you no affront; in one word, if you will treat me just as you did twelve months ago, bating the article of so many kisses, which I will willingly resign, I assure you, my dear, that nothing which may have past shall impair the sincerity of my tenderness and esteem."

To the mother of this girl, the young minister, at the same time, writes in this manner:—

"Dear Madam,—I have been seriously considering what you said to me yesterday upon the road. I am sensible that some things were entirely just; and though perhaps others were mistakes, yet I do believe that the whole was kindly intended, and I am sure that if it be not my own fault, I may be the better even for those reflections, which, so far as I know my own temper, and can recollect my former behavior, had not in fact any solid foundation. I then hinted that there were some things, even in your behavior, which might bear amendment; but I did not particularly mention them, because I was not fully master of my temper, and because whatever I said under the first smart of reproof would have looked like recrimination, which is so silly a method of defence that I should even then have been ashamed of it. And as I know that conversation on these delicate subjects is very seldom supported with decency and good humor on both sides, and sometimes on neither, I thought it would be the best way to give you my sentiments upon paper, and the rather because

what is written may be more accurately weighed and more cautiously grounded than it could be if it were spoken. It is with the most awkward air that I go about to point out the defects of a character that I admire, and of a person whom I love—I had almost said beyond any other in the world, I am sure equally with any one; but you yourself would readily tell me that you spoke to me so directly of my faults, not because you did not love me, but because you did, and because you desired to see me as perfect as possible. I further observe that I am not going to complain of your treatment of me; on the contrary, I think nothing can be more kind and obliging than the main course of it has generally been, especially since I have resided with you at Harborough, and hardly know that one friend of yours in the world, to whom I think you have behaved in a more engaging and agreeable manner. Nor would I intimate that these defects, whatever they are, do daily appear in your conversation; on the other hand, I have known whole weeks together in which they have lain dormant. These were weeks of perfection, and I think it so probable that that this may be one of them, that I take some time from my sleep to finish this grave despatch, lest, if it be delayed a few hours longer, the admonition should seem out of date, and I, in the transport of fond admiration, should forget that I have ever seen the least mixture of human infirmity. With all these precautions I will venture to add that I have seen the time when Mrs. Jennings herself, the philosophical and complaisant Mrs. Jennings, has made some very pettish and morose answers to things which to my certain knowledge have been said without any design of affronting her, and that merely because some other accident has put her out of humor. If you should maintain that you had some reason to be displeased with the person to whom you made such a speech (which, though unknown, was abundantly sufficient to justify the

change in your behavior, which you intimated yesterday morning), the answer is obvious ; a reason which is unknown to any one in the company is, to such a person, no reason at all ; and ill humor founded on such a reason will appear to him utterly irrational, and consequently is not likely to do him good, unless it be doing good to lessen his esteem for a person whom it is hardly possible to admire within moderate limits. I have further observed some perverse moments, in which you are so exceedingly prone to contradict those with whom you are at all displeased, though on the most trifling occasion, that you will in plain terms rather contradict yourself than fail of paying them that compliment ! When you are censuring the faults of those whom you most sincerely love, you are apt to treat them with too great severity, and sometimes with an air of contempt, which leaves a sting behind it for a considerable time. To show people that you are displeased with them, may be prudent, for it is your happiness to see many very agreeable persons, who have no manner of dependence upon you, hurt, merely by your saying that you are displeased ; but to show them, in any instance, that you despise them, is carrying the matter to an outrageous extremity, and may probably throw them into such despair as may prevent their taking proper measures for their amendment. What you said to dear Kitty about my offers of matrimony was a most grating instance of this, and not to be remembered without something of indignation, even while my heart is overflowing, as it now is, with the tenderest sentiments of friendship towards you. It was to a surprising degree hasty, and terribly spiteful and unjust, and the very recollection of it makes the veins of my forehead swell so high that I resolve never to trust myself to mention it again ; and I should be much happier if I could engage never to think of it. The last thing, madam, which I have to mention is, that you seem so prejudiced in favor of your own notions,

that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to fix a conviction upon you, or to procure an acknowledgment that you have been mistaken ; nor do you seem to take it very kindly when people interest themselves in your affairs so far as to intimate that they think you have in any instance been to blame. I heartily wish that this letter may not furnish a new proof of the justice of these suggestions ! If it should, I beg that you will reflect upon your rising displeasure ; for in short, madam, I will not enter into a dispute with you. If I were, I do verily believe that the subtilty and acuteness of your wit would puzzle me upon many of these heads, although it would be a poor excuse. Rather, madam, be persuaded to look into your own heart, as one that would impartially examine, and by the amendment of an error triumph over herself ; and to make you the more suspicious and impartial in the examination, I would further remark, that these are not merely my own desultory reflections (which, with the opinion you have of my incapacity of judging people's characters, you might perhaps despise), but that several persons whom you acknowledge to have a great deal of good sense, and who most intimately know you, and most sincerely love you, are entirely of my opinion as to every one of these matters, and have themselves pointed out many instances which the excessive fondness of my friendship might otherwise have overlooked. However, I hope, madam, that whatever you may think of the justice of this censure, you will have no inclination to doubt its kindness. It would be an injury to your good sense to question whether you had seen that, in the midst of all other failings and mistakes I have been chargeable with in respect to others, I have always treated Mrs. Jennings with the tenderness of a brother and the respect of a son ; or, if in any degree I have failed in what I thought the most exact decorum, that it has been owing to an uncommon degree

of esteem which, in conjunction with the natural warmth of my temper, has made every instance of unkindness or slight from her not only grievous, but intolerable. My entire affection for you is above being expressed by any of those little compliments which in the sincerity of my heart I address to others. Let it suffice to say, that I acknowledge your society and friend-

ship as one of the greatest comforts of my life, and that everything that is mine is as entirely at your service as if it were your own; and that everything that is yours is as dear to me as if it were mine. You are the only person in the world to whom I write 'dearest madam,' and when I have written that—I need write no more."

THE PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A PERSON who has suffered severely from his passion for liquor, thus feelingly describes the progress and effects of that destructive vice.

"I was once a respectable man. I can very well remember the first step which led me to what I am now. I was decoyed into a tavern, and there, first, when I was at the tender age of fifteen, with intellectual promise as fair as ever made a parent's heart bound with joy, my friend, who was the most detested enemy I ever had, though 'but dust' now, handed me the cup. I remember the light and joyous sensation which bounded through my brain. I felt a delicious delirium, was pleased with everybody around me, and felt brave enough to march to the cannon's mouth. All this, however, passed off with the first sleep, and would never have been thought of again, but for the dreadful fact that then and there I got a *taste* of that Circean cup which has all but poisoned me to death, and will soon finish me. That was the first in a series of steps downward. I went home every night with high ideas, and when in the morning I arose, it soon became necessary, after a kind of waking, giddy doze through the forenoon, to go to the side-board. This alarmed my mother and sisters. They thought it strange, and remonstrated; but I despised the idea of being a tippler, and was angry because they expressed their fears, after they had seen me do it a few times, that I would form the *habit of drinking*.

"Had I been just to those fears

then, I should not be what I am now. Let the young man who is just acquiring the *taste*, not disregard these gentle admonitions. They are the suggestions of guardian angels, which, if obeyed, will open to him the path of peace, health, contentment, and honor. If disobeyed, he is destined to trouble, discontent, disgrace, sickness, and death. I could go now and call for my glass, *treat* and be *treated*. It was *gentlemanly*, and why should not I be a *gentleman*? I was getting up in life, and must be able to master a glass of brandy, gin, or whatever the fashionable drink was. When at length I began to be somewhat alarmed at this surprising progress in dissipation, I resolved to abstain for a limited period. Then my ambition would kindle up, for I wished ardently to be a great man. I studied earnestly for a time the science of law and politics; but, when the allotted period expired, forward I would rush again into the channel, like a current that, having been dammed up, breaks over the frail barriers with fresh impetuosity.

"I got married,—for woman, affectionate woman, will not hear of faults in him she loves. 'He will soon reform. He loves me too well to make me unhappy. He knows I shall not like it. He promises to abstain.'—Ah, deceived woman! Love may be stronger than death, but the power of the cup is stronger than both. What! a drinking man, a man that can drink five glasses of brandy a day with

pleasure, is not far from that point when he will sacrifice health, wealth, pride, patriotism, reputation, *love*, life, everything, for that damnable thirst. I loved my wife as much as man could; I was as sensitive to honor and reputation as any; but I tell you, I could, when the habit of drinking was thoroughly formed, (which was before I was aware,) have sacrificed anything. I have often come home, and found my wife weeping in silence, a silence that at first used to gore my soul, but liquor soon hardened anything that looked like tenderness. She has told me the children wanted clothes, but 'Curse the children,' said I, 'I want my drink, and I'll have it.' One night I stayed until two o'clock at the tavern, playing cards, and who should come in, at that dread hour of the night, but my wife, with her infant in her arms! This is a fact. My God! If my blood didn't run cold, and curdle at my heart! 'Is this woman? is this my wife?' I exclaimed. Never before did I realize the full power of female virtue. My profane companions and myself were perfectly abashed. I cursed her, and told her, with severe threats, to go home. 'No, that I will not,' said she, rising in the dignity of injured innocence, though with a trepidation that shook her whole frame like an aspen, and holding her trembling infant out to me: 'This is your child, and I will not stir one step from this spot, till you take it, and go home with me.' She then

turned to my companions, and upbraided them as my destroyers, in a strain of invective that made them cower like so many discovered and disarmed assassins before the messenger of retributive justice. We separated, ashamed of each other and our deeds of darkness, and almost sobered by this strange and astounding apparition. I obeyed implicitly; for nothing makes a man more mean-spirited than the habit of drinking. We went home, and retired to rest; but waking up in the night with a horrible thirst, I tottered to the bottle, and drank; went to sleep again; slept till ten o'clock; and, when I awoke, felt dizzy and bewildered, wretched and hopeless! And so my days are passing! Give up the practice, I will not. I cannot live without it. I have now no character to lose, no mind to study, no business to employ me, no ambition to inspire, no love, excepting for brandy, gin, whiskey, rum—anything which will supply, while it continually inflames more and more this dreadful thirst. Having sacrificed all that is worth having here, it matters little what I do. I would cross a mine that has a kindled match applied to it. I would march before an exploding cannon to get at the bottle; I would sacrifice my soul for it! And all this is the result of one fatal *taste*! This is the end of the *social glass*!"

Such is the melancholy tale of one who has drawn a picture, to which, alas! there are but too many originals.

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DREAMER! and wouldst thou know
If Love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That Power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
A Dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odor cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,
 Wouldst thou be blest?—too sleepless, too profound,
 Are thy soul's hidden springs; there is no line
 Their depth of Love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail,
 When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?
 As thine own cheek before high thoughts grows pale
 In some o'erwhelming hour?

Doth not thy frail form sink
 Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
 When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,
 Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
 Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
 Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
 Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*,
 The burden and the shadow of thy life,
 To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss,
 With earthly feeling's strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh no!
 Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,
 That spirit of my soul should with me go,
 To breathe celestial air:

But as the sky-lark springs
 To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
 As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
 So must Love mount to Heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
 There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;
 Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
 As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessing *there*
 Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
 Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
 A joy of sunlight shed!

Let me then, let me dream
 That Love goes with us to the shore unknown;
 So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
 In mercy shall be thrown!

ON LIBERTY.

"I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle."

So says Gay of the world, in one of his letters to Swift, and we have adapted the quotation to our idea of Liberty. True it is that Addison apostrophizes liberty as a

"Goddess, heavenly bright!"

but we hope our laughter will not be considered as indecorous or profane. Our great essayist has exalted her

into a Deity, and invested her with a mythological charm, which makes us doubt her existence; so that to laugh at her can be no more irreverend than to sneer at the belief in apparitions, a joke which is very generally enjoyed in these good days of spick-and-span philosophy. Whether Liberty ever existed or not, is to us a matter of little import, since it is certain that

she belongs to the grand hoax which is the whole scheme of life. The extension of liberty into concerns of every-day life is therefore reasonable enough, and to prove that we are happy in possessing this ideal blessing, seems to have been the aim of all who have written on the subject. One, however, if we remember right, sets the matter in a grave light, when he says to man—

“ Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost.”

He who loves to scatter crumbs of comfort in these starving times, will not despair at this sublime truth, but will seek to cherish the love of liberty, or the consolation for the loss of it, wherever he goes.

The reader need not be told that we are friends to the spread of liberty: indeed, we think she may “ triumph over time, clip his wings, pare his nails, file his teeth, turn back his hour-glass, blunt his scythe, and draw the hob-nails out of his shoes;” but to show how this may be done, we must run over a few varieties of liberty for the benefit of such as do not enjoy the inestimable blessings of being *free and easy*: we quote these words, vulgar as they are; for, of all words in our vernacular tongue, to express comfort and security from ill, commend us to the expletive of *free and easy*. We had rather not meddle with civil or religious liberty: they are as combustible as the Cotopaxi, or the new governments, of South America; and our attempts at reformation do not extend beyond paper and print, which the unamused reader may burn or not, as he pleases, without searing his own conscience or exciting our revenge. To be sure, a few of our examples may border on civil liberty; but we shall not seek to find parallels for the Ptolemaian cages, or the Tower of Famine, in our times; neither shall we feast upon the horrors of the French Revolution, nor the last polite reception of the Russians by headless Turks; notwithstanding all these examples would bear us out in

our idea of the love of liberty, and the evils of the loss of it.

Kings often want liberty, even amidst the multitude of their luxuries. They are not unfrequently the veriest slaves at court, and liege and loyal as we are, we seldom hear of a king eating, drinking, and sleeping, as other people do, without envying him so happy an interval from the cares of state, and the painted pomp of palaces. This it is that makes the domestic habits of kings so interesting to every one; and many a time have we crossed field after field to catch a glimpse of royalty in a plain green chariot on the Brighton road, when we would not have put our heads out of the window to see a procession to the House of Lords. Some kings have even gone so far in their love of plain life, as to drop the king, which is a very pleasant sort of unkingship. Frederick the Great, at one of his literary entertainments, adopted this plan to promote free conversation, when he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth pretty freely, when Frederick suddenly stayed the topic, by saying, “ Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming; it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you.” Our Second Charles was very fond of liberty, and of dropping the king, or as some writers say, he never took the office up: this was for another purpose, in times when

“ License they mean when they cry liberty.”

Voluntarily parting with one's liberty is, however, very different from having it taken from us, as in the anecdote of the citizen who never having been out of his native place during his lifetime, was, for some offence, sentenced to stay within the walls a whole year; when he died of grief not long afterwards.

State imprisonment is like a *set* of

silken fetters for kings and other great people. Thus, almost all our palaces have been used as prisons, according to the caprice of the monarch, or the violence of the uppermost faction. Shakspeare, in his historical plays, gives us many pictures of royal and noble suffering from the loss of liberty. One of the later, with a beautiful antitote, is the address of Gaunt to Bolingbroke, after his banishment by Richard II. :—

“ All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports, and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee :
But thou the king : woe doth heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not—the king exiled thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou
comest :
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread’st, the presence
strew’d ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.”

Even Napoleon, whose wounds were almost green at his death, sought to chase away the recollections of his ill-starred splendor, by rides and walks in the island, and conversation with his suite in his garden ; and Louis XVIII. after his restoration to the throne of France, passed few such happy days as those of his exile at Hartwell, which though only a pleasant seat, had more comfort than the gilded saloons of Versailles, or the hurly-burly of the Tuilleries, with treason hatching in the street beneath the windows, and revolution scenting the very atmosphere of the court. Shakspeare might well call a crown a

“ Polished perturbation ! golden care !”
and add—

“ O majesty !
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.”

Goldsmith has somewhat sarcastically lamented that the appetites of the rich do not increase with their wealth :

in like manner, it would be a grievous thing could liberty be monopolized or scraped into heaps like wealth ; a petty tyrant may persecute and imprison thousands, but he cannot thereby add one hour or inch to his own liberty.

Another and a very common loss of liberty is by pleasure and the love of fame, especially by the slaves of fashion and the lovers of great place ;

“ Whose lives are others’, not their own.”

Pleasure, for the most part, consists in fits of anticipation ; since, the extra liberty or license of a debauch must be repaid by the iron fetters of headach, and the heavy hand of *ennui* on the following day. Even the purblind puppy of fashion will tell you, if you make free with your constitution you must suffer for it ; and this by a species of slavery. To dance attendance upon a great man for a small appointment, and to *boo* your way through the world, belongs to the worst of servitude. Congreve compares a levee at a great man’s to a list of duns ; and Shenstone still more ill-naturedly says, “ a courtier’s dependant is a beggar’s dog.”

Making free, or taking liberties, with your fortune, brings about the slavery, if not the sin, of poverty ; and to take a liberty with the wealth of another is about as sure a road to slavery as picking pockets is to house-breaking. Debt is another of those odious badges which mark a man as a slave, and let him but go on to recover that, like a snake in the sunshine, he may be the more effectually scotched and secured. Gay says to Swift, “ I hate to be in debt ; for I can’t bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility ; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education ;” and every man will own that a greater slave-master is not to be found at Cape Coast than the law’s follower, who says, “ I rest you,” and then “ brings you to all manner of unrest.” One of these fellows is even greater than the sultan of an African tribe in

all his glory ; though he neither bears the insignia of rank nor power—none of the little finery which wins allegiance and honor—yet he constrains you “by virtue,” and brings about a compromise and temporary cessation of your liberty.

Taking liberties with the pockets or tables of one's relations and friends is, at best, but a dangerous experiment. It cannot last long before they beg to be excused the liberty, &c., and like the countryman with the golden goose, you get a cold, fireless parlor, or a colder hall reception for your importunity ; and, perchance, the silver ore being all gone, you must put up with the French plate. One of the most equivocal, if not dangerous, forms of correspondence, is that beginning with “I take the liberty ;” for it either portends some well tried “sufferer,” as Lord Foppington calls him ; a pressing call from a fundless charity ; or at best but a note from an advertising tailor, to tell you that for several years past you have been paying fifty per cent. too high a price for your clothes ; but, like most good news, this comes upon crutches, and the loss is past redemption.

What is called the liberty of the subject we must leave for a dull bar-

rist to explain : in the meantime, if any reader be impatient for the definition, a night's billeting in a watch-house will initiate him into its blessings ; he is not so dull as to require to be told how to get there. The liberty of the press is another ticklish subject to handle—like a hedgehog—all points. But we may be allowed to quote, as one of the most harmless specimens of the liberty of the press, the production of our own MAGAZINE, as we always acknowledge the liberty by reference to the source whence our borrowed wealth is taken. This is giving credit in one way, and taking credit for our own honesty.

Liberty-boys and brawlers would be new acquaintance for us. We are not old enough to remember “Wilkes and 45 ;” the cap of liberty is now seldom introduced into our national arms, and this and all such emblems are fast fading away. People who used to spout forth Cowper's line and a half on liberty, have given up the profession, and all men are at liberty to think as they please. Still ours is neither the golden nor the silver age of liberty : it is more like paper and platina liberty, things which have the weight and semblance without their value.

STANZAS.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

“Ye mock the mourner's heart when ye tell
Of aught save the home where it pines to dwell.”—PICKEN.

NAY, let me stay in my native home,
The home where I was born ;
Bid from its channel the streamlet roam,
Ere I from my rest am torn.
Tell me not of the glittering sea,
And the wild romantic view ;
They would have no charms for me—
My heart could not take their hue.

I wish not to gaze on forests vast,
And on the beetling rocks—
A freshness, a glory is over them cast,
That my wither'd bosom mocks.
Deceitful the thought ! that new scenes
will restore
Light to my sunken eye ;
The visions of memory cloud it o'er—
It wants but vacancy.

30 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

It is not in the power of sun or air
Health to my cheek to impart ;
My life is darkened by clouds of care,
The root of decay is my heart :
And let me stay and perish on
In mine own dear native bower ;
Pluck not from the stem where first it
shone
The broken, withering flower.

No, no—it is not change of scene
That will work a change in me—
Give me back the hours that once have been
In more than memory.
Give me the sunshine of each sweet smile
That lighted my spirit then ;
And perhaps my cheek ye may beguile
To blossom and blush again.

IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM MACHINERY.

No. I.

WE hope that we shall be rendering an essential public service by bringing under review the improvements in the application of steam as a primary impetus to machinery, and, more especially, locomotive machines for sea and land, in a short series of articles. In undertaking this task, we are not only impressed, in common with every other individual who has thought upon the subject, with its importance, but we are equally impressed with the difficulties that surround it, by reason of the enthusiasm with which new inventions are regarded by those who are interested in their success; and a principal duty, at the commencement of this undertaking, was to check the sanguine temperament, as far as we were concerned, of some very ingenious men, and determine to see only with our own eyes. The objects to attend to at present in steam improvements are, the steam carriage, the steam paddles for vessels, the steam gun, and the steam engine. It was our intention to have commenced our remarks with the carriage, but the experiments that were lately made at Liverpool upon that interesting piece of machinery, and our absence from London in consequence of them, have induced us to delay that part of the series until a future number; because we could not do justice in the present to that department of steam improvement, which is probably occupying a larger share of public attention than any other. Under these circumstances we shall begin with the paddle-wheel of Mr. Perkins; whom, as we have always deemed, from the period of his successful controversy respecting the compression of water, immediately on his landing from America, some ten years since, the most ingenious engineer in the country, endowed with uncommon natural talents; so have we been more guarded in our inquiries, and more determined to examine minutely every detail of his inventions,

than even in other cases, because we have ever found extraordinary ingenuity and extravagant enthusiasm twin brothers; and as far as we have seen of Mr. Perkins, he in no degree belies our former experience upon this point. However that may be, we will proceed to give a description of his paddle-wheel, and the experiments tried with it.

From the earliest period of the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, the paddle-wheel has incessantly occupied the attention of mechanics. Innumerable patents had been obtained for inventions to propel steam-vessels, none of which, so far as our experience goes, have been found to answer; and men of science, in the department of mechanics, began almost to despair of finding any substitute for the old common paddle-wheel, which, as compared with the inventions we have referred to, was found to be more generally efficient, economical, and durable, notwithstanding its great waste of power. When the dip of the common wheel is not more than one-tenth of its diameter, the waste of power is commonly supposed to be inconsiderable; but when it exceeds that proportion, the loss of power then takes place in geometrical progression, because, if the wheel be immersed to half its diameter, the strain on the engine becomes so great as to leave very little of its power available to the purpose of propelling the wheel. Steam-vessels employed at sea, from their liability to meet with storms, and the constant irregularity of the surface they are passing over, are more exposed to this inconvenience than vessels navigating rivers where the dip of the wheel can be regulated. One of the great objections to the common paddle is, that, when at the lowest dip, it moves in water that has previously been disturbed, and consequently, after it has passed the lowest dip, it cannot assist

the progress of the vessel, as it would do if in operation in calm water. Mr. Oldham, of Dublin, an individual distinguished in mechanics, has endeavored to remove some of the difficulties attendant upon the common paddle-wheel; and in conjunction with many other persons, eminent for their mechanical knowledge, has taken great trouble, and gone to a considerable outlay of money. Mr. Oldham invented a wheel, the paddles of which should enter the water edgewise, and by certain machinery attached to them, gradually change their position, until, upon their reaching, in succession, the lowest extremity of the wheel's rotation, they present a face at right angles with the keel, and then, by degrees, revolving again, quit the water edgewise. To this ingenious invention, however, there were found to be many objections. It was more complex in its operation; it increased the friction; it soon got out of order; and its first cost and its weight were considerably greater than those of the old paddle-wheel. The desideratum, in a paddle-wheel is to combine a cheap first cost, freedom from intricate operations, lightness and durability, with power. If, with the first-noticed necessary qualifications, a wheel can be invented to work freely at a dip of one-third at all times, and upon extraordinary occasions, of one-half its diameter, without requiring an increase of steam power beyond that of the common wheel, when acting in water with a calm surface, a most important point in steam navigation has been gained, and an antidote can be applied to the heavy loss in steam vessels traversing the sea. According to our present impression, such a wheel Mr. Perkins has produced. The interesting application of steam power to the purposes of navigation, is making rapid strides in the progress of improvement. Neither weight nor bulk of the engine, nor the expense, have proved obstructions to the use of steam for certain purposes of navigation; and for propelling packet-vessels, it is decidedly preferred to the precarious and ever-

varying wind. Its application to maritime purposes generally is with some still a matter of doubt: we confess that it is not so with us; though to predict when the period of its universal adoption will arrive, is neither within our province nor our power. Experiments made with the common wheel, and that recently invented by Mr. Perkins, have shown, that even at a shallow dip, the best adapted for the former, there is a very important loss, as compared with Perkins's paddle; but when the wheels are both immersed to one-third of their diameter (an average dip for vessels navigating the sea), the advantage attending the new invention is very obvious. The experiments made in our presence were as follows:—A boat was propelled by a weight falling a certain distance, attached to a line turning an endless band, running over a pulley fixed on a shaft connecting the paddle-wheels. Two sets of wheels, one on Perkins's, and the other on the old principle, were successively put in the boat. The two sets of wheels were of the same weight; and the boat moved round a basin of water, measuring within 36 feet.

New paddles, first experiment, $15\frac{3}{4}$ rotations, 567 feet, in 8.16.—Second experiment, 15 rotations, 540 feet, in 8.26.—Making $30\frac{3}{4}$ rotations, 1107 feet, in 16.41.

Old paddles, first experiment, 6 rotations, 216 feet, in 3.40.—Second experiment, $5\frac{3}{4}$ rotations, 207 feet, in 3.40.—Making $11\frac{3}{4}$ rotations, 423 feet, in 7.20.

In these experiments, the weight supplied the force of steam. They show that the same quantity of steam that will propel Perkins's paddles 1107 feet in 16.41, will only propel the common paddles 423 feet in 7.20. Fuel, by the new invention, will be saved in the proportion of 3 in 5; $211\frac{1}{2}$ being the half of 423, and 211 and a fraction being the fifth of 1107. In addition to the saving in fuel, an increased speed will be produced by the new invention, according to these experiments, of about 15 per cent. or

a gaining of time of nine minutes in an hour; for what 16.41 is to 1107 feet, 7.20 is to 486 feet; consequently, there is an advantage of 63 feet on 423. Experience has taught us (for the most satisfactory evidence has proved the fact, both in this country and in America) that the loss of power with the common wheel is very great; more than is believed. Experiments have been made, which show that a single horse, in a towing-path, can do as much as a six-horse engine in a boat. The operation of a twenty-five horse power engine may be neutralised by two horses fastened to the hawser of a boat.

In this number we have not the opportunity of doing justice even to the first object of our attention in steam improvements. To that, and to all the others, we shall successively return, lamenting that at present we can only thus shortly enter upon this important and highly interesting subject with a view to a general discussion of it, which may ultimately become a point of permanent reference, commencing, as it does, at an epoch when steam has assumed a degree of consequence from which may emanate results of the highest influence upon commercial and political affairs.

EVENING TIME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

At evening time let there be light:

Life's little day draws near its close;

Around me fall the shades of night,

The night of death, the grave's repose:

To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light!

At evening time let there be light:

Stormy and dark hath been my day;

Yet rose the morn divinely bright,

Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheer'd the way:

O for one sweet, one parting ray!—

At evening time let there be light!

At evening time there *shall* be light:

For God hath spoken;—it must be:

Fear, Doubt, and Anguish, take their flight,

His glory now is risen on me;

Mine eyes shall his salvation see:

—'Tis evening time, and there *is* light!

MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 1829.

I ARRIVED at Naples at the end of May this year, most anxious as to the state of the mountain; but the ascent was for a long time prevented by the persevering sirocco which daily brought rain, or at least clothed the summit of the mountain in mist. At last we enjoyed a fine June day, and set off under the sultry heat of a summer noon at Naples.

The rogues of Resina, as usual, laid a forcible embargo on our persons, and demanded most exorbitant prices for their asses. Resolved not to give a grain more than what I had paid on former occasions, we set out on foot rather than give way to the extortionate rabble. I shall not describe our journey up the mountain;

every one knows the labor of arriving at the mouth of the crater through the loose and sliding footing afforded by the cinders that cover the cone. By four o'clock we were on the top; and, although the sirocco's mist imparted the grey of a northern region to the mountains, sea, and islands, which form the view from the summit, and sometimes prevented our seeing more than a few paces before us, yet my companions were delighted at beholding the yellow masses projected upwards in the midst of dense smoke, and the vast streams of flame which occasionally rushed towards the sky from the great opening. Within the crater, the smaller cone of cinders, forty or fifty feet in height, had open-

ed in two places, and from both these mouths vomited forth fire and lava, remittingly during certain periods, during others for a long time together uninterruptedly. On the day of our visit it vomited incessantly, only with more or less violence, and at times with a horrible roaring, and with such force that the column of fire reached the rock which forms the edge of the crater, while the clouds of smoke rushing and whirling with immense rapidity, now rolling upwards, expanded through the air, and now driven downwards by the wind, filled the whole crater. Heated stones also flew forth, alighting as they descended on the sides of the cone, covering it to the very foot with fiery masses. The cone itself shook with the concealed subterranean thunder. The lava, flowing from the several orifices, sent forth its highest and most purple flames, and its thickest smoke. Eastward there was another more considerable stream of lava, whose vivid flames enabled us, at times, to estimate distinctly the rapidity of its course as it flowed downwards, forming a small bright stream of fire along the dusky ground.

After my companions, stout hearty Germans, had enjoyed this spectacle for some time, and had recruited their strength with a glass of *Lachrymæ Christi*, they prepared to enter the crater. They had been already, some weeks before, at the summit of Vesuvius, but it was on one of those cloudy days when the prevalence of vapor renders a sight of the gulph impossible. They were resolved not to lose this opportunity, but to take advantage of the favorable state of the weather, and to examine the crater in a thorough truly German manner. They were right in doing so, as it was possible they might not again visit the south. However, being already more familiar with Fra Diavolo, whom I greeted on this occasion as an old acquaintance, as one whom I had already beheld vomiting forth from his awful domicile, his thunder and fire streams, and discharging his red hot

missiles through the air, I was unwilling, worthy and dear to me as were my companions, to make for their sakes a sacrifice which could in no wise benefit them, but certainly would greatly weary me; besides, I have run through so great a proportion of my career, have travelled and seen so much, that I have taken the resolution henceforth to spare myself as much as possible, unless where a proportionate advantage, such as some extraordinary excitement, or some enjoyment rarely to be experienced, was to be the reward. I could expect nothing of the kind on this occasion; yet did I encourage my friends to descend into the crater, that they might receive a more adequate impression of its vast depth, which always appears more inconsiderable than it really is. The same is the case with the circumference, the extent of which is generally underrated by its appearance,

I first saw my friends with difficulty let themselves down the first abrupt precipice of rock, and then seated myself comfortably on a little platform among the cinders, from which I commanded a view of the whole gulph of the crater, and enjoyed, besides, the prospect of the sea, islands, and mountains and plains. I contemplated the rich colors in this mighty volcano, the green, so pleasing to the eye; and the various gaudy tints of the yellow sulphur which covered its sides, spreading a crust over the entire surface of the rock; there, although concealed amidst a body of the densest vapor, was the source whence the stream of lava rushed, boiling forth in all the brightness of living fire; small and innumerable volumes of smoke were issuing from the sides of the rock, while from the double jaws of the ash-black cone, a vast unbroken mass of thick vaporous fire, smoke, and cinders, was whirled upwards in a thousand spirals, and crisping and crackling in the air. I turned to the west, and beheld the Bay of Naples spreading before me under the pale and melancholy blue of the sirocco, with its promontory

and islands rising duskily from out the sea : a second bay appeared through the mist over the fruitful mountains of Sorrento ; and over the rich and verdant plains of the Campaina Felix, a third ; the whole engirdled by the boundless element. At my feet lay the Castelamare peninsula stretching to the Cape of Minerva ; and opposite, the beautiful, strangely intersected landscape, from Castel d'Uovo to the Cape of Mesinum. Hence the view wandered through a wider range, and extended from the Island of Circe to the sea that washes the shores of Sicily ; and with these all the associations from the time of Ulysses to Conradin of Swabia, crowded at once to my mind.

On looking again into the crater, I perceived my friends so many diminutive figures, their voices and shouts scarcely to be heard, clambering over the many-colored soil of sulphur. I saw them approach the source of the lava ; they stirred it, as I afterwards learnt, with their climbing poles, which ignited, and watched for some minutes the burning, boiling, and flowing mass.

Throwing some pieces of copper money into the liquid fire, the coin soon became surrounded, and, removed from the stream, was in a few minutes to be held in the hand a piece of hard stony lava. Two of the explorers, it seemed, desired to look into the mouth of the cone itself, and tried

to ascend it in spite of the hot stones and flakes of fire cast upwards in abundance, and of the numerous sulphur vapors, ever changing their direction with the current of wind, and which threatened to suffocate them. They had already mounted about twenty feet, when an awful explosion threw up an immense mass of fire and vapor towards the sky, and a hail of crackling stones came showering down upon the cone. The wind carried the clouds of smoke back again into the crater, in such manner that the daring adventurers disappeared from my sight. I did not contemplate this fearful spectacle without anxiety, and full ten minutes passed before I again got a glimpse of my friends, and beheld the two standing with their companions at the foot of the cone. I took the flask of *lachrymæ christi* that was by my side, and drank to the health of my friends in the regions below. When they returned to the mouth of the grand crater, they would not be satisfied without making the circuit of it, and the sun had already disappeared below the sirocco haze that hung on the horizon before they again joined me. We descended without adventure, but on arriving at Resina could procure no carriage to convey us to Naples. We were obliged to make our way there on foot, and arrived an hour after midnight, half dead with fatigue.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

GOUT.—STEAM CARRIAGES.

Blewit.—I TELL you, Major, it is not the gout. God bless me, Sir, may not a man have an inflamed foot, a footstool, and if you please, a love of his own way, without having the gout ?

Sackville.—Assuredly he may, Doctor. So the Russian Emperor may march to Constantinople, impose, as the price of his return, conditions on the poor Turk which he cannot

possibly fulfil, and yet have no design at all upon the throne of the Solymons :—all these things may be, but people will entertain impertinent suspicion of the contrary.

Blewit.—Don't talk to me, Major Sackville, about Turks and Russians ; I tell you, Sir, that I have not got the gout: Sancho—Mungo—all my domestics know very well that this swelling of my foot does not arise

from the gout. I look upon it as a very unkind remark of any man to say that I have the gout. I am in most serious earnest, Sir.

Sackville.—This is really very astonishing to me. Why, Doctor, should you be so anxious to repudiate the imputation? What is there in the gout, that a man should be ashamed of it? For my own part, I protest it would give me more proud satisfaction to experience an attack of that gentleman-like disease than if people were to call me Sabalkansky. Sir, immediately on my medical attendant certifying to such an event, I should despatch our trusty friend, Mungo, to the office of the "Morning Post," desiring that a paragraph might be instantly inserted of this nature:—"We understand that Major Sackville is confined at home with a fit of the gout:" for my part, far from concealing it, I should wish such a point of my history to be known throughout the world;—the gout, Sir, is an evidence of gentle blood—a mark of natural dignity; it is a most patrician and literary disease and distinction,—let it not be despised, it is of important utility,

Et s'il n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.

Blewit—(more composed).—Well, Major, well, perhaps you may take the right view of the question. Though I am not altogether of your opinion; one of these evenings, when I have dismissed my footstool and easy shoe, we will settle the merits of the case. Now, tell me what has been moving lately in the world, for I have been, as you perceive, a prisoner in one of its dark corners.

Sackville.—I have heard of nothing.

Sancho.—What! not heard of the Manchester Steam-carriages, Doctor. They have provided us conveyances at last which are moved through the world at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Blewit.—Astonishing.

Sackville.—It will not be astonishing a year hence; in the course of ten years horses will be dismissed and

despised; they will only be found in the gardens of the Zoological Society and the collections of the curious. In those bright days, when we want to move into the country, we shall not send for post-horses. No such thing; we shall be transported there by relays of Congreve rockets; and travellers in a hurry to get up a book for the benefit of Mr. Colburn, will perform their tours on the outside of a cannon-ball.

Sancho.—That will be impossible, Major.

Sackville.—Do not tell me of impossible, there is no meaning in the term; have we not already overcome half the impossibilities of our ancestors?

MONUMENT TO BISHOP HEBER.

A marble monument to commemorate the worth of that excellent man and able divine, the late Bishop Heber, is placed on the right-hand side of the altar of Hodnet Church, near the communion-table, and is more remarkable for modest and humble simplicity than decoration and grandeur. In this we are presented with nothing more than a profile, or side-face; and though the artist has given a countenance considerably more in years than that of forty-three, he has made a handsome recompense for it, by strong lines of dignity and interest. The inscription is as follows:—

"Sacred to the Memory
of the Right Reverend Father in God,
REGINALD HEBER,
who was born April 21st, 1783;
instituted to the Rectory of this Parish,
1807;
chosen Preacher at Lincoln's Inn,
1822;
consecrated Bishop of Calcutta,
1822;
and died at Trichinopoly, April 3rd,
1826.

This monument is erected at the request of his maternal Uncle, the
Rev. G. Allanson, late Rector of this Parish,

In honor of one whose virtue will long be held in pious remembrance here,

where the poorest of his parishioners regarded him as a friend, and where he administered to the temporal and spiritual wants of all as a father and a faithful guide; one whose preaching was simple, impressive, charitable, earnest, eloquent—fitted alike to move the affections and convince the understanding; whose life was a beautiful example of the religion to which it was devoted, and who, in every station to which he was called, performed his humblest, as well as his highest duties, diligently and cheerfully, with all heart and all soul, and with all his strength.”

PROFESSOR JUNKER.

The Professor was in the habit of sleeping next to the place in which he kept his subjects, and one night hearing a noise in that room, and supposing that the cats or mice had got at the bodies, he rose from bed, and directed by the noise advanced to the further end of the apartment, where to his inexpressible horror he beheld a naked man standing with his back to the wall! His eyes glared, and were widely opened, and his distended nostrils and convulsed features so alarmed the Professor, that he frankly confessed he was so terrified that he retired, with his face to the figure, which followed him to his bedroom; but unfortunately in stepping into the chamber, his foot slipped, he fell down, and the candle was extinguished! He crept, however, as quietly and quickly into bed as possible, but was very soon disturbed by the figure pulling at the bed-clothes, and at length seizing his feet, imploring him, as the executioner, to spare his life. The Professor, after a few moments reflection, recollected that one of the subjects which had been brought into the rooms during the day was a man who had been hanged, immediately arose, and, procuring a candle, put those remedies in requisition which are deemed necessary in such cases. The man was perfectly restored to life; but Junker knew not what to do with him, as he could not procure a pass-

port, and no one was allowed to pass through the gates without one. However, with some little difficulty, he contrived to get him out of the town, and giving him such a sum as his means permitted, wished him farewell, and returned back. Many years afterwards the Professor had some business which took him to Hamburgh, and one day while standing on the Exchange, a very respectable looking man addressed him by name, and inquired if he remembered him? He replied that a man in his public capacity could not recollect all the persons who might be introduced to him—but that it was more than likely they had met before. The stranger then led him aside, and told him he was the person he had saved many years ago in Halle; that on leaving him he made his way to Hamburgh, where, by frugality and industry, he had amassed a considerable fortune. He then invited the Professor home with him; treated him sumptuously; and dying soon after this, bequeathed all his wealth to Junker. The Professor used to tell the story himself, but not until after the death of the man.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Author of *The Subaltern* has in the press a Series of Tales, under the title of *The Country Curate*.

The veteran Author of *Caleb Williams* is engaged in writing another novel, the subject of which is reported to be particularly adapted to the display of his peculiar powers.

Sir Edmund Temple announces for immediate publication, an Account of his *Travels in South America*, in 2 vols.

In a few days will be published, the *Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers*, of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

It is expected that a greater sensation in certain high quarters will be made by the forthcoming tale, entitled *The Exclusives*, than has ever been produced by any story of Patrician life hitherto published. It is said to be written by a person of the highest rank attainable by a subject.

A new work, by the Author of the *O'Hara Tales*, will soon appear. It is to be called, we believe, *Trials Past By*.

The *Memoirs* of the celebrated Bolivar, and of some of his Generals, are announced for immediate publication.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1830. [VOL. 3, No. 7.

THE MARCH OF MIND : A TALE OF CRUTCHED-FRIARS.

MR. JOB SPIMKINS, grocer and vestryman of Crutched-Friars, was a stout, easy, good-natured, middle-aged gentleman, who—to adopt a mercantile phrase—was “well to do in the world,” and had long borne an exemplary character throughout his ward for sobriety, punctuality, civility, and all those homely but well-wearing qualities which we are apt to associate with trade. Punctuality, however, was the one leading feature of his mind, which he carried to so extravagant a height, that having formed a scale of moral duties, he had placed it in the very front rank, side by side with honesty—or the art of driving a good bargain—and just two above temperance, soberness, and chastity. Even in his social hours, this peculiar trait of character decided his predilections; for, notwithstanding he was much given to keeping up feasts and holidays, and had a high respect for Michaelmas-Day, Christmas-Day, Twelfth-Day, New-Year’s-Day, &c., yet he always expressed an indifferent opinion of Easter, because, like an Irishman’s pay-day, it was seldom or never punctual. Next to this engrossing hobby was our citizen’s abhorrence of poetry, an abhorrence which he extended with considerate impartiality to every branch of literature. But Dr. Franklin’s works formed an exception. He pronounced his commercial maxims to be the *chefs-d’œuvre* of genius, and used to set them as large text-copies for his son, when he and the school-bill came home together for the holidays from Dr. Thickskull’s academy at Camberwell. But poetry—our prosaic citizen could not for the life of him abide it. The only good thing, he used to say, he ever yet saw in verse was the Rule of Three; and the only rhymes that had the slightest reason to recommend them, were “Thirty days hath September.”

To these opinions Mrs. Spimkins, like a dutiful wife, never failed to respond Amen. In person this good lady was short and stoutly timbered, with a face on which lay the full sunshine of prosperity, in one broad, unvaried grin. Three children were her’s: three “dear, delightful children,” as their grandmother by the father’s side never failed to declare, when punctually, every New-Year’s-Day, she presented them each with a five-shilling-piece, wrapt up in gilt-edge note-paper. Thomas, the eldest, was a slim, sickly youth, easy, conceited, and eighteen; Martha, the second, was a maiden of more sensibility than beauty; while Sophy, the youngest and sprightliest, to a considerable portion of the maternal simper and the paternal circumference, added a fine expanse of foot, which spreading out semicircularly, like a lady’s fan, at the toes, gave a peculiar weight and safety to her tread.

The habits of this amiable family were to the full as unassuming as their manners. They dined at

one o'clock, with the exception of Sundays, when the discussion of the roast or boiled was, for fashion's sake, adjourned to five; took tea at six; supped at nine; and retired to rest at ten. The Sabbath, however, was a day not less of fashion than of luxury. The young folks—Thomas, especially, who was growing, and wanted nourishment—were then indulged with two glasses of port wine after dinner; and, at tea-time, were made happy in the privilege of a "blow out" with one or more friendly neighbors. Once every year they went half-price to the Christmas pantomimes, a memorable epoch, which never failed to deprive them of sleep, and disorganize their nervous system for at least a fortnight beforehand. Such were the habits of the Spimkins family, a family rich, respectable, and orderly, until the March of Mind, which our modern philosophers are striving so hard to expedite, reduced them from wealth to poverty; and, from having been the pride, compelled them to become the pity of Crutched-Friars.

Every one must remember the strange, bewildering enthusiasm excited by Sir Walter Scott's first appearance as a novelist. All the world was Scott-struck. His songs were set to music; fair hands painted fire-screens from his incidents; playwrights dramatized his heroes; and even the great Mr. Alderman Dobbs himself was so enraptured with his descriptions of Highland scenery, that he actually took an inside place in the Inverness mail, in order, as he shrewdly remarked, "to judge for himself with his own eyes"—a feat which he would infallibly have accomplished, but for two reasons; first, that the coach passed the most picturesque part of the Highlands in the night-time; secondly, that the worthy alderman himself fell fast asleep during the best part of his journey. He returned home, however, as might have been expected, in ecstasies.

Among the number of those who caught this poetic influenza in its most alarming form, were the two

Misses Spinks, daughters of Mr. Common-Council Spinks, once a mighty man on 'Change, but who had lately retired from business to enjoy life, alternately at his town house in Crutched-Friars, and his charming summer-villa at Newington Butts, near the Montpellier Tea Gardens. As these young ladies lived next door to Mr. Spimkins, and cultivated the gentilities of society—a little neutralized, perhaps, by the circumstance of their indulging in certain pleonastic peculiarities of aspiration, by virtue of which the substantive "air" would be accommodated with an *h*, and the adverb "very" be transformed into a wherry—it may reasonably be inferred that they were much looked up to by their neighbors. The Misses Spimkins, in particular, took pattern by them in all things. They were the standards by which, in secret, they regulated their demeanor—the mirror in which they longed to see themselves at full-length reflected:

Things were in this state, when one morning Miss Spinks, a young lady of a grave and intellectual cast of mind, with a face broad at the forehead and peaked at the chin, like a kite, called at the Spimkinse for the purpose of inquiring the character of a servant maid. The Spimkinse were delighted by such condescension. Miss Spinks was such a charming young woman! such a dear creature!—so well-bred, so well-dressed, and, above all, so well-informed! Such, for at least a month afterwards, was the hourly topic of conversation at the grocer's table: it came up with the breakfast-tray, it helped to digest the dinner, it served as a night-cap after supper, until at length old Spimkins, in consideration of his neighbor's importance, was prevailed on to depart so far from his homely notions of household economy, as to allow his wife and children to return Miss Spinks's visit. In due time both parties, as a matter of course, became intimate; but as literature was all the rage at the Common Councilman's, the Misses Spimkins were for a time at fault, until a seasonable supply of

novels, procured secretly from a fashionable publisher in the Minorities, enabled them to converse on a more equal footing.

It was just about this period that the Third Series of the Tales of My Landlord appeared. The Spinkses, who had heard from Alderman Dobbs that the descriptions were "uncommon like natur," of course read it; so of necessity did the Spimkinses; and, as Miss Spinks kept an album, it came to pass that she one day commissioned Thomas Spimkins to copy into it a few of the most notable passages. On what slight circumstances do the leading events of life depend! The youth, delighted with his task, ventured, after concluding it, to interpolate some stanzas of his own. Miss Spinks inquired who was the author; when Tom, blushing, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, "confessed the soft impeachment," was instantly pronounced a genius, and as such introduced by the Spinkses to all their high acquaintances.

Genius! What a fatal talisman exists in that portentous word! How many industrious families has it led astray! How much common-sense has it shipwrecked! How many prospects, once bright and imposing, has it utterly, incurably blighted!

Astonished at her son's promise, dazzled by the hopes of his preferment, all Mrs. Spimkins's usual good sense forsook her. The wisdom of the world was lost in the feelings of the mother. She gave play at once to the most ambitious expectations, and resolved henceforth not to let an hour escape without striving to inoculate her husband. With this view, she called every possible resource to her aid. She appealed to his affection as a father, to his pride as a man; she pointed out the injustice, not to say the inhumanity, of thwarting the genius of Thomas; she talked of his wealth, his deserts, his dignities; and, finally, by some miracle, for which I have never yet been able to account, persuaded the old gentleman to relax so liberally in his anti-poetic notions,

as to despatch Thomas to Oxford, where he would infallibly have gained the prize poem, had it not, by some unaccountable mistake, been transferred to another.

It is from this period that the historian of the Spimkinses must date their decline and fall. Thomas returned home in due time from the University, a finished genius, but as poor as such geniuses are apt to be; while his father, who now began to repent having sent him there, proposed buying him a share in a grocer's shop at Whitechapel. But the gifted youth disdained such base employment. He had a soul above figs! What! Thomas Spimkins, Esq. of Brazen Nose, author of a poem which was within an inch of gaining the Chancellor's Prize, stand behind the counter in a white apron, answering the demands of some uneducated customer for "a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and change for sixpence!" Impossible? the idea was revolting to humanity!

Nevertheless, something must be done: one cannot live upon gentility, even though certificated at Oxford. Old Spimkins was precisely of this way of thinking; so, as a next resource, proposed articling his son to an attorney. But here again a difficulty presented itself. The business of a solicitor requires, it is well known, the impudence of a Yorkshire postboy—whereas Thomas was diffidence itself. Law, then, was out of the question; the church presented equal impediments; the navy, though respectable, was inappropriate; the army ruinously expensive. In this exigence, nothing remained but literature; to which, after many an urgent, impassioned, but fruitless remonstrance from his father, the young man finally resolved to addict himself. Meanwhile, his kind patrons, the Spinkses, thinking naturally enough that genius should vegetate among congenial scenery, took him on a visit to their villa at Newington Butts, where, in a romantic summer-house, built up of red bricks and oyster-shells, he gave

vent to some of the sweetest stanzas imaginable. One of these, inspired by that poetic ceremony, the Lord Mayor's Show, fell accidentally into the hands of his lordship himself, who pronounced the author to be "a clever fellow, and one as knew what's what." This opinion, delivered in public by so great a judge, soon made the round of Crutched-Friars; so that, whenever Thomas chanced to make his appearance in public, the very shop-boys would whisper admiringly after him, "I say, Jack, there goes a poet!"

Behold, then, our sensitive minstrel, the pride of his neighborhood, the "young Astyanax" of his family! As such, it became him to affect eccentricity. Accordingly, he grew "melancholy and gentlemanlike," eschewed his cravat, and even advised his father to addict himself to Scott and Byron. But the old gentleman winced exceedingly at this proposal. Recollections of a poetic apprentice he once had, who had for some months carried on a very irregular flirtation with the till, came thronging fast upon his mind, and spurred him at once to a refusal. But what can resist the eternal solicitations of the shrewder sex? By day his daughter, by night his wife, kept teasing him into gradual compliance with their wishes. First he was prevailed on to dine at five, instead of two o'clock; secondly, to listen to his daughter's execution of "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love!" sung with a twist of the mouth peculiarly provocative of that passion; and, lastly (the severest cut of all), to give conversaziones to his son's literary acquaintances.

At these parties a strange and talented group never failed to present themselves. All were men of genius, but exhibited, in their respective persons, proofs of the amazing rancor that subsists between genius and gentility. Among them was a lively Irishman, named O'Blarney, a reporter for the daily press, with sandy hair, a nose that turned up like a fish-hook, and a mouth which, from its extensive di-

mensions, afforded the most copious facilities for grinning. This promising young Papist, whose estates unfortunately lay in the most Protestant part of Ireland, was the very gem of Mr. Spinkins's parties; and, as he mixed much in fashionable society, and could beat even a negro in dancing, his presence never failed to create a lively sensation at Crutched-Friars. Another of the old gentleman's guests was a rising versifier of twenty-two, whose appearance would have been sentiment itself, had not a pair of dingy whiskers, which grew back towards his ears, as if enamored of the latter's unusual length, given him a slight touch of the grotesque. As it was, his fine, open, full-blown face, resembled a cherub on a country tomb stone. It would be injustice to acknowledge ability were I here to omit the mention of another poet, whose genius taking an uxorious turn, exploded in admiring apostrophes to his wife. This bard displayed infinite sweetness of versification—as the extracts from the different reviews, inserted accidentally at the end of his volume—assured him. There were no intemperate sallies, no startling originality, no audacious imagery in his rhymes; all was sweetly and agreeably uniform, like the features on a barber's block. Such, with the addition of three historians from St. Mary Axe, two political economists from Long Acre, a pastoral writer from Wapping, and an essayist from Houndsditch, were the literati whose dazzling abilities illumined the fortunate neighborhood of Crutched-Friars. Old Spinkins, meanwhile, to whom the whole scene was a novelty that well nigh took away his breath, kept moving backwards and forwards among his guests, oscillating in spirits between a sigh and a smile; at one moment looking grave and dignified, like the Scotch Highlander at a tobaccoist's; at another, simpering sweetly and benignly, and perpetrating, whenever he ventured on a remark, the strangest possible blunders. The three French consuls he invaria-

bly mistook for the three per cent. consols; quoted Moore's Almanac in illustration of Moore's Melodies; inquired whether those two great poets, Hogg and Bacon, were not of the same family; and, when asked his opinion of Crabbe, gave a decided preference to lobster.

This sort of work had continued for the best part of a year, during which time the good natured old grocer had been subjected to every species of expense and annoyance; when one morning, towards the close of October, news arrived that a literary gentleman, for whom his son had persuaded him to become bail to a pretty considerable amount, had presented him, in return, with what is termed leg-bail—a species of gratitude whereby the locomotive powers are exercised at the expense of principle. The same post brought a letter from Miss Spinks at Newington, with the intelligence that Sophy—the sprightly Sophy Spimkins—who had been on a visit there for some days, had just set out with O'Blarney, on a hasty visit of inspection to the latter's estates at Monaghan. This letter enclosed another from the fair fugitive herself, in which she implored her father's forgiveness for the "rash step" she had taken; but assured him that immediately on her arrival at the old family castle, she should become Mrs. O'Blarney, and return home the very instant that her husband had secured his election for the county. The epistle concluded with affectionate remembrances to the family circle, and a hope that, when things were a little in order, her eldest sister would be prevailed on to accompany her back to Monaghan.

This intelligence, notwithstanding his son's very sanguine anticipations on the subject, annoyed poor Mr. Spimkins exceedingly; while, as if to fill up the measure of his tribulation, his former acquaintance at Crutched-Friars, finding that, for months past, he had shown evident symptoms of a wish to cut them, began, in self-defence, to set up reports injurious to

his reputation. Rumors so circulated soon obtained belief. First one customer dropped off—then a second—then a third—then a fourth, fifth, and sixth—until at length the whole neighborhood set it down, confidently down in their minds, that the Spimkins were a losing family. Even the parish-clerk himself, a person of considerable local authority, was heard to observe that they were getting too clever for business—an opinion which, pronounced gravely and oracularly by a gentleman in a double chin, produced an instantaneous effect.

But where all this time were the Spinkses? Where were they whose patronage should have shielded, and whose kindness should have cherished, the unfortunate but still interesting Spimkins? Alas! they had set out, only a few weeks before, for the Holy Land, with the avowed intention of taking furnished lodgings for at least six months at Jerusalem.

As if this of itself were not sufficiently vexatious, Miss Spimkins took it into her head to espouse a gentleman for the very last thing a lady usually thinks of looking for in a husband—his intellect. The origin of her amour is curious. She had read in the Gentleman's Magazine the "Confessions of a Wanderer," who had been shipwrecked on the Thames at night-fall off Chelsea Reach; which Confessions were penned in so poetic a spirit, and described so feelingly the horrors of the catastrophe, the hoarse dash of the waves—the howling of the winds—and the subsequent encounter of the vessel against the fourth arch of Battersea Bridge, that the susceptible Miss Spimkins was on thorns till she became acquainted with the author. This, by her brother's intervention, was soon brought about; an invitation to dinner confirmed the intimacy; the lady, like *Desdemona*, loved the Wanderer "for the perils he had passed;" and he, like *Othello*, "loved her that she did pity them." It has been well said, one marriage makes many: scarcely had his sister embraced the

nuptial state, when Thomas handed to the same altar a widow lady, whom he had accidentally met at Margate, and had mistaken for a person of quality, but who had since turned out to be the leading tragic actress of Sadler's Wells, at a rising salary of eighteen shillings per week, exclusive of benefits. It is but justice to add, that if this young lady brought her husband no fortune, she brought him, what to a sensitive mind is infinitely preferable, two fine boys, one of whom was breeched, the other yet in petticoats.

Such accumulated incidents—calamities he ungratefully called them—occurring to old Spimkins at a period when the mind, having lost the first elasticity of youth, is not yet mellowed down into the philosophy of age, but stands, restless and unsettled, between the two, in a sort of crepuscular condition, heaped "sackcloth and ashes on his head." He neglected his ledger, he neglected his house, he neglected himself, and, worst of all, he neglected his customers. In fact, for months together, he did nothing but sigh and swear. His family, even in this exigency, could render him not the slightest assistance. His daughter, who still lived with him, had, by a diligent cultivation of the intellect, long since forgotten the household duties of a wife; her husband, as the old man used often to remark, "was of no more use than a cargo of damaged coffee;" and even Thomas—the inspired Thomas himself—had dwindled down into a mere mortal, and now dwelt in aerial seclusion up two pair of stairs at Pentonville. Thus widowed in his age—for his wife, I should observe, had died three months since,—the disconsolate grocer abruptly sold his business, pensioned off his daughter and her "Wanderer," and retired alone, on a small annuity, to a back street in Islington—a memorable illustration of the March of Mind and its very peculiar concomitants.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with him, and gleaned the particulars of the history I have just

ventured to sketch. Our intimacy continued upwards of a year, during which period I will do my old friend the justice to say, that I heard the anecdote of the poetic apprentice who had robbed him, at least a dozen times. Now and then, when I ventured to express my astonishment that a tradesman of his good sense, who held such proper notions on the score of poetry and punctuality, should have so far forgotten himself as to have encouraged the one, and abandoned the other, to his own manifest ruin, the venerable sage would answer, "True, Sir, but it was all my wife's doing. She kept perpetually telling me that the Spinkses—who, one would have thought, must have been good judges, for they were capital customers, and always paid their way—had pronounced my son to be a genius, and that it was a shame to thwart his abilities; so I was over-persuaded, you see, to send him to college, when, had he but stuck to business, who knows but he might have become a common-councilman; or, perhaps, even in time a sheriff! But there's no doing anything with poets. I remember an apprentice of mine, once—But I see you're affected!"—and here the old man would pause, shake the ashes from his pipe, and then revert to some less ungracious topic. It was on one of these occasions, when, having concluded a longer story than usual, he had stopped to take his customary allowance of breath, that on waking from a nap which his affecting anecdotes rarely failed to bring on, I found him stretched in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. With some difficulty he was brought to his senses; but, a relapse occurring in a few days, it became but too evident that, like the late John Wesley, he had had a call—that, in short, his closing hour was come. I was with him in his last extremity. He swore most incredibly at all poets; left Thomas his blessing and six half-crowns; his daughter a MS. Essay, by the political economist of Houndsditch; and then left the world, with the story of the apprentice on his lips.

Of his three children, Thomas is

the sole survivor. The "Wanderer's" wife was taken off, about a fortnight since, by dyspepsia, the consequence of inordinate indulgence in tripe and toast-and-water; while her sprightly sister, Sophy, threw herself headlong into a mill-pond at Holyhead (having previously tied down her petticoats at the ankles), on being informed by O'Blarney, in one of those confidential moments which brandy-and-water seldom fails to elicit, that he was already the devoted husband of three wives and a proportionate abundance of pledges, and had quitted London not so much with a view to visit any Irish estates—which, as a matter of course, existed only in his fancy—as to obviate the personal inconveniences likely to arise from the circumstance of his having, in a moment of forgetfulness, appropriated to his own use the purse and pocket-book of one of his most intimate and valued acquaintances. The poor girl's body was fished up, a few day's afterwards, by a Welsh clergyman, who was trolling in spectacles for pike; and a coroner's inquest having been summoned, the evidence of O'Blarney was taken, from which it clearly appeared that the deceased was at times insane, and, only two hours before her death, had made three attempts to swallow a salt-cellar. The young Irishman deposed to these and other facts with so much feeling, earnestness, and simplicity, that the coroner complimented him highly on his humanity; and an account of the inquest having been furnished by himself for the *North Wales Chronicle*, it soon afterwards made the round of the London newspapers, under the title of "Distressing Suicide."

Of poor Thomas, my account, I grieve to say, must be equally disheartening. An epic poem, on which he had been some months engaged, having not only failed, but even contributed to introduce its publisher to ready-furnished lodgings in the Fleet, he is now driven to the necessity of jobbing for minor periodicals; thereby adding one more to the already swol-

len catalogue of those who, mistaking the *ignis fatuus* of vanity for the sober radiance of intellect, start off prematurely on the voyage of life, without pilot to steer, compass to direct, or ballast to steady their course.

When I called on the young man, a few mornings since, I was much struck with his more than usually picturesque condition. Being always fond of air, he had hired a back attic, overlooking two charming gardens filled with clothes'-lines, and commanding a distant view of some brick-fields, a pig, and an Irish hodman from Carrickfergus. His wife was seated at the fire, watching a leg of mutton as it pirouetted before the grate, at the end of a bit of whipcord; Fernando, her eldest boy, was riding with manifold ecstasy on the back of an old chair; and her two other darling babes, Alphonso and Eleonora, were fast asleep, on a turn-up bedstead, in an adjoining room. Close by Thomas, who was busy writing reviews at a deal table with three legs, was an elderly cotton shirt, hanging to dry on a small wooden horse, quite a pony in its dimensions; and at the further end of the room, near the door, stood a jug of half-and-half, a pen'orth of pickled cabbage in a tea-cup, a two-penny French roll, a black horn dinner knife, and a fork with two prongs, both of which were broken. On observing these evident symptoms of domestic conviviality, I abruptly hastened my departure; but, on my return home by way of Crutched-Friars, could not refrain from stopping an instant in order to survey my old friend's establishment. It was in the most deplorable condition possible. The voice of its till was mute; the very fixtures themselves were removed; and advertisements, three deep, specifying in large red characters the virtues of Daffy's Elixir, were posted up on door, wall, and window-shutter. Altogether, the scene was of the most affecting character, and forcibly impressed on my mind the calamities attendant on what Shakspeare calls "ill-judged ambition."

I CANNOT CALL THEE FAIR, MY CHILD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.

I CANNOT call thee fair, my child,
 I cannot call thee fair,
 Unless a perfect form and face
 Be joined to gifts more rare :
 If to thy features, blameless thoughts
 The boasted charm impart,
 I'll own that thou art beautiful,
 And press thee to my heart.

I cannot call thee eloquent,
 Nor listen with delight,
 Like some who deem that ruby lips
 Are ever in the right :

But if from truth's integrity
 Thy accents ne'er depart,
 I'll own that thou art eloquent,
 And press thee to my heart.

I cannot call thee fortunate,
 E'en though I see thee count
 Thy worldly treasure o'er and o'er,
 And boast of the amount :
 But if the friendless of thy store
 May claim an ample part,
 I'll own that thou art fortunate,
 And press thee to my heart.

THE GLEN OF SAINT KYLAS.

IN a remote and narrow vale in the West, that runs down into the sea, stands a very minute church and tower. The latter is so concealed from the view of the passenger by the sloping banks, that he finds his feet almost about to plant themselves on the pinnacles ere he has gained a sight of the body of the turret. And when he has descended to the walls beneath, he perceives his head to be nearly on a level with the roof of the church, and stoops low in order to gaze through its narrow windows. All grey and lonely the edifice stands : not the stone that marks the graves of Ossian's heroes, on the hill of mists, is more mournful and solitary than the aspect of this venerable house of prayer. And the man who desires to seek a far and religious retirement, need not go to the solitudes of the Thebais, or the monastic retreats of Italy : he will find here all that his soul can wish for—the absence of all disturbing human sounds ; the voice or foot of man is hardly heard around, there being only two lowly and neat cottages, seated on two green knolls, and tenanted by peaceful people ; and these stand at some distance from the church. The low gate that opens into the little garden before the door, the few cows and scattered sheep that graze beside, and the patches of cultivated ground on

the neighboring slopes, prove that the dwellers do not eat the bread of idleness. In this glen, and in one of these cottages, dwelt the curate of the church. He was not the owner of the dwelling, or the flock ; happy indeed would he have felt had this been the case ; he was only a lodger with the petty and industrious farmer ; and was not a native of the place, but a stranger from a distant scene. His former rank in life could not have been considerable, nor his prospects flattering, else he would hardly have journeyed the distance of two hundred miles, to enjoy this remote cure of fifty pounds a year. If acquirements and knowledge can give happiness, independent of wealth, he ought to have been happy, for his mind was well stored with a competent classical knowledge ; and the other studies, that the poor man seeks at the University with more ardor than the rich, because they are his only portion, had not been neglected by the curate. The long-disputed, and perhaps still undecided question, that wisdom fills the soul with more delight than fleeting riches can do, was never more fairly put to the test. Had he been a man stricken in years, the former had probably obtained the victory, and on his tomb in the solitary valley the departed pastor might have had inscribed, as has been

done before, that he slept full of years and experience. But the curate was a young man, only in his twenty-third year; and the passions as well as the ambitions of youth will sometimes utter their voice in the obscure and silent glen as well as in the streets of cities. Had the grassy sides of the valley been the theatre and the confines of his imagination, his fifty pounds a year had been positive affluence. How could he possibly expend more, was a question he often asked himself during the first twelve months. The sloping beach close by, at whose foot the sea, in general, slept calmly, afforded him at any time a meal of excellent fish, which he loved to catch with his own hand; the cottagers kept a dairy, whence came his daily supply of delicious milk and cream; there was always an abundance of excellent salt pork, of their own feeding, ranged temptingly on the rafters of the kitchen; always on Sundays, and sometimes during the week, a fat fowl was killed by way of accompaniment. This luxury the cottagers would not so often have allowed, but for the sake of their lodger, whose frame and habits were the reverse of robust and strong. The annual sum which he paid for these comforts made no fatal invasion on his stipend. His chamber was exquisitely neat and clean, perfumed in the season with thyme and rosemary: it was small, but healthfully situated, for one window looked out on the rich and smiling banks, and the other far to seaward. And here it was sweet to sit and read, and then pause amidst his reading, and pensively gaze on the hushed or the troubled deep—and what object is so boundlessly and beautifully inspiring? Or, he might sit at the window that looked inland, over the stream that rattled through its stony channel, making that ceaseless low disturbance that the fancy loves. There were other enjoyments of a more elevated character, to the attainment of which, this deep retirement was highly favorable. Earth offered few fascinations to tempt the

curate from the lowly yet delightful feelings and duties of his charge: to stand beside the bed of sickness and death, and pour consolation there; to visit the remotest dwellings of his parish, on the wild hill side, or on the sea-beat coast, and to deal sincerely and faithfully with the scattered people, among whose thin population might be found every shade of vice and virtue,—these were his daily cares—his daily pleasures. A career such as this was certain to bring peace and comfort to the mind; and the solitary man felt this deeply and dearly; and often in his chamber, the tear streamed from his eye, and a look of exquisite pleasure lightened his features, when he thought how Providence blest him, and how secure and happy was his condition.

By his care and prudence, he found, at the close of the year, that he had sufficient money remaining to purchase a valuable addition to his scanty stock of books, as well as a new suit of black, which he much wanted. It was on a fine morning when he first put it on, and walked up the narrow glen to his grey church. He had returned the evening before from the market town at ten miles distance, where he had gone to purchase some favorite volumes: and still he found a surplus of his last year's income. He had never before known such conscious and glowing independence; abundance seemed to open on his future years, and he smiled as he saw his parishioners, waiting around the porch, fix their looks with surprise on his altered and gentlemanly appearance. A few days after he received an invitation to dine with a rich farmer in the adjoining parish. He was somewhat surprised at this, as the inviter lived on bad terms with his own minister, and had studiously avoided showing him the least hospitality. He went, however. The house stood in a valley, at about three miles distant from his own, and was a substantial and excellent dwelling, for the whole of the domain on which it stood belonged to the farmer.

The visiter was struck with the appearance of wealth in every apartment. It was the first dwelling of the kind he had entered since his arrival: and he was greatly pleased, as well as flattered, with the pointedly kind and friendly reception of the family. A numerous party was invited, among whom were a few of his parishioners, but the greater number were strangers: and when he sate at the profusely covered table, surrounded by well dressed guests, he could not help thinking of the contrast his own humble peasant's board presented. The glass circulated briskly, and the conversation became gay and free; his voice rose as clear, and was listened to as attentively as that of the richest farmer present: for his spirits were elevated, and his imagination roused. Even the daughters of some of the guests, who certainly did not want their share of pride, gave kind and approving glances. The young and obscure pastor had an eloquent eye, and a voice of a silver tone—things that go far with the female heart. It was late ere the party separated; and the curate traced his way home with a slow step, for the night was beautiful, and his mind and fancy were strung to the highest excitement.

It was a fatal hour for his peace in which he went to that dwelling. Had he known the dark and troubled hue it would cast over his prospects, hitherto so calm and clear, he would have feared to enter its door. The path that led along the shore, and it was a splendid and sublime path, to the vale of the wealthy farmer, soon became familiar to his feet; and the entertainment of that day was only the prelude to many a friendly visit and hearty welcome. The farmer had two daughters, to whom he had given an expensive education, and had omitted, in fact, no means of rendering them suitable matches for any man in the western country, whether opulent farmer, or long-descended squire with a curtailed rental. He spoke, at times, over a glass, of the fortune he intended to give them on his decease, as

well as their portion on the wedding day. And did the lowly curate of Saint Kylas aspire to one of these richly dowered damsels? He scarcely dared own it to himself, or why his foot wandered so often to the dwelling. In justice be it said, that ere he thought at all of her fortune, the frank and kind manners and spirit of the girl had created a warm attachment to her. And the feeling was so new and exciting—it broke so beautifully on the monotony of his life in the glen—that he loved to indulge it. The father, in the meantime, thought little more of the curate; but was pleased when he saw him enter his house, for he liked his character and conversation, and felt that complacency towards him also, with which men of affluence and luxury often regard those who have equal and superior talents to themselves, but are compelled to take their stand on the side of the gulf of poverty, and look wistfully and vainly beyond. This sentiment was near akin to pity, perhaps; but there was real friendliness also in the farmer's feelings: towards his new acquaintance. Of the two daughters, the elder was the object of his regard: it was doubtful if she liked the man as well as she did the companion; for she was a blooming, tall, and bright-eyed girl, and he was a meek, retired, though very interesting personage. His dark locks curled short and finely around his brow and temples; his mouth and nose were good, the former possessing a peculiarly sweet expression; and his whole bearing and manners, in spite of his poverty and scanty field of observation, were those of a gentleman. So that she had to choose between the young and opulent farmers of the adjoining parishes, with rough, free, and hearty manners, and the gentle curate of St. Kylas. And she was long in choosing, and kept him in suspense, if the word may be allowed, for he never dared to talk of love, or to ask for her hand and person; but his silent, impassioned, yet ardent look, at times said more than words could do.

But an event happened, soon after, that placed all the parties in different relations to each other. The farmer kept a boat in the cove below his dwelling, in which, during the fine evenings of summer, he was fond of rowing out to sea for a few miles, and spending part of the night in fishing. On one of these evenings, in July, there being no wind, and the sea perfectly calm, he invited the curate, who had dined that day at his house, to accompany him in the boat, with his eldest daughter. They rowed from the shore to a fishing-ground at about two miles distant; and after throwing their lines without much success, and the moon shining brilliantly, they pushed out about a mile deeper. And here they had excellent sport, pulling up at every cast, almost, some of the fine fish of the coast. While they were thus occupied, the night waned imperceptibly; and it was very late ere they thought of returning. At last the small anchor was reluctantly hauled on board, and they rowed leisurely in-shore. Not a single bark save their own could be seen, and the soft and slow plash of their oars, and their own cheerful voices, were the only sounds that broke on the calm of the night. On a sudden the oar of the farmer struck against some heavy substance; and an exclamation of surprise was uttered, for no rock, either hidden or just rising above the surface, existed in that quarter. They ceased rowing, and looking earnestly over the side of the boat, saw clearly a human body floating sullenly on the wave. The curate, not without shrinking, caught hold of the garments, as the boat now struck the form, and drew it, all near and distinctly, within their view. It was a fearful sight, and the girl shrieked, and covered her face with her hands. Not so the father, whose eyes were fixed upon the corpse; he bent farther and lower over the side of the boat, and laid as strong a grasp on the matted and faded garments as if they were those of a drowning man, whose life he was saving. The pastor gazed on his com-

panion and then on the dead, in astonishment, and recoiled instinctively; for the features were black, swollen and eyeless, and the mouth was open and lipless. "We must secure this body," said the low but earnest voice of the father. "For God's sake do not take it on board!" cried the daughter. "It must be done," was the stern and brief reply; "it must have Christian burial;" and with the great exertions of the two men, and after having more than once slipped from their hold, it was at last lifted on board. The hand of the farmer was grasped on that of the corpse; and to the quick eye of the curate, the brilliant light of the moon, falling on the living and the dead, revealed the cause of the farmer's eagerness to redeem their prey from the waves. The cold and swollen hand was covered with jewels: and this was not all; for around the breast, closely fastened by a sash, was a small silken bag, containing several rare and precious stones, which the hand of the captor drew forth and opened. It was never known who the drowned man was, or to what vessel that had probably been lost, he had belonged; but in the unhappy disclosure that afterwards took place, it was discovered that he was a Spaniard, and had last come from South America. A man of superior condition he had evidently been by his dress.

Had the party of discoverers been poor fishermen, there had been some palliation for an act like this: but it was strange as well as shameful, that a wealthy man, of fair character, should thus, in the dead of night, seek to rifle the lifeless body of a fellow-creature. The boat lay motionless on the sea; the oars hung idly over the side; and not a word was spoken, for no one dared to speak, while the father slowly wrung from the clammy fingers their glittering ornaments, with a deliberation and coolness that ought only to have belonged to a practised villain: and then, depositing the rings in the small bag that contained the other stones, he placed it carefully in his bosom. The feelings of his child

were spared the horror of this sight, for, unable to bear the aspect of the dead, she turned her look fixedly on the wave. Once only, on averting it for an instant, she caught a glimpse of the heartless work,—her father, with a fixed and pale aspect, bending over the fearful and eyeless dead, and transferring its possessions to his own bosom. She uttered a stifled scream, but was saved the more miserable feeling of despising her parent, for she thought he was only rescuing these valuable things in order to save them for the right owner. But the curate had known human nature better, even in his confined sphere : and when the farmer raised his head, and fixed his eyes full upon him, without uttering a word, he read in that glance more of the dark and mysterious history of the human heart, than the death-bed scenes of repentance, guilt and fear, of his scanty parish, had ever given him. In silence they took their oars, and now pulled more rapidly towards the land ; and there they summoned two or three fishermen to convey the burthen they had rescued to a neighboring cottage. This being done, they parted for the night. The feelings of the youthful pastor, when he entered again his peaceful dwelling and chamber, were of a strange and mingled character. He would have sought repose, but it fled from him ; and, harassed and wearied, he rose with the early dawn, and opening his window that looked out on the glen, he sat beside it, inhaling the fresh, pure air. He had loved, hitherto, on rising from his bed, to open the southern window that looked out on the deep : but this morning he withdrew from the spot, and turned his glance, with a sickening feeling, from the calm, blue surface of the sea. An hour had scarcely elapsed, and the tenants were but just risen, when a low knock was heard at the door below : and quickly after the farmer entered the apartment. His night, too, had been sleepless, it was evident, for his features were disturbed and haggard, and his eye quick and restless. He closed the door fast, and

sate down beside his companion, and took his hand, and spoke in a broken and hurried tone. The latter listened painfully and sadly, for why should this man's words be deprecating and beseeching : no crime had yet been committed ; it was still in his power to restore the rich property to the magistrates, and, when the body should be surveyed, to allow the spoil to be produced also. But the rich man, who might call the whole valley his own, whose barns and storehouses were full, had had a fearful conflict with himself : all night he had strove with the demon of rapine, and had at last yielded wholly. The sight of the rare and precious stones, that he had laid on his table, and gazed on again and again—was resistless. It was for his daughters' sake, he said to himself. What a brilliant dowry should he now be enabled to give them ! how beautifully would the smallest portion of this glittering array become their tall fine forms, and fair skin !

And now he spoke of his daughter : and the look of horror passed slowly from the aspect of the listener : a burning flush came there, and he trembled—for he felt the power of the words ; the father was offering him his child ! He made no answer, but felt his hand grasped with a hard, kind, and prolonged pressure, as of a desperate, yet confiding man. The farmer rose at last, bade him good morning, and returned to his own home. The minister felt that he had rather grapple with the fiercest temporal ills, than with his own reflections. “ Is there any burden so heavy to bear as a guilty and fearful secret ? ” was a question he often put to himself. And then he thought of all that the father had said ; of the proposal so dear and delightful, which he had never hoped to hear from those lips. Gratitude for a moment filled his heart, at this generosity : the richly dowried, admired girl of the valley, was to be his bride ; the poor, portionless curate, with a pittance barely sufficient for his own existence, might now live in en-

joyment and plenty, and be the master of a dwelling as comfortable and luxurious as that of the owner of the territory.

For some time these flattering visions shrouded the darker part of the picture. He would not appear that day at the frugal board of the cottagers; and when evening came, he took himself sternly to task for his criminal silence, and resolved to walk over to the valley, and address himself to the better and more generous feelings of his friend. He found him walking alone in his garden, apparently lost in thought. He spoke to him in a low tone, but firmly and boldly, of the dark treachery he purposed, and urged him to make redress ere the coroner's inquest was held on the body. He also expressed his deep sense of the generous offer made him, of the hand of the woman he loved.

The farmer heard him, without the slightest interruption, and then replied calmly, "You are a minister, Mr. Thomson, and feel as one who dares not look on sin with approval, or let it be done without a warning word. But never talk to me thus again. Think you it is a light thing for a man whose name is held in respect and honor, to do that which, if known, sinks him beneath his menial servant? But it cannot, it shall not be known!" he added, firmly clenching his hand, "Fanny and yourself alone saw it." "But God saw it," said his companion; "amid the stillness of the night, His eye was upon you." The hand of the other was instantly raised, and a sudden blow struck the speaker to the earth. It was done less in anger, however, than in agony of feeling; for the words thrilled to the heart of the guilty man. He raised his guest cautiously and kindly, and a sudden revulsion of feeling coming over him, he burst into tears, and implored his forgiveness. The young man, as the effects of the blow passed away, looked earnestly in his assailant's face, and took his hand solemnly in his own,— "Ask not forgiveness of me: I know that frank and generous nature is

changed; the demon of avarice rules it at will. But I will not betray you. Let the earth keep its secret; but if it cover not this deed, let shame come on my own head, but I will not betray my friend—the father of the woman I love." And he would not stay to hear the heart-felt reply, or to enter the dwelling, but bent his way again to the glen. The next day the coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of "found drowned" being returned, the body was buried in the church-yard. The weather had changed since the preceding day, and drizzling showers descended on the small group that stood in the lonely churchyard, witnessing the interment. The curate's voice trembled as he read the service. There was one beside him on whom he dared not look. His face was pale, and the eye that faced the driving blast and rain rather than the open grave, was restless; and as the earth fell with a dull and heavy sound on the half-buried coffin, the spoiler drew back instinctively, and reclined against a tomb that stood near. Each hollow rush that covered forever the dead, struck on his startled spirit; and he thought of the wretched stranger, of his distant Spanish home, of his family that vainly sought him, whose rightful inheritance his own hand had taken away. "If he had died afar," he asked himself, "and some ruthless hand had despoiled his daughters thus, could he rest quiet in the grave?" As the curate read, with a faint voice, the solemn words, "the wages of sin is death," he clasped his hands wildly, and uttered a low and piercing moan. It was not a sound of sorrow or sympathy, but the wail of a wounded mind.

The glen was now no longer the same to the curate; and his walks through its narrow domains lost their charm. In place of tranquillity and a peaceful conscience, came a glowing and resistless excitement—the love of the eldest daughter. It seemed as if the late event had broken down the barriers of restraint, doubt, and inequality of lot. They alone were privy to the dark secret, and they could

not avoid often conversing on it, and mingling their tears and apprehensions together: and a warm attachment soon became mutual. The day was appointed for their marriage: a dwelling was sought, and handsomely furnished, by the father: it had a garden and a glebe of land, on which grazed several cows for the dairy, and a horse for his own use. And now his glowing visions were soon to be fulfilled; and the poor pastor of St. Kylas, with fifty pounds a year, was to become the master of a fair house and estate, the husband of the finest and best dowried girl in the west. The day came at last, and the bridal party was joyous and happy. In all the assembly the bridegroom alone was pale and thoughtful, though amidst the congratulations of friends, and the blissful certainty that the woman he loved was his own forever. Whatever the parent felt, no eye could discern the slightest change in his countenance. If any terrors were in the heart, it seemed that the treasures of the dead were a rich atonement. To his widowed chamber he often went, and drew them forth, and gazed on them long and intensely. In his dealings and intercourse with his neighbors, as well as with the nearest market town, he supported the same high character for honesty, fairness, and respectability. It had been a solitary temptation, and had wrecked in a moment the gathered blessings and golden opinion of years. He loved often to go and see his favorite child and her husband. Their dwelling was not far; and Fanny placed the arm-chair for her father, and the curate pressed his hand warmly and in silence; and then they sate down and conversed freely. He saw they were happy: and the husband felt proud of his lot, of his fair glebe and cattle, and the comforts of his dwelling; but he gloried most when the tall and commanding form of his wife moved around him,—when her dark eye and soft word anticipated his wishes? Was not this cup far

sweeter than he had ever thirsted to drink on earth? And could he hate the father while he loved the child? He did not hate him; yet there were moments when a sudden quailm came over him, and his lip quivered—for he thought of the hushed and still night, when the boat lay beside the floating form, and the light of the moon fell on the forbidden and glittering spoil.

The doom of the living, however, was at hand, and the fate of the shipwrecked man might be envied by him who had taken what the waves had spared. It happened in an evil hour, that the farmer, one evening, in the neighboring market town, to which he went every week, fell into a warm dispute with another landholder about their mutual property. One boast led to another, for excess of liquor had made both unguarded; and the farmer, who seldom indulged in drink, from the conviction that it overcame him, uttered words which no human ear should have heard, for it was a boast of the value of what the sea had cast up. His rival paused, and fixed his eye full on the changing countenance of the other, who felt his fatal error, and then exchanged significant glances with the rest of the company—for a confused and slight rumor had gone abroad at the time of the event, but had died away again. The company quickly after broke up. The curate was seated that night in his chamber, when he heard the rapid tread of horses' feet coming down the glen. It was an unusual sound there; and quickly after the farmer entered. His look was wild, and there was exquisite misery graven on his features. "O that my tongue had been in the fire that is never quenched," he said, "ere those words were spoken." To the wild and earnest entreaties of the minister he answered not, but continued to talk in loud, mournful and broken tones; and the other ceased to interrupt him, for he saw that the agony of his spirit was exceeding

great. The burden that he must bear was in truth a fearful one ; and he was crushed beneath it like an infant : for he was a proud man, and with the passing away of that night, would pass away like a dream also, the wealth, the dignity, the high respectability of his character, far and wide—and he would be an outlawed man, and his fair and loved daughters—what would they be?—things for the finger of scorn to be pointed at ! It was never known what passed between them : but the cottagers said, afterwards, it was a fearful night—that the wail of agony and despair rose louder at times than the roar of the sea beneath : and that then there was heard the soft still voice of the minister, as of an angel pleading for the rescue of a lost spirit. It should seem that at last it prevailed : for the sounds sunk into low, deep moans, and voices of pity and mercy—and, ere the morning broke, the farmer again rode wildly from the door.

The next day passed calmly in the valley, but on the second evening the feet of enemies came on the soil, and with them were the officers of justice. The rich man was taxed with crime. His words at the inn were quoted against him : he denied it firmly : but the house was searched, and the plunder was at last discovered. There could be no doubt whence it came, or to whom it had belonged. Ere he was conveyed away to be examined at the town, his friends and relatives gathered round him in wonder and indignation at the charge. The rumor ran like wild fire, and his numerous tenants and dependants came also, for he was a popular landlord, and the clamor and grief were loud and general. The trial never came : for by the active and secret exertions of his friends, he made his escape from prison, and went into a foreign country. On his family the blow fell ruthlessly. It may be doubted if the anguish of the daughters for the ruin of an indulgent father was more bitter and rending than that of

the curate of Saint Kylas. Had the spectre of the drowned stood before him, and lifted his accusing hand, it could not have been more fearful than the tempest of scorn and malice, before which his gentle spirit shrank and trembled. Not only his religion, but his honesty were called in question. The world said that he had shared the plunder of the dead. He could not deny that he had been privy to it, that he had seen it done : but when he spoke of the horror and hatred of the sin, which he had really felt—and that he would as soon have dyed his hand in blood as touched the spoil of the lost—people were slow of believing him. “A wolf in sheep’s clothing, a midnight spoiler on the wave,” were the terms that were heaped on his head. It was said the daughter was the price of secrecy, and that part of the diamonds were on her bosom on the wedding day. All the possessions of the farmer were seized by the government ; because he had plundered what were the rightful dues of the latter, namely, the unclaimed property of the dead or wrecked, cast up by the sea.

The sweet and luxurious home, and garden, and glebe of land of the pastor, were part of these possessions ; and it was a morning of sorrow, and humbling, and tears, even to agony, when he quitted, with his beloved wife, their home, and bent their steps towards the glen of Saint Kylas, to dwell in the same lowly cottage he had tenanted in his days of peace and obscurity. It was all they could afford. His fifty pounds a year was now their only dependence, and when they sate beside the hearth on the first evening of their arrival, and thought of the change, the subdued and stricken man leaned his head on the bosom of his afflicted wife, and wept bitterly. And now came the triumph and the strength of woman ! From that moment she concealed her own feelings, hushed her own complaints, and strove only to comfort and sustain the drooping spirits of her husband. He was

invited no more to the tables of the rich and luxurious ; his dwelling was seldom entered by the step of flatterers or friends ; in his church on the sabbath he saw that his congregation did not increase ; that there was sometimes a sneer on the lips of those who had revered him before ; and that, when the service was over, the few who were wealthier, instead of stopping to give a kindly greeting, hurried hastily away. But then, when he sate in the small shaded chamber that looked out on the glen, his wife was by his side, with some useful work for the household in her hand ; or she listened while he read :—and then they arose and went forth, and walked amidst the rocks and verdant banks, or on the beach beyond.

A change—and a stern one—he well knew, had come over his path. In that same chamber of the cottage he sate a year before, a lonely but an innocent man, in possession of honor

and dignity of character, and with a heart at rest :—now all these blessings were torn ruthlessly away, and he was left only to that piety and sincerity of spirit, that had been clouded for a moment, but had never forsaken him. The trial to which he had been exposed was such as few could bear : it was a fiery ordeal, out of which he came, not wholly unstained—but he had never forsaken the “God of his fathers,” had never bowed down to the idols of gold and silver. With a sunken cheek and animated eye he looked calmly at the desertion of the world, and said with a smile, that was turned on his faithful and beautiful companion, that though earth had no other help but her—he was happy !—and that his feet should henceforth be confined to his own valley : then the peace of conscience and the inspiring hope would come again, and the voice of treachery, sternness and cruelty be feared no more.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE Wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, “Now for a frolic ! now for a leap !
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase !
I’ll make a commotion in every place !”
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters ; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women’s bonnets and gingerbread stalls ;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about ;
And the urchins, that stood with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blust’ring and humming,
And the cattle all wonder’d whatever was coming ;
It pluck’d by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss’d the colts’ manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turn’d their backs, and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river’s banks,
Puffing the birds as they sate on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king’s highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags :
’Twas so bold, that it fear’d not to play its joke
With the doctor’s wig or the gentleman’s cloak.
Through the forest it roar’d, and cried gaily, “Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I’ll make you bow !”
And it made them bow without more ado,
And crack’d their great branches through and through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm ;
And they ran out like bees, in a midsummer swarm ;
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
The turkies they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd :
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had press'd on, and had met, in a lane,
With a school-boy who panted and struggled in vain ;
For it toss'd him and twirl'd him, then pass'd, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the following evening I was engaged abroad, and did not return home till late. On entering the house, I perceived that some change had taken place, and Babby, in lighting me up stairs, told me by way of news, that the lady and gentleman who had taken the first floor had arrived, and that her mistress, being fatigued by the bustle of receiving them, had retired for the night.

There was nothing in this communication calculated to excite any degree of surprise ; but Babby, after lighting my candles, instead of taking up her own and leaving the room, took a pin from her girdle, and trimming the wick, looked as if she had something important to tell me.

"I dinna think," said she, having replaced the pin, and lifted her candle, "I dinna think the folk we hae gotten will bide lang, and that we'll soon hae back the sweet afflicted young creature that sae often made my mistress sorrowful ; I'm sure, though I maun allow that she is a sweet young creature, that she's but a dafodil after all ; and if I was in Mrs. Winsom's place, I would ken what sort of commodity she is before I would take her a second time into my house. But my mistress may do as she pleases, only she'll no lang please me. I wasna to be brought from my father's house with the hope of gathering gold in gowpens here, and the

prospect of a fat legacy hereafter, to see the property wasted awa' and thrown to the dogs and donaguids. Do ye ken, sir, that she hasna ta'en plaack or hawbee frae that Miss Mournful and her gudeman, if he be her gudeman, the whole tot of the time they stayed with us, and that was mair than a month ? and then they gaed aff in the cloud o' night in a ter-rification as if they were fleeing frae a hue and cry. If she take them back, I'll let Mrs. Winsom soon see the breadth of my back, so I will."

I was little disposed at that time to encourage the loquacity of Babby ; but she had laid open a new trait in the character of my worthy landlady, and I repaired to my pillow ruminating on the strange mixture of qualities in characters.

Mrs. Winsom was so evidently in the station for which she was designed, that it was impossible to conceive she could have filled any other better. All about her house partook of the neatness and good order of her own appearance—an impress of method and propriety was visible over all ; and in the little history of her life, she had alluded to no circumstances which might have led me to suspect her of a generosity so indiscreet and general as that of which her kinswoman and handmaid accused her. Finally I began to fancy that she was more inte-

resting herself than any of the personages of whose history she intended to speak. Full of this notion I fell asleep, and when I awoke in the morning, and entered my sitting-room to ring for breakfast, I found her seated there with a book in her hand waiting for my appearance. It was Sunday morning, and the weather extremely wet. "You will be surprised to see me here, sir," said she, "but I am very anxious to speak to you. In such a wet day ye'll no go out unless it clear up, and nobody will come to you while such an even down pour continues, so we are not like to be molested."

I shall pass over the little preliminaries which constituted the overture to her conversation, and relate only the more interesting passages.

"I promised you," said she, "to give you some account of the most memorable of my lodgers, and last night a very wonderful thing has happened. The lady and gentleman for whom the first floor was engaged by a friend of theirs, have proved very old acquaintances; the gentleman being no other than the identical first lodger me and Mr. Winsom had after taking up house here. He was then a bare young lad, come to push his fortune in London. The lady is the daughter of Squire Retford, who with her mother lived in our drawing-room floor. It was a thing amaisit contrary to nature that that rich and proud old Squire's daughter should ever have been allowed to marry Mr. Melbourn; and yet it came to pass, and not by any cause or providence arising out of their meeting in my house. But the most curious thing of all is, that now when they are old, they should come without premeditation here. Their object in being in London, is to seek for their only daughter, who has run away with a young gentleman whom they had ordained her to marry, but whom she mistook for his brother."

"The occurrence is remarkable enough," said I; "but what were the circumstances which induced you to think the marriage of Mr. Melbourn and Miss Retford so improbable?"

"I will tell you—he was not a man likely to win favor with a fair lady, and he was poor. His father, like my own, had been a minister, but not of the Antiburgher persuasion. He was of the Church of England. It coudna, however, be said of him, honest man, that he was a fat wallower in the troughs of her abundance, being only a curate, whose lean cheeks and white hassits showed that he held but a barren communion with her feast of fat things. Mr. Melbourn was his only son, and as I learned afterwards, had come to London to get some preferment from Government, and while he was staying with us his father came twice to visit him. The first time the old gentleman came, his thin face was bright and gladdened. He had come to introduce his son to a great man. They went out together, rejoicing in their hopes, and counting the sheaves of the harvest before the seed was sown. When they returned it was with longer faces. The old gentleman himself told me that their reception had been vastly polite, but that the Earl had offered his son no place.

"Did you ask him for any?" "No," said the good simple man. "I was afraid he might think us intrusive if we did." In short, it appeared that both father and son had come in the fond expectation of obtaining the friendship and favor of a statesman, without having any means of return. For, as I told him, though nae doubt his son was possessed of a talent, yet he wasna like, from what I had seen, to put it out to usury. We then had some farther discourse when the young Mr. Melbourn was present, and I depicted to him how he should indite a pitiful letter to the Earl, and move him, if he could, to let him have a nook in the government office; for I had heard that this was the way to rise in the world. But the young man was proud and the old man was simple, so that between them nothing was at that time done, and the father went back to the country—no doubt with a heavy heart.

"Some short time afterwards, both Mr. Winsom and me, for he was then

living, began to discern, as we thought, a straitness in the mouth of the young gentleman's purse, and he lived with such a scrupulous penury that we often made naething on his weekly bills, which caused us to cogitate and re-pine, and to wish that he would leave the house ; for being then but new in the business, we couldna discern how with such customers we ever could make the twa ends meet. About this time the worthy old man paid his second visit, and we both remarked, that though his valise was heavy, his countenance was downcast.

"After he had been sometime with his son, I took occasion to seek for something in the room where they were sitting, and seeking for something there, I saw they were very disconsolate, and it was manifest that their hope was sickly and drooping to decay. In my fear, for there were more than five weekly bills unpaid, I told Mr. Winsom that I jaloused our debt was in a bad way, and argued with him that he should speak for a settlement. But this he was loth and reluctant to do, for we had both a great regard for young Mr. Melbourn, and the old man was so pale, and lowly, and meek in his demeanor, that we felt it would have been profane to have craved him for money, when we were in our hearts satisfied that he had none to give.

"In the course of the same evening the old gentleman came into our parlor with an ill-put-on pleasantry of manner, and said to Mr. Winsom and me, that he had brought with him some old useless trinkum-trankums of silver plate, that he wished to dispose of, begging that we would tell him the name of some silversmith who would give him the best price. His nether lip quivered as he spoke, I saw the tear shoot into his eye, and I felt great remorse in my own breast for what I had been urging Mr. Winsom to do. However, we put on the best face we could, and Mr. Winsom in the end, took him that same night to an honest dealer in silver in the Strand, and the plate was sold. Next morning our bill was paid, and in the afternoon the

father and son left the house, and we never heard for many a day where they went, or what had become of the young gentleman.

"As I was telling you, Miss Retford, with her father and mother, were then lodging with us. She was a lively light-hearted Miss, and Melbourn, being a long lean defective-looking young man, was often a subject of her merriment between her and the squire. One day, after I had overheard her so scornfully lightlying him, I took occasion to let her know that though he couldna help his looks, yet that he was a man of more worth than many who were praised for their comeliness, and I told her the story of the honest sacrifice that had been made to pay our bill. But then she was bold-hearted, and overly proud of her prospects and her pedigree. My words were as water spilt on the ground, and I couldna help telling her that I thought she was an ungracious damsel, that would rue the day she ever jeered the hidden grief of honest poverty. And so in the upshot of time this has surely come to pass, for she's now the very wedded wife of that same Mr. Melbourn.

"But I am not yet done with his story. Sometime late in the summer after, me and Mr. Winsom went to take a stroll in the fields ; and strolling in the fields, we came at last to a pleasant tea-garden, which was then situate behind the Foundling Hospital, and we went in, and Mr. Winsom thought, seeing we were by ourselves, that we would have a half pint of wine, the which was brought in a cruit with two glasses, and while we were taking our wine, talking of the pleasures of the season, and making ourselves agreeable, who should come into the gardens and sit down in the alcove next to ours, but Mr. Melbourn and his father. They didna see us, and we didna like to speak to them. But we could hear what they said to one another, and you may well guess what I thought when I heard the young gentleman rehearsing the difficulties he had come through, after the money was all gone which had been received

for the plate. But the dark does not endure forever; while he was reduced to great need, the dawn began to appear. Providence brought him in the street to an old school-fellow, whose father was a city merchant or alderman in a great way. Beseet with his need, Melbourn told his old companion of his sad estate, and so, to make a long tale short, a place was found for him in a counting-house, and, by little and little, he grew to be the topplingest man of all the town.

It's true that he was not so at the time he came into the tea-garden, for he then had been but a few days in his situation. Nevertheless, the guileless old man, his father, was so

transported with the change in his prospects, that had he been Lord Mayor of London, he couldna have been so overcome with a fulness of thankfulness. Indeed, he spoke in such a manner, that he filled my eyes with tears, and softened the heart of Mr. Winsom to such a degree, that he called for a whole bottle of wine, and invited the two gentlemen to partake of it.

"Out of this renewed acquaintance, a friendship began that has never since been broken. But I must now tell you how it was ordained that the saucy heart of that pert lassie Miss Retford came to be softened to the fulfilment of fate."

CHAPTER V.

The conversation, the substance of which is related in the foregoing chapter, occupied the time during which we took breakfast; and when Mrs. Winsom had made an end, I could not but compliment her as an observant woman.

"It's no for me," she replied, "to object to any kind of approbation; but if I had the power to observe, I have never had the authority to do, so that the things of which I may have to speak have passed before me, and passed away, without hindrance, or let, or stay."

She then added, abruptly, "But the wisdom of commendation does not belong to me, so we'll leave off remarking, and I'll tell you how it came to pass. Proud Squire Retford's daughter was brought under a humiliation, and taught, that though gold was good, worth was better.

"This Squire Retford, you see, was a man of great popularity and substance; his estate was so wide that I would go far wrong were I to undertake to talk of cubits and of furlongs concerning it; and then he was a man of an ancient family—he had a scutcheon in his coat-of-arms, and a family vault to hold his ancestors. From all I heard concerning him from his servants, there were few like him in England, whether it was

for wealth, pride, or pedigree. So out of the contraries of the time, just when the French were beginning their stramash, he was set up to be made a Member of Parliament. Poor man! what he would have done in Parliament has been a perplexity to me, unless it had been to get an act for the country gentlemen, and other such like squires, to hang poachers on the next tree!—But I'll no blaspheme.

"Well, being set up on the leet for Parliamentering, he drew, and others pulled; and, what with riding of horses and drawing of chariots, and horsemen horsing on their horses, he was made a member and a ruined man. Then came borrowing money—mortgages and heritable bonds—and after another season, his lady having departed this life, he came to London, and brought with him his daughter Miss;—Oh! but she was an altered young woman! They came back to our house, and though I did everything to make them comfortable, the old gentleman yammered from morning to night, till his daughter grew as patient as an effigy, or a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Though I couldna say I ever had a right sort of regard, I began to pity her; and as she was often left by herself, I invited her to drink tea with me, my excellent

husband, Mr. Winsom, being by this time no more.

"Now ye see, Mrs. Retford being dead and gone, and Miss being left, by her father's Parliamentary necessities, in a certain sense disjaskit and forlorn, she was glad on the nights of great debates, or when there was a call of the House, as it was called, to spend her evenings with me. And young Mr. Melbourn dropping in at these times, he made an acquaintance, and as he was now rising in the world, he was growing courageous,—so that, to make a lang tale short, he began to speak saft words and gentle tidings to Miss Retford; and she being an abstract creature, with few friends or acquaintances, on account of her father's ruin, began to incline her ear to such effect, that when the Parliament was over, she was fain to make a downset by marrying Mr. Melbourn. Her father, however, was a contumacious old man, and coudna bide the thought of his daughter taking up with a merchantable fortune. I was, however, very sorry at the marriage on Mr. Melbourn's account, because I could discern that ~~she~~ took him for a convenience. I'll no say that all was free-will and free-gratis love on his part, more than on hers. For when his father came to be at the wedding, there was more talk about good connexions, and ancient families, than was needed to have been said of a matrimony founded and built on a right affection. Howsoever, married they were, and if it wasna slanderous, I would say poor Mr. Melbourn soon began to see the value of his bargain.

"For some four or five months after the wedding I saw nothing of him; but the winter coming on, he suddenly, on a wet evening, dropped in and

besought me to make him a cup of tea. I have told you he wasna a man of temptation in his appearance, for he was lean and of a dislocated anatomy; but for all that, he had a kind and gentle look, and if his face bore no beauty, it kythed of great goodness. Twice, it may be three times, he came to see me, in that docile, though thoughtful and familiar way, and I thought, on more than one occasion, there was a something in his mind for the which he wanted sympathizing; but he declared nothing, and I could only guess, wondering how a man that all the world reputed so prosperous, should have any secret cause of discontent with his lot. But before the next summer he grew an altered man. I saw nothing of him, though I heard a great deal; he was wonderful in the newspapers, and an organ of wisdom at public meetings for the King and Constitution, and at charitable dinners for the benefit of posterity.

"In process of time, no doubt we might have worn out of acquaintance, he having become a national ornament, while I remained the humble mistress of a lodging house here in Mortimer Street. But there was at the bottom of his heart a solid matter of sterling worth, and though there was no intercourse between us, he often sent to me lodgers who could well afford to pay, thereby testifying that he had a memorial of friendship in his heart. But not to dwell on his particular case, or to say more concerning the great bruit he made in the world, there chanced to befall, out of one of his recommendations, an accident that might have been the means of great trouble.

CHAPTER VI.

"I would not advise you to be of opinion," resumed Mrs. Winsom, "that my apartments were always habitable to every one that applied, even when, as in September or October, they were of a necessity empty,

that we might get the beautification done properly before the beginning of the next season. I tell you this, sir, with a particularity, for one day, it was the 27th day of August, all my lodgers for the time having, like other

birds of passage, flown away, there came to me, rather at an indiscreet hour in the morning, an elderly gentleman from Ibbitson's Hotel, telling me that he was a stranger in London, to whom my house had been recommended by his friend and correspondent, Mr. Melbourn, and requesting me to take him for a week or two.

"He was a most genteel-looking man for his years, but whether they were sixty or three-score and ten, would have been a kittle question to those who had no knowledge of the fact. I think he was between the two. It was plain to see he had come from a foreign land, his hair being no grey, but white, like a fringe of cotton on the selvages of his bald head. His eyes were quick, glancing and glimmering, lively and sharp—very much so indeed; his brow was fair, broad, and bright, with here and there a small red spot; it was, however, a brow that had not been much exposed to the temper of changeable weather; it was a genteel indoor brow, showing a great and long trust in officiality; his cheeks were very red, but it was not a coarse weather-beaten red, nor was it a buncled crimson, like old gentlemen given to debauch: it had but little of the port wine about it; it was pink, pleasant, and popular, such as became a man that had long been at the head of good fellowship among the better order of doctors and lawyers, and other professional intellectuals.

"The appearance of Mr. Flowerfield was really most inviting; he was to a certainty, at the first glance, a man that had been in consideration. His ruffles were of delightful French cambric, but the body of his shirt was of that Glasgow duplicity for linen commonly called calico, but which every sensible and frugal woman better knows by the name of steam-factory flimsy.

"I told him that I was not just then prepared to let my apartments, but he spoke extraordinarily kindly, by which I was moved to let him have my first floor at three guineas a week.

The common price was two guineas and a half; but he made a stipulation that I was to take no other lodger into the house but himself, and his blackamoor man Jugurtha, and that I was to make no alteration by white-washing, painting, or otherwise, while he staid.

"Considering the time of the year, and the effigy of wealth that was about the old gentleman, I thought this a godsend, that I should in thankfulness acknowledge, by accommodating him with every kind of civility. The same night his blackamoor man, Jugurtha, brought his trunk and baggage home; but Mr. Flowerfield himself did not come till after breakfast next morning, being, as he said, loath to disturb such a well-regulated family as mine he was sure was, by the motherliness visible in the house.

"This was most polite of him; and I hope that everybody who knows me, and with what credit to myself and comfort to my lodgers I have so long kept this house, will be in no astonishment that I should endeavor to render the situation of such a genteel man satisfactory.

"It came to pass in the course of a few days, that the morning being wet, keeping all Christian people within doors, he began to speak to me concerning his fortune and affairs.

"‘Well, Mrs. Winsom,’ said he, ‘here am I, after three and forty years’ broiling in the sun of Jamaica, come home to enjoy myself among old friends, and the scenes of my youth,—and I should have the enjoyment, for I have endured many a cloud and storm since I left them. But I begin to be afraid that, although neither the world nor I have been standing still, we have not been going at the same rate, or rather that we have been moving in different directions. I had never been in this great town till the day before I called at your house, though I had seen much of the world, having traversed the Atlantic,—been a book-keeper on a sugar estate,—an overseer on another,—and the proprietor of a coffee penn, in the parish of

Hanover, in Jamaica;—besides having been twice a member of the house of Assembly, and on jocose terms with his Excellency the Governor. In short, Mrs. Winsom, this city of London is not what I thought it was. It's either a place for a young man of great upset, or for an old one of an ancient family. I doubt that we, of Jamaica, and the West Indies in general, are but halffin sort of folk here; and for the last two days I have just been a fish out of the water. Thanks to your kindness, and to the friendliness of old correspondents, I need not fear that I may not get everything that is dainty and agreeable; but it's a very dull place to a man who has had authority over several gangs of niggers, and been of the same consequence in the island of Jamaica that I was.

“With your leave, Mrs. Winsom, as I am going to Scotland, to see old things and old friends, I would wish my trunks to remain with you till I come back; and really, though it may cost me something, I would be glad you would keep your rooms for me till I send you a countermand.”

“Whether it was something in the dull, drowsy, dribbling, drizzly day that had saddened my spirit, or that there was the melancholious melody of disappointment in the voice of Mr. Flowerfield, I cannot tell; but what he said was not so worldly as might have been expected from a heretofore dealer and driver in the hard labor of slavery. There was in it the boom of a far-off spirit of an innocent humanity; and though he said nothing to cause the remembrance of my father's frugal hearth, and pious evening exercise, to come upon me, I thought of both as he spoke.

“‘London,’ he continued, ‘is no place for me; I am too old for its pleasures, and too ignorant of the way to reach them; but I hope, as I have long hoped, that in the sunny village of my young days I may find a pillow and a friend. But I'll not disguise that a few days have taught me that

even this is doubtful. However, I will go and see, and the worst that can happen, after all, is to go back to Jamaica.’

“After this conversation, we made a paction that I was to keep the house for him until he came back, and that the blackamoor, Jugurtha, should be put upon board wages! Poor unchristened creature! if ever I committed a sin in my life, it was in consenting to such a simplicity; for what was to be expected of a black boy from the slavery of Jamaica, in the corruptions of London, but a colonial rebel-lion?

“Not, however, to dwell on what was the upshot of leaving the misguided creature to himself, in the course of two days Mr. Flowerfield went off in the mail-coach for the north, I saying to him at the eleventh hour, ‘It's true that he should—had it only been for a bravery—have taken Jugurtha with him.’—‘But no,’ said he, ‘I am going to visit simple folk and homely scenes; and it would be looked upon perhaps as a pretence, were I to be seen otherwise among them than as I have, in many a reverie, long desired to be.’

“By and by, in less than a month, Mr. Flowerfield came back, an altered man. The pleasant ruby of his countenance was faded into a yellow hue—the sparkling of his little sharp blue eyes was become dim—and though his hair was similar to what it had been, there was about him a look of disease, and a cast of peevishness touched with sorrow. For all that, he was greatly rejoiced to see me, shaking my hands like an old friend, saying, ‘I have come home to you again.’

“But he never let wot that he had spoken to me of what he had hoped for in his journey. I saw him, however, often sitting in a disconsolate posture. I fain would have inquired what was the matter with him, but there was no symptom of sickness to justify the inquisition. On the contrary, it was plain that the heart-ill was upon him, and that with all his

fortune, his niggers, and the great man he had been with the Governor, were proofs to make him feel the nothingness of the course of his life.

"At long and last, having well noted his dejection, I one Sabbath evening spoke to him of the effectual consolations of the Rev. Mr. Greatsound's preachings. 'But,' said he, 'it is not the thoughts of the world to come that molest me—it is for the world which is gone that I am so grieved. I went abroad in early life, like many of my countrymen, to make a fortune, with which I might return, and gladden the little theatre of my first pleasures and cares. Through all my endeavors and difficulties, this thought was the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, that cheered me on in the wilderness, and my heart always continued young. But it is not by the sense of my unfitness for London that I have been taught the unsubstantial nature of the phantom by which I was allured. Those scenes where I expected to find the treasure which my perseverance struggled to earn with such constancy, and for so long a period, have proved more

changed than all the world. Where I expected beauty, I shuddered to find decrepitude, and many of those vices which make poverty itself almost a vice. The things that I have worshiped in the secret orisons of my heart, were all changed. The eternal face of nature, though unaltered in features, was no longer the same in complexion to me; all had suffered by the withering touch of age, or by the inconstancy of fortune; where aught of stability in character and affection could be discovered, all its pristine worth was alloyed with some base, sordid, and crawling interest!"

"In this sort of forlorn despondency did that worthy man for some time croon, knowing not in a right sense wherefore he should be so despondent. He was purposeless, and growing, if I might use the word, not sleepy, but deathly. His will was at an end—he had no intents, motive, or cause of action—but, like a weary baby, he laid his head on his sofa, or on his hand, for many an hour, fretful that sleep would not come."

THE BECHUANA BOY.*

BY T. PRINGLE.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the Desert dun,
That 'neath the cloudless firmament
Lay gleaming in the sun,
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing with a kindly hand
That fawn of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look, yet pensive tone,
"Stranger, I'm in the world alone!"

* The chief incidents of this little tale were related to the author by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the Great Karroo or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger, when asked about his kindred, was literally (as translated by him into broken Dutch)—"Ik ben alleenig in de waereld!" i. e. "I am all alone in the world." A few slight circumstances, characteristic of the country, are almost all that has been added to poor Marrossi's affecting narrative.

The system of outrage and oppression of which this story exhibits a specimen, has been ably developed by the Rev. Dr. Philip, in his "Researches in South Africa."

The following terms perhaps require explanation for general readers:

Bergenaars—Mountaineers, a marauding horde of Griqua or Mulatto lineage, inhabiting the skirts of the Stormberg mountains, beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Cape Colony.

Bushman—A wild Hottentot.

Gareep—Native name of the great Orange River.

Springbok—Antelope Pygarga or Euchore.

Wild-dog—*Wilde-hond* of the Colonists—*Hyæna Venatica*.

Sea-cow, or *Zeekoe*—The Colonial term for the Hippopotamus.

Utika, i. e. Beautiful—The Supreme Spirit.

"Poor boy," I said, "thy kindred's home,
Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
Why hast thou left so young, to roam
This desolate Karroo?"
The smile forsook him while I spoke;
And when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh
He told this strange sad history.

"I have no kindred!" said the boy:
"The Bergenaars, by night they came,
And raised their murder-shout of joy,
While o'er our huts the flame
Rushed like a torrent; and their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot;
One living man they left us not!"

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away—
The widowed mothers and their brood:
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried, they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

"Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish press'd us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more:
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down;
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

"At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand;
Among the maddened cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

"All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gathered round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream, so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
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I sprang!—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with
reeds,

O'er mountains capped with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Untill yon rock-bound ridge was passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his heart, like scorpions cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they
sting!

"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved,
But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned!

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it; for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Utika it was brought,
To bid me not repine—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor's flocks to
tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

"High swelled my heart!—But when the
star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favorite forth, and far
Into the Desert fled.
And there, from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here, I
And now rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence, void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own,
For I am in the world alone."

Such was Marossi's touching tale.

Our breasts they were not made of stone,
His words, his winning looks prevail—

We took him for "our own;"

And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her child—in everything but name.

JAMES WOODHOUSE, THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

WHOEVER has read that most amusing of all amusing books, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*,—that book of which I can fancy the Doctor himself (if exactly such a work had appeared, of any other great man, during his own life-time) would have said, at the Literary Club, or Mrs. Thrale's, "Sir, let us not deny Boswell praise; one of the ends of writing is to please, and no book pleases more;"—whoever, I say, has read that delightful piece of gossiping biography, may remember something of one "James Woodhouse, the poetical shoemaker." I knew him well when I was a truant-playing schoolboy—(I don't choose to mention how many years ago;) and I must say something about him, as a necessary introduction to a letter of Mrs. Piozz's, which now lies before me, and which I intend to lay before the reader.

Yes! I knew "the poetical shoemaker" well; but at the time I speak of, he kept a little bookseller's shop, and thither I used to go, many a time and oft, in the days of my pocket-money, not so much to avert the predicted mishap of having a hole burned in my pocket by the newly deposited shilling or half-crown, as to pay it with delight for "another Number" of *Milton*, or *Dryden*, or *Gray*, or *Thomson*, published in a neat pocket edition, by "C. Cooke, Paternoster Row." Ah, me! life has had many joyous moments for me since; and none so purely joyous, none so fresh and all-engrossing, as those were, when I was rich enough to complete the yet only half-read works of some favorite author, or possess myself, at last, of those which I longed to read. With what a gust I devoured every

line! I had not then learned to play the critic. There was no cold pedantry of the head; to chill the glowing feelings of the heart, or the kindling fervor of the imagination. I luxuriated in the quick succession of newborn delights, that thronged around me. Every step in this fairy land was strewn with flowers, and I stopped not to examine their value, or—

Oh! Oh! that—God forgive me, I was going to swear; but it would try the patience of Job himself, to be called from such a sunny vision of boyhood, to a sensation in my great toe, as if it had been suddenly seized with a pair of red-hot pincers. Whew! There they are at it! nipping and tearing the flesh, and then rubbing the lacerated joint with aqua fortis, or a solution of blue vitriol! And now, the pain shoots along the nerves on that side, till my head bumps and bumps as if a legion of imps were playing at leap-frog in it! I must lay down my pen.

I am a little easier; but I find it impossible to work myself up again into that amiable state of feeling which was stealing over me, when I got among the flowers of my schoolboy days. However, I can fancy I see James Woodhouse,—tall, erect, venerable, almost patriarchal in his appearance—in his black-velvet cap, from beneath which his grey locks descended upon his forehead, and on each side of his still fine face,—his long, black, loose gown,—and his benignant air—issuing from his little parlor with a stately step, as the tingling bell which hung over the shop door gave notice of a customer, when

it was opened. And then his cordial greeting, and his kind smile, and his clear, sonorous voice—and his primitive *haths* and *doths*, and his *hast thous* and *wilt thous*—and the pleasing, to my ears, at least, mixture of a provincial accent, which he still retained in his speech—all these stand before my “mind’s eye” as visibly and distinctly as though it were but yesterday I was of that age, when I longed to have a beard, and write myself man.

I suppose he saw that I was smitten with the love of sound reading, from the choice I made out of his literary stores,—for at these visits he would often seat himself behind his counter, while I mounted a high stool, which stood by the door, and tell me the story of his early life. How, when a young man, and following the craft of a cordwainer, in the neighborhood of Shenstone’s Leasowes, some verses he wrote and sent to him, were followed by the patronage of the poet—how a copy of other verses upon the recovery of Shenstone from a fit of sickness, was prefixed to Dodsley’s edition of his works—how he afterwards came to London, and was noticed by Mrs. Montague, whose “Essay upon Shakespeare” he lent me to read—how the fame he acquired in London, as the “poetical shoemaker,” made him an object of curiosity to the “great Dr. Johnson,” then one of the gods of my youthful idolatry—and how the desire which the “great Dr. Johnson” had to see him, was the occasion of Mrs. Thrale’s first acquaintance with the Doctor. Then he would relate all that was said to him by Johnson—give me a description of his manner of talking,—his dress,—his appearance,—which I listened to with such a “greedy ear,” that I could have found in my heart to strangle any intruder, who, during the recital, came into the shop to ask for a twopenny stamp, or inquire if he sold sealing-wax. There was, in truth, a simplicity of diction, and a richness of coloring, in the narrations of the good old man, which might have fixed the attention of a much more fastidious auditor than myself.

The anecdote he told me of Mrs. Thrale’s introduction to Dr. Johnson, I mentioned in the *first* work I ever wrote. Some years after it had appeared in print, its authenticity was publicly questioned; I forget where, or by whom; but as I was tenacious of my veracity, I resolved to apply to the only two persons then living, who could verify the statement—James Woodhouse and Mrs. Piozzi. The former wrote to me thus:—

“I shall now answer your request concerning the anecdote relating to Dr. Johnson and myself, which is simply this:—I was informed at the time, that Dr. Johnson’s curiosity was excited by what was said of me in the literary world, as a kind of wild beast from the country, and expressed a wish to Mr. Murphy, who was his intimate friend, to see me. In consequence of which, Mr. Murphy, being acquainted with Mrs. Thrale, intimated to her that both might be invited to dine there at the same time; for, till then, Dr. Johnson had never seen Mrs. Thrale, whom, no doubt, he also much desired to see. As a confirmation of this statement, this anecdote is related in the Introduction to one of the folio editions of the Doctor’s Dictionary, where I have seen it, or my memory greatly deceives me. A close intimacy having grown up betwixt the Doctor and Mrs. Thrale, I was a second time invited to dine at her table with the Doctor, at which time the circumstances took place which are recorded in your work.”

From Mrs. Piozzi I received a more interesting communication upon the subject; and the concluding sentence of her letter conveys a touching picture of the melancholy blank which the survivor of half a century must ever be doomed to contemplate in his list of friends.

“*Brynabell*, Aug. 29, 1810.

“Sir,—I feel glad to be told that Mr. Woodhouse yet lives, who certainly was made the excuse of bringing Dr. Johnson to my acquaintance.

My own book tells the story truly. I am confident—yours has not reached me—and I have nothing here at present to refer to; but thus called on, I will try my recollection.

"Poor Mr. Murphy was an intimate of my first husband's, and soon after our marriage, expressed an eager desire that we should know the great writer, of whom we were always speaking. Our residence was in the borough of Southwark; yet I could bring him here, says he, only we must seek an ostensible reason for his coming. That reason was found in Mr. Woodhouse's celebrity. The day was appointed, and passed so agreeably, that the same day in the next week was fixed for our meeting again—but I think, Mr. Woodhouse came but once. Johnson's injunction

to him about the Spectators struck me very forcibly—'Give days and nights, sir, to the study of Addison.'

"Your letter, saying Mr. Murphy is dead, struck me forcibly too: but of friends we were living with forty-six years ago, who is left alive? The portraits painted for Mr. Thrale at Streatham, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, have all lost their originals, except Dr. Burney of Chelsea College, and her, who has the honor to be,

"Sir,
"Your very obedient humble servant,

"H. L. Piozzi.
"If I come to town next spring—meaning, if I should live till next spring, and could give you any means of information for your inquiry, pray command me, and accept my best wishes for its success."

THE OLD MAID OF THE FAMILY—A SKETCH OF HUMAN LIFE.

"Oh! no, my dear aunt, it is quite in vain to talk to me of comfort now. How is it possible I can even think of happiness, when I am going to be separated for three long years from all I love!" exclaimed the youthful Charles Mordaunt, with all the enthusiastic grief of an affectionate heart, on preparing to leave for the first time the house of his father.

After exhausting all the ordinary topics of consolation without effect, his aunt entreated him to show more fortitude, and assured him that the absence now so bitterly regretted would, at some future period, be regarded as one of the lightest evils of his life.

"Whatever cares fate may have in store for me, none can be more keenly felt," replied he; "but you cannot sympathize with me; you cannot tell half the pangs it costs me to part with Emily; because you, the old maid of the family, were never in love, you know."

"My dear Charles," said his aunt, with a melancholy smile, "though age has silvered o'er my hairs, I can feel for you; and did I not know the

derision bestowed on an old maid dwelling on the charms of former conquests, I could detail a simple history of the course of truest love, which never did run smooth."

Affected by her manner—for Charles fondly loved the aunt, who had been to him as a second parent,—he conjured her with such earnestness to confide her little narrative to him, that, unable to refuse, after a short pause she thus commenced her tale:

"The second daughter of an ancient and respectable family, I appeared from my birth destined to a life of luxury and indulgence, and was envied by many a poor laborious cottager, at the very time when I should have been too happy to have resigned my silken robes and beds of down for the coarsest raiment and the rudest pallet, unembittered by contempt and unkindness. My eldest sister, Maria, was a beauty from her cradle. Courtied by her dependents, flattered by her acquaintance, and idolized by her parents, she appeared a little goddess whose every word was love. With me the case was far different; the nurse protested she could not discover

a trait of my parent's beauty in my poor sallow countenance; my father declared I was as ugly as a young crow; and my mother sent me continually back to the nursery, that my ceaseless crying might not give her the vapors. Neglected and despised, I became reserved and silent; denied sympathy from the living; I sought instruction and amusement from the dead, and early found in my father's library my only real pleasure. Fortunately for me, it had been selected with equal care and judgment by one of my ancestors, who was a lover of literature; and even my indiscriminate taste for novelty could not mislead me on this occasion; the ardor with which I devoted every leisure hour to study was a fruitful source of ridicule, and I was alternately called the walking library and the old maid of the family. Two beings alone seemed to look on me with affection, and to them every faculty of my soul was devoted. You will already have concluded that one of them was your amiable mother, the friend that nature had given me, and which even false intelligence could not decoy from me; every trifling boon was obtained through her medium, and every sorrow vanished before her sympathy; her triumphs became mine, and her light-hearted gaiety drew forth my most frequent smiles. The other—what will you say when you hear your old maiden aunt learned to love him ere she had words to tell him so?—similarity of character, and some circumstances in his situation too much resembling mine, endeared us to each other. Our mutual affection was a subject of mirth to our fathers, who often rallied us upon a sympathy which they suffered to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until it seemed interwoven with our existence. Alas! how thoughtlessly do parents suffer their children to associate in early youth with those whom they would shrink from as the friends of maturer age! and after having suffered an attachment of the sweetest years of their life to ripen

uncheeked, as a mere childish fancy, expect, with one stern sentence, to efface in a moment the impressions of years. But in order to prevent your accusing me of a deficiency of duty, or natural affection to the authors of my being, let me give you a slight sketch of their characters and habits.

“Descended from a noble family, and heir to great possessions, my father married early a woman who was the beauty of the country in which she lived—the queen of every ball, the animating spirit of every party. How was it possible for her to find leisure for cultivating her understanding, or strengthening her principles? Pleasure and admiration were all they lived for; their table was spread with luxuries; for their house was indiscriminately open to the idle, the profligate, and the mean, who repaid, with open flattery and secret slander, the bounty which was slowly, but certainly, effecting our ruin. At the other end of the village resided a family of a very different description, but one whom circumstances connected us with in the closest ties of intimacy. Mr. Neville was the founder of his own family; but, having labored half a century to realize the golden dreams of his childhood, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, he was suddenly seized with the ambition of becoming a country gentleman, disposed of his house in town, took his name out of the firm which had been so long his pride, purchased an estate three times the value of ours, and determined that, at least, his children should be gentlemen. The oldest, on whom he settled the chief part of his estate, he placed in the Guards, and determined to marry him to an heiress, whose birth should atone for the want of splendor in his own. Rich, beautiful, and well born, Maria appeared to possess all the requisites he so earnestly desired; and as Alfred Neville was handsome, fashionable, and attentive, he soon became a favorite with her in no common degree. Equally agreeable to all parties, their marriage was to be solemnised on the

day when Alfred came of age, and until that time he was sent to acquire spirit, and get rid of the rust of an early residence in the counting-house, by a nominal performance of the duties of a soldier. Infected so fully with the mania of making an eldest son, Mr. Neville completely forgot that anything beyond a bare competence was requisite for his younger son Edward. Thrown into the shade by the more glaring qualifications of his brother, he was stigmatized as devoid of manly spirit, because he had the humility of a Christian; and as debased by fondness for low society, when he wished to add to the comforts of the poor. His little wife, as I was called, until I was persuaded we were destined by our parents for each other, became the plaything of his childhood, the friend of his youth, and the secret inspirer of every exertion of his manhood, while his father, who had apparently encouraged his infantile love for the neglected, plain, little Ellen Percival, was occupied in continual projects for establishing his fortune by a wealthy marriage, without diminishing the immense wealth of his brother. At length the opportunity so much coveted occurred; a rich sister of a penurious merchant was fascinated, as she romantically assured her brother, by the unconscious Edward. Mr. Traffic was anxious to be taken into Mr. Neville's late firm; and on this sole condition consented to the wishes of Mr. Neville and his sister. Every preliminary settled, Edward was summoned from college, and acquainted with his father's commands for his falling in love with the lady, or her fortune, as expeditiously as possible. Astonished beyond measure, he remonstrated, positively refused, and finally was driven from his paternal roof to seek his fortune in a pitiless world, because he disdained to accept a hand which, regardless of the delicacy of her sex, was offered unsolicited, and clung fondly to hopes which for eighteen years he had nourished. Too disinterested to involve the object of

his affection in his difficulties, he took leave of her without even by a word or look endeavoring to attach her to him,—and after a short time became the tutor of two younger brothers of one of his college friends."

"And how did you bear this separation?" eagerly inquired Charles, as his aunt paused with a sigh at the recollection.

"I had sorrows of even deeper interest pressing around me, which scarcely allowed me time to dwell upon it. My father's inattention to his affairs had encouraged his agent to make such gradually increasing encroachments on his estates, that soon after this event his clamorous creditors brought forward their claims with such importunity, that my poor father, too ignorant of business to understand even his own accounts, and too indolent to make any effort, committed all to his agent, who, producing bills to more than the amount of the remainder of our property, took possession of the estate by foreclosing the mortgage, and we were left without a home to shelter us, or the means of procuring one, except by the sale of our clothes and trinkets. Poor Maria appeared for a short, a very short time, alas! like the star of hope pointing to future comfort; and at first, in the warmth of a romantic imagination, was grateful for the adversity which would prove the constancy of her affianced husband. Over and over again did she assure her parents that her home should be their home, and that her husband should be to them a son, a friend, a protector; but when day after day wore away, and still the long expected letter never came, she began to feel that worst sickness of the soul, hope deferred, slowly fading into despair. Their wedding day at length arrived; but oh! how differently had we anticipated it! Alfred came down to his father's to celebrate it, but he brought a wealthier bride. Maria gazed on him for the last time as he drove past her humble cottage. The shock was too violent—a long and severe illness was the consequence;

and when she rose from the bed of sickness and sorrow, I had scarcely sufficient resources to procure her even the commonest nourishment. With all the pride of a nobleman of former days, my father refused to permit me to add to our fast failing fund by exerting my industry or ingenuity; and yet every deprivation he was compelled to submit to became a source of repining. Then it was that I felt the advantage of having been early accustomed to mortifications; it had taught me patience. I had hopes of a world of bliss where the tears should be wiped from all eyes; and as I looked at my father's grey hairs, I blessed the God who had sent affliction to wear him from too great a love for this world. Our last guinea was already spent, and I was in vain endeavoring to convince my father of the necessity of my accepting some employment to enable us to pay for our lodging, when a packet was put into my hands containing a bill for thirty pounds, but without a line or signature to tell us what kind friend had sent it. The direction was in a stranger's hand; but I felt I could not be deceived, and involuntarily exclaimed, "this is Edward Neville's kindness." Little did I foresee the tempest these few innocent words were to occasion! Still wounded by the barbarity of Alfred, my parents vehemently protested that no one of that family should ever hold intercourse with ours; and it was not until they had persuaded themselves he was too base to assist us in the most trifling manner, that I could induce them to make use of a sum indispensably requisite to us. Let me hasten over this part of my story. My sister's fever communicated itself to my parents, and one short week saw them both consigned to the grave. Within the following fortnight I received a proposal to superintend a charity school, from a lady in a retired village, fifty miles from our former abode. It was indeed a humble employment for the daughter of a peer, but I could by that means support

myself and my invalid sister; and I felt it would have been infinitely more degrading to have been pensioners of our noble relations. The task of instruction was at first difficult; but an earnest desire to succeed enabled me every day to find it more easy. I became a favorite with my young pupils; their friends, though rude in manners, were sincere and friendly. The clergyman of the parish visited us. I need not dwell on the comfort his society imparted, since you know your kind-hearted father has ever found his greatest delight in doing good. You have doubtless guessed that he induced Maria to forget the worthless Alfred; but you cannot know, nor did we, until some time after their marriage, that Edward, his college friend, had engaged him to recommend me as a candidate for the school. He too had his trials. His father died suddenly while his anger was still unsoftened, and his will unaltered, by which Edward was disinherited. His brother, seeking in gambling a resource for the misery of his domestic life, dissipated his property, and fell by his own hand. Edward still persevered, deprived himself of every relaxation, practised the most rigid self-denial, and was at length, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, by the death of his brother, put in possession of what remained of his patrimonial estate. To the spendthrift it had appeared beggary, to his brother it was a noble independence. It was communicated to me by a letter from Edward, in which he requested me to share it with him. He for the first time avowed his long and constant affection, and hoped we should forget our early sorrows in this long deferred union. In the conclusion of his letter he slightly mentioned having been ill, and still retaining considerable weakness; but he trusted good nursing, country air, and, more than all, a mind at ease, would soon restore him to health and happiness. In another day he told us to expect him. He came; but how changed! Death had already set his seal on every fea-

ture—yet one faint flush on his hollow cheek, one bright glance of his sunk eyes, told me that his soul was still the same, his love unchanged. A feeble pressure of my hand, a wintry smile, and a look from me to heaven, bade me hope to meet him where we should part no more, and with a gentle sigh he yielded up his spirit in my arms.”

“And yet you are cheerful, you are patient, you are contented—what secret cause has given you comfort?” said her nephew, deeply affected.

“The only source of consolation which never fails those who seek it—my Bible and my God. Edward left me his representative. At first, in all the bitterness of anguish, I cried—‘Now fortune comes too late!’ but the poor and the helpless came to my gate for succor—I turned their sorrow into joy, and I shared some of the pleasure I imparted. By degrees my mind grew calm—I felt that I had still ties to attach me to the world—you and your sister became to me as children—the sense of doing good soothed me, and the acuteness of sorrow faded into resignation.”

“Oh! how impatient, how unrea-

sonable must I have appeared to you, in so keenly regretting a temporary absence, at whose termination I am to receive the reward of all my wishes. I will go, and, in imitation of the noble Edward, consider only my duties, and how sweet will be my return, crowned with the love of Emily, and the approbation, scarcely less dear, of my old maiden aunt.”

His aunt only answered him with a smile and a parting embrace; but when she saw him three years after at the head of his profession—the advocate of the distressed—the supporter of the weak—the terror of the wicked—not more distinguished for the tenderness of his disposition, than for the resignation with which he supported unavoidable misfortunes, she felt comforted for all her sorrows, and in the love of her nephews and nieces found consolation. No longer an isolated useless being, she saw a family who looked up to her as a parent, blooming around her, and found that the great exercises of nature, without either talents or splendid beauty, can render their possessors happy and crown with joy even the last days of “the old maid of the family.”

A SINGULAR LETTER FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA.

COMMUNICATED BY MR. HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

[After referring to subjects of former communications, and making some general remarks on the country and its inhabitants, the writer of this truly “singular letter” thus proceeds:]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You knew my Agnes from her childhood—you were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was. I thought so, and so did you, at least you said you never had as bonny a bride on your knee. But you will hardly believe that her beauty was then nothing in comparison with what it became afterwards; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have

often fancied that I never saw as lovely a human being.

Be that as it may, the chief Karoo came to me one day with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord’s desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchange for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tick-

led with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter to make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy, one of which was, that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but declared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told,—for that the women were the sole property of the men. He had bought many women from the Tambookies, that were virgins, and had never given above two cows for any of them; and because he desired to have my wife, he had offered me as much for her as would purchase four of the best wives in all the two countries, and that therefore I was bound to give her up to him. And when I told him finally that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he struck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot. When this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it*. Three times he went over this, and then went away in high dudgeon. Will you, sir, believe, or will any person alive believe, that it was possible I could live to repent this?

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean him, and at the very time of which I am speaking, our

little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pongos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We sallied out upon them in a body, not without alarm, for they are powerful and vindictive animals, and our guns were only loaded with common shot. They fled at the first sight of us, and that with such swiftness that we might as well have tried to catch deers, but we got one close fire at them, and doubtless wounded a number of them, as their course was traced with blood. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms, when it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the abominable brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this several shots had been fired by my companions at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels, but ~~leaving~~ off as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kousi servant finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning after that but one, Agnes and her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green: I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when, all at once, the women were alarmed by the sight of a tremendous ourang-outang issuing from our house, which they had just left. They seem to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster, springing forward in one moment,

snatched up the child and made off with him. Instead of coming to me, the women pursued the animal with the child, not knowing, I believe, what they were doing. The fearful shrieks which they uttered alarmed me, and I ran to the milking-green, thinking the cows had fallen on the women, as the cattle of that district are ticklish for pushing when any way hurt or irritated. Before I reached the green where the cows stood, the ourang-outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor feeble exhausted women running screaming after him. For a good while I could not conceive what was the matter, but having my spade in my hand, I followed spontaneously in the same direction. Before I overtook the women, I heard the agonized cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of that horrible monster. There is no sensation of which the human heart is capable that can at all be compared with the horror which at that dreadful moment seized on mine. My sinews lost their tension, and my whole frame became lax and powerless. I believe I ran faster than usual, but then I fell every minute, and as I passed Agnes she fell into a fit. Kelakal, the black girl, with an astonishing presence of mind, had gone off at a tangent, without orders, or without being once missed, to warn the rest of the settlers, which she did with all expedition. I pursued on, breathless, and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

I think if I had been fairly started, that through desperation I could have overtaken the monster, but the hopelessness of success rendered me feeble. The truth is, that he did not make great speed, not nearly the speed these animals are wont to make, for he was greatly encumbered with the child. You perhaps do not understand the nature of these animals—neither do I: but they have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely or running down hill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard pressed on level ground, or up-

hill, they use their long arms as fore-legs, and then run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands; but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him closely with one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. O may never earthly parent be engaged in such heart-rending pursuit! Keeping still his distance before me, he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed upon me, for I could not swim, while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river, though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe got his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying out, "Pa! pa! pa!" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas, that sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished, with my dear child, in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and then my course was stayed, for to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I had, therefore, no other resource but to throw myself down, and pour out my soul in lamentation and prayer to God.

[The writer here relates,—too minutely for us to use his own words in our limited space,—the account of the arrival of some of his countrymen;—the continuance of the pursuit after half a day's journey further up the river, where they crossed it;—an adventure of one of his companions with an ourang-outang, which threw a club at the man with so certain an aim that it well nigh killed him;—his own mingled joy and distress on hearing in a thicket near by, in the middle of the night, cries which

he knew to proceed from his own dear William, and which were evidently stopped by something stuffed into his mouth;—their fruitless search in the thicket during the night, and their discovery in the morning of a bed in the thick branches of a tree, but from which the occupants had escaped. He then continues:]

This was the most grievous and heart-breaking miss of all; and I could not help giving vent to my grief in excessive weeping, while all my companions were deeply affected with my overpowering sorrow.

We searched over all the country for many days, but could find no traces of my dear boy, either dead or alive; and at length were obliged to return home weary and broken-hearted. To describe the state of my poor Agnes is impossible. It may be conceived, but can never be expressed. But I must haste on with my narrative, for I have yet a great deal to communicate.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening, on returning home from my labor, my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid-servant, nor one of all the settlers, could give the least account of her. My suspicions fell instantly on the Kouisi chief, Karoo, for I knew that he had been in our vicinity hunting, and remembered his threat. This was the most grievous stroke of all, and, in order to do all for the preservation of my dear wife that lay in my power, I and three of my companions set out and travelled night and day, till we came to the chief's head-quarters. I have not time to describe all the fooleries and difficulties we had to encounter; suffice it, that Karoo denied the deed, but still in such a manner that my suspicions were confirmed. I threatened him terribly with the vengeance of his friend Captain Johnstone, and the English army at the Cape, saying, I would burn him and all his wives and his people with fire. He wept out of fear and vexation, and offered me the choice of his wives, or any two of them, showing me a great number of them, many of whom he recommend-

ed for their great beauty and fatness; and I believe he would have given me any number if I would have gone away satisfied. But the language of the interpreter being in a great measure unintelligible, we all deemed that he said repeatedly that Karoo would not give the lady up.

What was I now to do? We had not force in our own small settlement to compel Karoo to restore her; and I was therefore obliged to buy a trained ox, on which I rode all this way to the next British settlement, for there are no horses in that country. There I found Captain Johnstone with three companies of the 72d, watching the inroads of the savage Boshesmen. He was greatly irritated at Karoo, and despatched Lieutenant McKenzie and fifty men along with me to chastise the aggressor. When the chief saw the Highlanders, he was terrified out of his wits; but, nevertheless, not knowing what else to do, he prepared for resistance, after once more proffering me the choice of his wives.

Just when we were on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settlement, a black servant of Adam Johnstone's came to me, and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief, for that he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant; when he told me that he himself saw my wife carried across the river by a band of pongos, (ourang-outangs,) but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently on their arms, but she was either dead or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

I had kept up under every calamity till then, but these news fairly upset my reason. I felt a-blaspheming, and accused the Almighty of injustice for laying such fearful judgments on me. May he in mercy forgive me, for I knew not what I said; but had I not been deprived of reason, I could

not have outlived such a catastrophe as this, and whenever it recurs to my remembrance, it will make my blood run chill till the day of my death. A whole year passed over my head like one confused dream; another came, and during the greater part of it my mind was very unsettled, but at length I began to indulge in long fits of weeping, till by degrees I awakened to a full sense of all my misery, and often exclaimed that there was no sorrow like my sorrow. I lingered on about the settlement, not having the power to leave the spot where I had once been so happy with those I loved, and all my companions joined in the cultivation of my fields and garden, in hopes that I would become resigned to the will of the Lord and the judgments of his providence.

About the beginning of last year a strange piece of intelligence reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt gathering fruits, where they had seen a pongo taller than any Kouisi, and that this pongo had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest fruits, and the boy was gambling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders.

This was a piece of intelligence so extraordinary, and so much out of the common course of events, that every one of the settlers agreed that it could not be a forgery, and that it behoved us immediately to look after it. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide, with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malays and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms, went with us, so that we had in all nearly a hundred men, the blacks being armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns, and pistols. We journeyed for

a whole week, travelling much by night and resting in the shade by day, and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independent inland tribes. They were in great alarm at our approach, and were apparently preparing for a vigorous resistance; but on our guide going up to them, who was one of their own tribe, and explaining our views, they received us joyfully, and proffered their assistance.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence, that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a Queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak, and work, and go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and answered her, and lived in houses and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought rank and file. That they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the queen's child; but because the girl wept, the Queen caused them to set her at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that this was my own wife and child, and terror that they would be rent in pieces by the savage monsters rather than given up. Of this last, the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us we needed not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them, die, rather than wrong a hair of their Queen's head. But that it behoved us instantly to surround them; for if they once came to understand that we were in pursuit, they would make their escape, and then the whole world would not turn or detain them.

Accordingly, that very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle, and continuing to close as we advanced, by the break of day we had them

closely surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a close circle round their camp and Queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost, and the females inmost, but all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside, I went with the nine red-coats to the top of a cliff, that, in some degree, overlooked the encampment, in order that, if my Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within, but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that, the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their Queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beautiful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother. Conceive, if you can, sir, such a meeting! Were there ever a husband and wife met in such circumstances before? Never since the creation of the world! The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons, but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered: it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart, against which nature could not bear up, for on my first embrace she fainted in my arms, which kept us all in suspension and confusion for a long space. The children fled from us, crying for their mother, and took shelter with their friends the pongos, who seemed in great amazement, and part of them withdrew, as if to hide themselves.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony; but she refused, and told me,

that she behoved to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure. It was a curious scene, something like what I had seen in a menagerie; and there was my little William, serving out food to the young ourang-outangs, cuffing them and ordering them, in the broad Annandale dialect, to do this, that, and the other thing, and they were not only obedient, but seemed flattered by his notice and correction. We were then presented with delicious fruits, but I had no heart to partake, being impatient to take my family from the midst of this brutal society; for as long as we were there, I could not conceive them safe or fairly in my own power.

Agnes then stood up and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. Many of them came cowering and fawning before her, and she laid her hand on their heads; many, too, of the young ones came running, and, lifting the children's hands, they put them on their own heads. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night, but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children, and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang-outangs attended our steps, and some of them came to us fearlessly every day, as she

said, to see if she was well, and if we were not hurting her.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching eastward ; but then I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape, having first made over all my goods and chattels to my countrymen, who are to send me down value here in corn and fruit ; and here I am, living with my Agnes and our two children, at a little wigwam about five miles from Cape Town.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. But here I must needs be concise, giving only a short and general outline of her adventures ; for among dumb animals, whose signals and grimaces were so liable to misinterpretation, much must have been left to her own conjecture. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her were apparently as follows :

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. For their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed, and the Queen his mother, having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try if possible to recover it ; and on not finding it, he seized on my boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his Queen, and gave her him to nurse ! She did so. Yes, she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird ; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss, that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the

fair forenoon, without having been discovered. Their expertness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes described as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They showed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water ; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till, behold ! she was introduced to her own little William, plump, thriving, and as merry as a cricket, gamboling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection,—but then they far outgrew him, and others as fast overtook him in size.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community ; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her in aught save to take her home again. Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. She conceived that, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. I confess that I had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular were much comelier than negro savages which I have often seen, and they laughed, smiled and cried very much like human creatures. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons ; and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly ; and on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves ; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but shortlived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always described it as respectful and uniform. For awhile she never thought herself quite safe when near the Queen, but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely out of her boundless affection for the boy. No mother could possibly be fonder of her own offspring than this affectionate creature was of William; and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him instantly to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two Queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night.

I have no objection to the publication of these adventures in Britain,

though I know they will not obtain credit; but I should not like that the incidents reached the Sidney Gazette, as I intend emigrating to that country as soon as I receive value for the stock I left at the settlement, for I have a feeling that my family is scarcely safe as long as I am on any part of the coast of Africa. And for the sake of my rising family, I have an aversion to its being known that they were bred among creatures that must still be conceived to be of the brute creation.—Do not write till you hear from me again; and believe me ever, your old affectionate friend, WM. MITCHELL.

Vander Creek, near Cape Town,

Oct. 1, 1826.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem round the border, the head slightly vandyked and finished by chain-work of silk cordon. The body is covered with a cane zou spencer of embroidered tulle, with stripes formed of pink satin rouleau, and the waist encircled by a pink ribbon belt, striped with black in hair-stripes: over the sleeves, which are à l'imbecille, and of the same color and material as the dress, are frills of very broad white lace, and on each shoulder is a bow of ribbon with long ends, the same as the belt. Very broad bracelets of gold encircle the wrists, surmounted by a full ruffle of lace, ascending towards the narrow part of the arm. A ruff surrounds the throat, formed of lace and pink satin; and a hat of pink satin is worn with this dress, very much ornamented under the brim with pink satin ribbon and blond, and a full branch of white privet, without foliage, over the right temple. A compact bouquet of flowers is placed in front of the crown; and broad strings of pink satin ribbon, clouded with black, float loose.—Half-boots of *gros de Naples*, the color of the dress, fringed round the top, and Woodstock gloves, complete this costume.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of cream-colored *gros de Naples* over a petticoat of the same; the petticoat discovered by the pelisse being folded back, in partial points down the front of the skirt; and under each of these points from whence they appear, are small bows of ribbon, without ends, the color of the pelisse; the points are finished at the edge by a rouleau-binding. The body is made quite plain, and fitting tight to the shape; a narrow collar turns back from the throat, which is encircled by a triple ruff of tulle. The sleeves are à la Donna Maria, and the fulness at the narrow part confined by the loop which ascends from the wrist to the bend of the arm, where a small rosette terminates the puckering. A tight wristband-hand cuff finishes the sleeve next the hand. A Cachemire scarf, the color of the red orange, is worn with this pelisse; the border is in various colors at the ends on a white gauze, and the fringe, the color of the scarf, is admirable. The bonnet is of autumnal-green *gros de Naples*, ornamented with puffings of the same, and ribbon of a similar color, striped with Modena-red, in rich brocade. The half-boots are of cream-colored kid.

VARIETIES, LITERARY NOTICES, &c.

THE following is the mode of celebrating the commencement of the year among the Opatus, a warlike tribe of natives in South America.

On the first day of the year, a certain number of highly adorned damsels dance in a circle round a pole of about twelve feet high. To the top of the pole are fastened as many long strips of different colors as there are ladies, each of whom holds one of them in her hand. Half the number of females dance to the right, the other half to the left, passing each other right and left alternately, so that in a certain number of revolutions the pole is completely covered with a variegated plating, which most ingeniously conceals the wood and presents a particularly pretty appearance. The party walk to the tune of a song composed in honor of the occasion. The poet considers the seasons of the year as dancing with great harmony and regularity, and he represents them as *contracting* and *expanding* their influence. Thus when the pole is entirely encircled with the plating, the dancers are then confined within so narrow a circle, that their charms can scarcely be seen, and the seasons are therefore said to be wound up. But as the damsels proceed to *undo* the plating, the circle widens, their beauty and graceful figures delight the beholders, and the seasons are said to expand and extend their influence over the whole globe!

Geography, &c.—At one of the recent sittings of the Paris Geographical Society, Mr. Yosi, secretary of the London Medicobotanical Society, stated, that he intended to embark in December on his voyage to America. He will first visit the Mississippi and Missouri, will then cross the Rocky Mountains, explore California, and proceed to South America, traversing Mexico. He purposes visiting the capital of Columbia, and thence directing his steps towards Rio Janeiro. He requested from the Society such information and instructions as it might choose to give in connexion with the objects of his journey, which will consist chiefly of geographical and astronomical observations.

Spontaneous Inflammation.—In consequence of a fire which occurred in a drug warehouse, an examination was made into the circumstances, and it was found that it arose from moist powdered arsenical cobalt, closely packed together. It is usual to add water to this substance when it is undergoing the process of powdering, to prevent the poisonous dust flying about. Since the above instance of its spontaneous combustion has occurred, we trust druggists will be careful not to keep quantities of powder in a moist state.

Mr. Robert Montgomery has in the press a Poem in Three Books, entitled "Satan."

Notices of the Brazils in 1828-9, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., will shortly appear.

The following are reported to be the principal contents of the forthcoming No. of the Edinburgh Review: Lord King's Life of Locke—Mrs. Hemans' Poetry—French Commercial Policy—Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs—The Byzantine Historians—Utilitarian Theory, and "the Greatest Happiness Principle"—American Literature—Vegetable Physiology; Dutrochet, De Candolle, and Mrs. Marcet—Buckhardt's Arabia—Library of Useful Knowledge—M. Cousin's Course of Philosophy—Auldjo's Ascent of Mont Blanc—Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture—History and Present State of Chemical Science—New French Ministry, &c.

A work by Sir H. Davy, entitled a Vision, written during his last illness, in the playful style of Salmonia, is left to his executors for publication. His Life, written by Dr. Paris, is also expected.

Mr. Warburton, M. P., is at present engaged on a Life of Dr. Wollaston.

One volume of Moore's Life of Byron is printed off. It runs to 500 pages quarto. The other is expected to be finished by the first of January.

The next No. of the Family Library (after the Court and Camp) will be the second volume of the Lives of British Painters, including West, Fuseli, Barry, Blake, Opie, and Morland: after that, the concluding volume of Milman's History of the Jews; and then the first volume of the Life of George III., which in its illustrations is said to be far beyond anything as yet attempted, except Dr. Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour.

Just published, a "Historical Account of Discoveries in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in search of a North West Passage; with observations on Emigration. By Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. &c.

The Memoirs, Correspondence, &c. of Thomas Jefferson, have been published in London, and are well spoken of in the Literary Gazette.

Part Second of Cruikshank's Scraps and Sketches, just published in London, is noticed in the English journals as fully equal to any of his former whimsical and clever productions.—We recommend to the notice of our readers the "Scraps" of Mr. Johnston, a work similar to the above, the second number of which has recently been published in Boston. The fun and drollery contained in this number cannot fail—if the quotation from Sterne in its motto be correct—to prove to every purchaser far more than an equivalent for the price of the work.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, JANUARY 15, 1830. [VOL. 3, No. 8.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. XIII.—MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to charm the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare!—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN a former number, when treating of the literary merits of the author of the "Scottish Chiefs," we promised to give a similar sketch of her sister's life and literary progress. That pledge we have now much pleasure in redeeming.

The talents of Miss Anna Maria Porter are said to have manifested themselves at a still earlier age than those of her elder sister; indeed, her attainments in most kinds of study were of a much quicker growth. When scarcely five years old, she was considered by Mr. Fulton, her venerable instructor, as his crack or show pupil at all kinds of school examinations; for she read the blank verse of Shakspeare and Milton with an ease, accuracy and precision, that might have graced a scholar of maturity. Nor, like most precocious children, did she accomplish this by a kind of rote, for when catechised as to the meaning of what she read, her answers were remarkably true to the spirit of the author. She delighted in Home's "Douglas;" but most particularly in Allan Ramsay's most exquisite of all pastorals (despite Spenser, Guarini, and Shenstone), "The Gentle Shepherd;" for, what Campbell has beautifully said of it in his *Specimens*, she felt. Her

young fancy was also caught by the Scottish ballads of the more poetical cast, and the pathetic strains of "Lady Boswell's Lament," and "Waly, waly, up yon bank," were among her more especial favorites.

Tastes and pursuits, like these, so uncommon in one so young, soon led her to attempt composition herself—and that both in verse and prose. But as those juvenile efforts may be justly considered only as "impings of the Muse's callow wing," she acknowledges neither "sing nor say" of these early days; nor aught of her juvenile poems, save such as may be found in her volume of *Ballads and Lyrics*; nor of her prose tales, save "Jeanie Halliday," and some other things, afterwards wrought into her regular novels.

The first of her genuine and serious appeals, as an author, to the favor of the public, was in the publication of "The Hungarian Brothers," a work in three volumes. Before this time she had written, as most young persons of talent do, from the mere impulse of the moment—fancy and awakened feelings being generally the prime movers. In the composition of "The Hungarian Brothers," however, she had chalked out for herself a regular plan, filling up the outlines with care

and elaboration. Her aim was to construct a story according to the credible events of life; and lend it animation by the depicting of such characters as may be found in the walks of every-day observation—preserving their identity and distinctness, and conducting their destinies to a legitimate moral end.

To this latter highest aim of all human composition, the writers of both sisters, from first to last, bear a noble tendency; and, in this point of view, the more severely they are scrutinized, the more will they be deemed worthy of our respect. They have filled up their groups with the good and the amiable—the heroic and exemplary—the endeared and the endearing,—rather than with the merely gay or frivolous—the vicious or the profane. Nor, like Godwin or Maturin, have they squandered their powers in the wild creations of fancy—the visionary existences of a heated imagination. They chose rather to follow in the wake of our Richardsons, our Goldsmiths, and our Mackenzies, “teaching the passions to move at the command of virtue;” and leaving it to be inferred how ugly must be wickedness, error, and deceit, by painting innocence, simplicity, and uprightness, in all their native loveliness.

“The Hungarian Brothers” was given to the public in 1807. The pictures of life and feeling it was intended to body forth are beautifully hinted at in the motto on the title page; and happy are we to add, that the reception it met with both at home and on the Continent, spoke well for the better feelings of humanity, and showed, indeed,

—what so sweet,
So beautiful on earth, and, ah! so rare,
As kindred love and family repose.

The scene of this work is chiefly laid in Germany; and, with some allowances for the semi-barbarous state of society and manners in that extraordinary country, the situations, although sometimes extraordinary, are never improbable. Besides portray-

ing fraternal affection through almost all the phases of that most beautiful passion, a nearly accurate picture is given of the Archduke Charles's triumphant campaigns, down to the time when the glory he had obtained for the empire was extinguished by the overwhelming infamy of General Mack.

Two years afterwards our authoress published the romance of “Don Sebastian,” also in three volumes. Regarding the subject of the story which she has here adopted, we may say, in the words of her own preface, that the name alone of this romantic Portuguese prince “recals to every historical reader a character, which youth, faults, virtues, and misfortunes, have rendered highly interesting.” Such an one she selected for her hero, from the wish of showing how “sweet are the uses of adversity.” History and tradition have supplied her with ample materials, and her luxuriant imagination has moulded them into delightful combinations. We know that her hero wandered far and wide, and we have all heard of the various conjectures respecting his mysterious destiny. She has opened up for her readers the grandeur and the gloom of the east, and we are led through the rich provinces and the frightful deserts of Africa; Syria and Persia unfold their picturesque regions before us. We are then hurried across the Atlantic to South America, and back again to the most famous spots in the old world.

In this work there are two beautiful examples of faithful and unfaltering attachment—one in Gaspar, a servant, whom no disastrous chances could intimidate from adherence to his master's fortunes—and the other in Don Sebastian's wife, Koralziek, a lovely Moor, whose unshaken devotion to him in his misfortunes, and heroic self-sacrifices on his account, present a most captivating picture of conjugal tenderness, amidst even the most desperate of destinies.

Miss Anna Maria Porter's next appearance in a literary capacity before

the public, was in "The Recluse of Norway," a novel in four volumes, published in 1814. The scene, which opens in Norway, is next transferred to Spain. The young recluse, Theodore, passes his early years in the north, in the capacity of a peasant; and bears out, through the tenor of his story, the motto of the book—

"Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most and most sustains."

Although his childhood is spent in cottage homes, he is in fact the son of a Spanish grandee, cast by some extraordinary events on the wild Norwegian shores; and he remains for a considerable time ignorant even of the knowledge of his high birth. In all that relates to the scenery of Norway, and the manners of its people, our fair authoress exhibits so much knowledge acquired from careful and extensive reading, that she has received many written acknowledgments from natives, of their surprise at *her having travelled through the particular regions of Norway mentioned, and their ignorance even of her having been there.*

There are two charming sisters in the work—Anastasia and Ellesif, the delineation of whose characters diffuses a delightful vivacity throughout the whole—being indeed the lights to the deeper interests of the tale.

In somewhat less than three years followed "The Knight of St. John," another novel. It is a tale of the sixteenth century, and the subject passion of it may be said to be friendship. Cesario Adimosi, a noble Genoese, and Giovanni Cigola, the Knight of Malta, are the two friends, and the events of the story afford a noble illustration of the Scripture proverb, that "a true friend is beyond the price of rubies; nay, that he often sticketh faster than a brother." One of the most striking parts of this work is a description of the famous siege of Malta, so heroically defended by the Knights of St. John. An additional interest in this work (an adventitious one, we allow,) may be given to its admirers by their being informed that

this was the last book in which the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales was reading previous to the fatal hour of her confinement and death, and that the volume was afterwards found upon the table where she had left it, marked down at the above-mentioned spirited description. The volume is still carefully preserved in the Royal Library at Claremont, just as she had laid it from her hand.

In the year 1819 appeared "The Fast of St. Magdalene," a romance in three volumes. The scene is laid in Italy, principally Florence and its classic environs,—Vallombrosa, with its brooks darkly hid in its multitude of forest leaves, and the beautiful gardens of Il Bel Deserto. The time is during the dynasty of the Medici family, and the heroine Ippolita is a scion of that house. It is completely a tale of the domestic affections, and the virtues resulting from them. Sceldom has this been done with more skill and beauty.

The work which succeeded this was "The Village of Mariendorpt," a novel in four volumes, in 1821. In the hero, Rupert Roselheim, is given a fine example of filial piety. He is a gallant young hero, who signalizes himself in the wars of Germany, which form so interesting a portion of European history about the commencement of the seventeenth century. The maternal character is finely drawn in the picture of Madame Roselheim, his mother, and all the captivating graces of young, retiring, and bashful love, in that of his future bride, the sweet and simple-minded Meeta Muhldenore. Here again, as in the other novels of the sisters, we have scenes of martial achievement, wrought up with those of tender pathos, and thus rendering each other more strikingly prominent by their juxtaposition; and Gustavus Adolphus and Count Tilly are sketched with as much historical accuracy as were the Archduke Charles and General Mack in "The Hungarian Brothers."

Miss Anna Maria Porter gives us

some interesting little incidents respecting the celebrated Elizabeth of Bohemia, after becoming a widow. It is in her cause that the hero Rosenheim is made to draw his sword; and therefore, in point of time, it seems as if this earlier work of the younger sister ought to have come out after Miss Jane's "*Duke Christian of Lunenburg*,"—that work relating to the maiden period of the life of that beautiful princess. Readers, therefore, who are students of chronology, would do well first to begin with the hero of Lunenburg and end with him of Mariendorpt.

Not farther remote from its predecessor than a single year, appeared "*Roche Blanche, or the Hunters of the Pyrennees*," a romance in three volumes. The scene is laid amid the picturesque vallies of Beorn; and the era of the story belongs to the struggles of the Hugonots, when the Conde Bocerbine proved themselves Christian heroes and martyrs, magnanimously opposed to the ravenous despotism of the Guises. The personages brought into display, besides these historical actors, are all so naturally and artificially drawn, that the reader may have some difficulty in separating between the creatures of imagination and those taken from actual existants. Amongst the former is an English family, refugees in the Pyrennees, and other native residents in an old chateau of those romantic regions. Clarence Willoughby, the son of the English family, is a fine sketch of what a young Briton of high birth ought to be, and Oigline, the Baron of Roche Blanc's eldest daughter, is a beautiful example of sisterly tenderness. The object of that tenderness is Lalatte, a character of deep and absorbing interest.

In the autumn of 1826, in conjunction with her sister, our authoress produced two volumes, entitled "*Tales round a Winter Hearth*." The three furnished by Miss Anna Maria occupy the first volume. We prefer Jeanie Halliday to Lord Howth's Rat, and Miss Mackay.

Lord Howth's Rat, the charmed and charming, with "the diamond eye," is founded on a well-known Irish tradition,—that distinctive appellation being still a word of compliment among the gallant cavaliers of the land of bog-trotters. "*Miss Mackay*" owes its origin to a border legend regarding the struggles of the Stuarts. For Jeanie Halliday we have a high admiration. It is full of simple pathos, and its effect is striking from the very want of artifice, as in the case of the ballad of "*Auld Robin Gray*," when sung by one of our sweetest singers, Miss Stephens.

Her succeeding work was "*Honor O'Hara*," a novel in three volumes, descriptive of modern manners, and is full not only of the portraitures of fashionable life, but of the quiet domestic society existing in the three sister kingdoms.

The immediate brilliant success of this work, in which, from "the long drawn aisles," and castellated galleries of romance, our fair author turned to the splendid drawing-rooms, and social parlors of our own cotemporary days, most probably induced her to continue her delineations in the same richly diversified, although less elevated path.

The last work which appeared from the pen of the authoress of "*The Hungarian Brothers*," was "*The Coming Out*," a novel in two volumes. Her heroine is a beauty making a *début* into the fine world, as indeed the title sufficiently indicates. The narrative is managed with great tact and address, affording lessons of no trifling import to both mothers and daughters, interested in the momentous, but we fear most unprincipled drama (for it is indeed but an illusion) of fashionable life.

We are happy to be the first in communicating to the public that Miss Anna Maria Porter has been engaged in a new work,—indeed we believe that part of it is already at press. Report whispereth that the scene is laid at "*The Land's End*," but whether this appellation referreth to

Johnny Groat's, North, or King Arthur's Point, South, "not knowing, can't say;" nor are we informed whether it is a novel or romance.—One thing we are sure of, that it will be welcome to "the reading public," and that the liker it is in merit to "The Hungarian Brothers," or "Jeanie Halliday," the better.

A general remark or two at parting. Much as the two sisters, Misses Jane and Anna Maria Porter, resemble each other in the moral and religious principles developed in their writings, their diction and their styles are totally unlike. Those that are personally acquainted with them find in their conversational talents, modes of reasoning, and habits of life, the same sort of likeness and dissimilitude. The elder sister is remarked for the gravity of her deportment, and the

settled quiet of her manner; while the younger is equally conspicuous for her flow of spirits, and cheerful animation. So distinctly marked was this variety of temperament in their earlier years, that a distinguished Italian traveller used to designate them as *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, painted the one as Hope, and the other as Faith, in the fine Altarpiece he presented to St. John's College, Cambridge. There is also a portrait of Miss Jane at Frogmore, painted by Martin Arthur Shee, the Royal academician, in the character of Jephthah's Daughter. This distinction of original temperament may be easily traced throughout all the writings of these talented sisters, to whom, wishing long life, happiness, and farther literary eminence, we now bid adieu.

LEARNING TO DIVE.

LIEUT. R. W. H. HARDY, R. N. who went out to Mexico in the year 1825, as Commissioner to "The General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association of London," gives in his *Travels*, just published in London, the following interesting account of the process of learning to dive.

"If it be difficult to learn to swim, it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface, but by degrees I got down to three or four fathoms; at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great, that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth, was extremely short; but as I had been assured, that so soon as the ears should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth; and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to

brave the excessive pain, till the bursting should, as it were, liberate me from a kind of cord which limited my range downwards, in the same way that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards.

"Accordingly, taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature, namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards, the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs; but, alas! who can count upon the firmness of his resolution? The change of temperature from warm to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating farther into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and

the yawning jaws of sharks and tintereros, or the death-embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain that I felt in my ears and eyes; in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hands and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; the delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and, in the next instant, found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit was rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril.

"In fact, it was a new sensation, which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it, however, to be of long duration,—once more I essayed with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonizing sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now, reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms, I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom, which I explored with a facility which I had thought unattainable. Unfortunately, I met with no oysters to repay me for my perseverance; and as I found myself exhausted for want of air, I seized hold of a stone to prove that I had reached the bottom at eight fathoms water, and rose to the top with a triumph as great as if I had obtained a treasure.

"I no sooner found myself on the surface than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth; I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tintereros, have an astonishingly quick scent for blood. However, I was too much pleased with my success to attend to the advice of the diver, and I continued the practice till I had collected a considerable number of shells, out of which I hoped to reap a rich harvest. But although constancy has a great deal to do with success, it will not command it! Six very small pearls were all that the large number of shells produced, although many of the oysters were large, and evidently of considerable age; but, like myself, they were 'quite old enough to be better.'

"The oyster secures itself so firmly to the rocks by its beard, that it requires no little force to tear it away; and as its external surface is full of sharp points, the hands are soon severely cut by them. The effect of the buoyancy of the water is also curious. At the depth of seven or eight fathoms, it requires exertion to keep down; and if you then attempt to lay hold on a rock with the hands, you find yourself as it were *suspended*, so that if you let go your hold you will immediately *tumble upwards*! I remember, the first oyster I ever met with was at the depth of four fathoms only; my head was almost touching it; and forgetting, in my pleasure, to strike out with my legs, as I stretched forward my hand to catch hold of the prize, to my astonishment the oyster slipped from my grasp, and I found myself nearly at the surface of the water the next instant, so that I had all my labor for nothing.

"So firmly does the oyster fix himself to the rock, that, in order to tear him away, it is necessary to get 'a purchase' upon him, by placing the feet on the bottom. The excessive difficulty of doing this is incredible: it requires the muscular strength of the whole body to overcome the re-

sistance of the water's buoyancy. I have no doubt that, by means of its long beard, the oyster has the power of locomotion, and that it changes its situation according to its pleasure or convenience."

ESSAY ON HISTORY AND THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

"Man is the subject of every history."—BOLLINGBROKE.

HISTORY, in the legitimate sense of the word, is a record of facts, and it is one of the most important and delightful studies in which the human mind can be engaged. "The proper study of mankind is man;" and to become well acquainted with him, we must view him in all ages, in all countries, in all situations, and under variety of circumstances.

It is from universal, and not from particular history, that we derive a comprehensive knowledge of the genius and habitudes of man. Particular history, which refers to a detached part only of our species, must be as limited in its use, as it is confined in its views. It cannot give us adequate ideas of man in general, because it treats only of particulars; much less can it answer the great end of history, which is, to show us the primitive formation of society, the birth and progress of human science, the succession of kingdoms, and, above all, the commanding influence of virtuous principle in all ages of the world.

In the page of universal history we are made acquainted with the origin of things, and the few particulars which are recorded respecting the antediluvian world. Subsequent to this, we see the posterity of Noah collected on the plain of Shinar; and, after the confusion of languages, we follow them over the earth, and observe the first peopling of the nations; we contemplate the rise of kingdoms, which resembles "the letting out of mighty waters," and behold the great monarchies widening by degrees, and increasing in luxury and opulence, till we at length see them sink under their own magnificence, or, more properly, under the

depravity which that magnificence had introduced.

After considering the kingdoms which have passed away, we reflect on the causes that led successively to their rise, their greatness, and their overthrow. It is important that we should perceive and remember these causes, that as we move along the stream of time, we may observe what advantages resulted to the states whose rulers profited by the experience of earlier times, and what evils ensued to the countries whose sovereigns neglected the awful lesson. If we find that similar errors in government inflicted, in various ages, similar evils on different states, we shall conclude that the same causes produce at all times the same effects; and as we descend to modern states, we shall judge of them by a physical law, which, if not infallible, is at least the best that could be framed. Such a course of observation alone will prepare us to appreciate the blessings of our native land, and reveal to us the basis on which its glory is supported.

We have no means of comprehending the state and perfections of man, as originally formed by his Maker, with sufficient clearness to trace out the physical causes of his subsequent degeneracy. The high authority of revelation will not permit us to doubt of his primitive excellence in all the good that Heaven bestowed, and his *immediate* investiture with that exalted character which alone could fit him to stand forth in "the image of God;" while all human traditions and records incontestably prove that, since then, the first race of men in every country have appeared in a

low and degraded state, and, by degrees more or less slow, according to circumstances, reached a *comparative* perfection, which is, however, of itself, insufficient to show either what he was, or what he shall be. It is not permitted us to rove through Eden, where "God himself, and angels, dwelt with man;" nor, independent of revelation, have we any data by which to judge of the antediluvian world. Having premised this, we shall, through the present essay, speak of the first stage of society, as observable in the origin of the empires whose history, traditional or written, has been brought down to modern times.

Man is a social animal. The human race could not remain long in a state of complete dispersion. The wants and inclinations of the individual lead him to his species, and oblige him to look up to his fellows for the means of safety, and a provision for his necessities; impelling him not more by a principle of love to his kind, than by a consciousness of his own weakness, to enter into the bond of social compact.

The first state of society is rude and uncultivated: every individual frames laws for himself, and the labors of the community are directed only to objects of necessity, which are, their safety, clothing, and daily food. Men, in their savage state, are everywhere nearly alike, since the same necessities are common to all. They are employed in hunting the beasts of the forest, whose ravages are the scourge and terror of wandering and unsettled tribes; and while the destruction of these animals secures the safety of man, their flesh provides him with food, and their skins furnish him with raiment.

Society could not long exist without laws; and laws would be useless without a superior to enforce them. The first attempts at legislation were rude but correct; the boundary between right and wrong was easily determined, and distinctly pointed out; vice was summarily punished, and the

reward of virtue could be desired by none but the virtuous, since it consisted in fixing the moral and social duties in the minds of others by their wisdom and example.

"The power of the chief was at first deduced from the natural privileges of paternal authority;" and in primitive times the incentives to ambition were not strong enough to draw aside these first of rulers from the practice of kingly virtues: they bore sway, at once, over the persons and the hearts of men. Hence, when the traditions of the true God became obscure or extinct, the memory of their kings was held sacred by a people, and they honored their deceased benefactors with the rights of apotheosis. Physical strength, at first, gave a right to the sceptre. He who excelled his fellows in the chase, acquired, in consequence, a superiority which none was inclined to dispute, and that induced all to yield to his authority.

When a people have submitted to be guided by laws, and have an acknowledged chief to enforce the observance of them, they are no longer contented with the mere necessities of life, but begin to pay attention to its conveniences and comforts; and this is usually the first sign they exhibit of a desire after improvement. The low conical hut is exchanged for more commodious habitations; useful animals are domesticated, and the savage becomes a shepherd. The predatory incursions of a neighboring people into their pastures involve the community in a petty warfare, and the shepherd becomes a soldier. The party which proves victorious in the contest is elated with success, and wishes for fresh triumphs and additional spoils. The flame of ambition, when once lighted in the human breast, is not easily extinguished. The shepherds who successfully defended their flocks from the hands of rapine and violence, acquired, whilst doing so, a rude renown, which they were inclined to use for their own advantage. They were led naturally to prefer a life of

warfare that promised an accumulation of spoils, to the defenceless state of shepherds, which subjected them to the depredation of armed tribes.

The second state of society presents to our view a rude and warlike people, ranged under the banner of their leader, and setting out for conquest. The neighboring tribes, terrified at their martial appearance, submit at their approach, and enter into a confederacy with them. Thus the leader of a little band presently becomes the general of a great army, which he leads to some spot where nature is more than commonly bountiful; and there, under his direction, this multitude raise the outline of a city, which is in time to become the capital of a mighty empire. The inhabitants of the new city direct their labors to different objects. To provide food for all, part of the people cultivate the ground, and others resume the shepherd's life. The mechanical arts begin to make their appearance, and the greater part of the citizens are engaged in the practice of them; whilst awakening genius discovers and methodizes their first principles. The advances of early states in knowledge and refinement must have been slow and imperceptible, since the people they conquered had made no greater progress in society than themselves. It was not until conquest had placed a people beyond the dread of an attack upon their empire, that the decisive dawnings of science and the arts of civil life appeared, and ages elapsed before they were brought to any degree of perfection. Not only is the progress of the human mind much influenced by climate, but the advances of national improvement also depend in a great measure on its constitution; indeed the latter is a necessary consequence of the former, for whatever is common to individuals must affect the whole species. In the remotest northern countries the severity of the cold and ruggedness of

the soil retard the efforts of the mind, and in those parts man remains long in his savage state, and rarely emerges from barbarism; but in more temperate climates, where the soil is more fruitful, the animal wants are easily supplied, and the attention of man is directed earlier to mental improvement and the cultivation of the arts.

The third state of society begins when a powerful people are possessed of mild and competent laws, which they respect; when the civil arts have been brought to a point of high perfection; and when a taste for literature and liberal science has become general.

The liberal and refined state of society is evidenced by a cultivation of the arts generally; more especially those of architecture, poetry, music, and painting.

The architecture of a people is the most obvious criterion whereby to judge of their refinement. Uncouth and fantastic design, and a gothic profusion of ornament, will not be cherished in a country which boasts an intimate acquaintance with the arts. Sublimity in architecture, as in every thing else, consists in simplicity; it is produced by majestic outline, not by elaborate and over-wrought detail. The higher a nation advances in refinement, the nearer its taste will assimilate to the chaste models of Greece and Rome; which, originally deducing their efforts from Egyptian copies, succeeded at length in producing those sublime orders, which remain for the imitation of all future ages. That gothic architecture has now its "fixed principles," and its "inherent beauties,"* and that it will probably continue to be the usual form of ecclesiastical architecture, will not be denied; yet it is as certain that this order was originally deduced from the Roman models, by a people who possessed very incorrect ideas of the sublime and beautiful. Indeed,

* Vide "Classification of the Architecture of Hereford Cathedral," by Rev. T. Garbett, M.A. F.A.S.

gothic architecture, in its origin, consisted only of ill-judged deviations from the Roman copy. These deviations, it is true, have been reduced to fixed principles, and by slow degrees wrought into an order of imposing appearance and apparent greatness. But this we may well assert : if there was not such a mode of architecture in existence, a refined people would not compose one at all similar.

Poetry is an art which is incapable of improvement, any further than as the vehicle of language may become more perfect ; and it would not be difficult to show that the savage and barbarous states of society produce as much genuine poesy as any other. It will be allowed, that when a language has been brought to high perfection, and public taste has become exquisitely correct, the poetry of a refined people assumes a lovely character ; it pours the full strain that comes from, and speaks to, the heart, and its melody awakes "like a giant refreshed." But there is nothing new in its sounds : they are only the reminiscences of the times that are past ; they flow from the golden harp whose pæans swept over the hills and the valleys of the first men ; they are the chaste images of primeval poesy, clad in all the elegant simplicity of which a powerful and refined language will admit. The Songs of Ossian are a powerful illustration of these remarks. In the old ballads and other remains of our early poetry which are preserved, we cannot fail to perceive a beauty and pathos which do not exist, or which are not so discernible at least, in the productions of the middle poets. It may be said with truth, though much difference of opinion will exist on this point, that a very great proportion of the poetry we have been taught to admire, is nothing more than cold, metaphysical rhyme.

Poetry and music are twin sisters, and the observations which have been made on the former, will apply to the latter. Olden times were more happy, because less artful, in their musical compositions than we are. When the

venerable minstrel sate at the foot of Plinlimmon or of Snowdon, and "the wild harp rung to his adventurous hand," he awoke those simple, yet powerful strains, which found answering chords in every human heart ; that could animate the hearer, and impel him forward to lofty deeds, or soothe the most perturbed bosom, and "to infant weakness sink the warrior's arm."

The degenerate style and disgusting intricacies of Italian composition, have almost superseded all that is harmonious—all that is beautiful—all that is decent in music. The true British taste is best evinced by that feeling of devotion with which it listens to the compositions of Handel, and by the thrill of ecstasy and animation with which it welcomes the chorus of Von Weber.

Painting is that delightful art which embodies on the canvass the exquisite ideas and the lofty imaginings of poesy. Its principles are unalterable, yet it is an art susceptible of constant improvement, since the working materials are being brought continually nearer to perfection. Every truly refined nation will have its *peculiar* school of painting, which will display the national character and the genius of the people. The British school excels in portrait-painting ; in delineating men as they are ; not clothed in the adventitious pomp of historical display, but revealed in their every-day character to the eye of the world.

Let us now devote a few minutes' attention to the causes which induce the rise and decline of monarchies.

A monarchy is originally a family of men whose wants lead them to union ; and to render that union permanent and effective, they submit to be guided by laws, and directed by a leader, whose authority at once preserves order in the infant state, and invigorates its proceedings.

Nothing in this world is at any time exempt from change. In some cases, the action of one thing upon another causes the second to increase, and when this is submitted to the action of a third power, it is reduced to its

former state, or, to take the word in a limited sense, annihilated: thus one grain of sand associates with others, till it becomes a ponderous mass of stone; and this is again reduced to sand, by the action of water falling in continual drops. This is strongly illustrative of the rise and fall of monarchies; a succession of favorable events lifts them up, and a series of unfortunate circumstances throws them down again. There is undoubtedly a certain point to which a nation may ascend, and when that is attained, no human councils can effectually oppose its gradual or rapid decline.

The primitive simplicity of a people is the foundation of their future power and greatness. Their flocks and herds are numerous, and population rapidly increases; for the numerical power of society will always grow proportionately with the means of subsistence. Being compelled to take up arms, in defence of themselves, their families, and their pastoral property, from merely acting on the defensive they come, at last, to act hostilely against other associated bands; and their numbers procure them a victory, which their hardihood and simple manners are well calculated to improve. They go on adding one tract of territory to another, introducing useful arts, acquiring some little additional knowledge by every conquest, and gradually emerging from barbarism. At length we see them in possession of an extensive country, living in well-built and strongly defended cities, and contemplate the mighty mass engaged in commerce and agriculture. At this era of a nation's greatness, it is of the first consequence that its rulers do not sink themselves in sensuality, but employ all their energies in its management and defence; they are not to introduce, by their own example, a love of luxury and indolence, but to stand forth as the fathers of their country, and watch over its best interests with paternal solicitude and a jealous eye.

When a nation relies wholly on its

commercial interests and its present importance in the scale of empires, and neglects its internal resources, of which agriculture may be reckoned the first in consequence, it is then beginning to decline; and this decline is hastened and assisted by other causes of decay which usually exist at this period of fatal confidence. The same pride which leads a people to place a blind reliance on commerce and the balance of power, and to degrade agriculture, leads them very frequently into needless wars with foreign states, which must, *pro tempore*, exhaust their wealth and cripple their trade. It is no new remark, that a nation altogether commercial is liable at all times to decline. Her merchants are princes; and from accumulation of wealth proceed a love of luxury and habits of indolence, which never fail, sooner or later, to complete a nation's overthrow; for a luxuriant and indolent people can make but a feeble resistance against an obstinate enemy. They altogether neglect their internal resources, and their external means of prosperity being gradually wrested from them, they fall, at last, an easy prey to some less enervated and more virtuous people. From luxury and indolence proceeds also every species of vice; and a total dereliction of moral principle, and a consequent want of subordination, are generally the knell of a kingdom's overthrow.

Lastly; population, to a certain extent only, is a blessing to a country; so long as it does not demand a greater supply of provision than the nation can afford, and does not too much reduce the value of mechanical labor. When it has passed this boundary, it tends to poverty on all hands. For either the mass of the people is starved, without an importation of foreign corn, or the farmer may sometimes be ruined by it; since no legislature could form a law, applicable alike to the agriculturist and the citizen, that would always be effective. No law, applied to the concerns of one class of the people, could always be effi-

cient, without a very nice adjustment of it to the circumstances of others ; and no wit of man could make this adjustment, unless it could control or foresee all the jarrings of political interests, and the consequent oscillations of commerce. Finally, commerce may be annihilated ; where then can a people look for that extra supply of provision which is wanted, and where dispose of those manufactures which are worth comparatively nothing at home ?

Many well-founded objections may

be urged against *theories* of history ; and Logan has truly remarked, that “no government is copied from a plan.” Every country has, to a certain extent, its *peculiar* advantages and disadvantages ; and its laws and institutions must be framed with reference to them. Some general observations, however, such as have been made in the preceding pages, will apply, with little variation, to every people, and every country, and merit attentive consideration.

THE MARINER'S CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

BY L. E. L.

OH, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night ;
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main ;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow ;

And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing ;
But what are these, dear mother ?
It is himself he'll bring.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear ;
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight ;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night.

SONG.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream
The sun's bright splendors rest,
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
Reposes on its breast ;
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook
That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head ;
But where the robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
A meteor swift and bright,
And the wide space around, on high,
Gleams with its emerald light :
Though glory tracks that shooting star,
And bright its splendors shine,
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
In all the flush of bloom,
Clustering around the forest bowers,
Exhale their rich perfume.
The daisy and the primrose pale,
Though scentless they may be,
That gem a far, far distant vale,
Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opens its chalices,
Upon the tank's broad lake,
Where India's stately palaces
Their ample mirrors make :

But reckless of each tower and dome,
The splendid and the grand,
I languish for a cottage home,
Within my native land.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

"THE devil choke thee with un."—As Master Giles the yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and color like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table ;—"I do say, the devil choke thee with un !" The dame made no reply :—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people ; but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question ; but the dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words—which, properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal-times seldom passed over without some contention of the sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being in fact equally greedy and disagreeing—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone. It was reported, that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts"—and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind. Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark,—a saint who was supposed on that festival to favor his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popu-

lar belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the even was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the church. In the meantime the dame called to mind the same ceremonial ; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand. The night of the saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart ; both, through a natural panic, as pale as ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other. It will be supposed the two came only to one

conclusion, each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elected home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers. By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humor, though mutually suspected of the worst; and among other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year*: and the farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the churchyard mould, or quite "moulded to their wish." On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birth-day, the farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doomed man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in a week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an

unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure. In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "*as good as dead*." Ten months wore away, and the farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headach from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere caput mortuum. The dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully,—by the same process of imagination, picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the farmer was the first

to give it utterance: "Thee'd be miss'd, dame, if thee were to die!" The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra-cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest: recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit:—"I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!" The farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humor, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit of the lady in *Lalla Rookh*:

"I never taught a bright gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone." The dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting: but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doom'd man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a *memento-mori* face, she broached the matter in the following question—"Master, how

bee'st?" "As hearty, dame, as a buck,"—the dame shook her head,—
"and I wish thee the like,"—at which he shook his head himself. A dead silence ensued:—the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China. The dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him, in as many words, that he was a dead man. It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of society"—the colorless complexion of late hours. St. Martin had numbered his years; and the remainder days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—"Thee hast watch'd, dame, at the church porch, then?" "Ay, master." "And thee didst see me spirituously?" "In the brown wrap, with the boot-hose. Thee were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge." For a minute the farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter,—peal after peal—and each higher than the last, according to the hysterical gamut of the hyæna. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightning before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:—"Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face—but, thanks to God, thee beest a living,

and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month !” The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence,

or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country,—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark’s Eve.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES,” “ANNALS OF THE PARISH,” &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

“THAT same night after the conversation I have just told you of,” said Mrs. Winsom, “Jugurtha, the now corrupted creature, came home in the twilight ree with drink, his face shining like a carved mahogany head varnished, and his white eyes rolling audaciously. But as he was in the main a good-natured thing, he was more an object of derision, than of anger.

“He had not well sate down at the kitchen fire, till he began to sing, in a very odd way, the song of ‘Rule Britannia—Britons never will be slaves;’ and every now and then he rose and rampaged through the kitchen, giving a stamp with his foot that made the whole house dirl, crying out, ‘Don’t care d—n for Massa—me Massa now—Massa floggee me—me floggee now Massa—Rule Britannia—Britons eber will be slave !’

“‘Jugurtha,’ said I, in a kind and composing manner, ‘be advised by me, and sit down soberly, and tell us what all this outstrapolousness means.’

“‘Missee,’ replied he, ‘me free—me no black man, nigger—me Briton, me heart of oak—me drub ’em—old Massa pay me shall wage for time me come to Old England—

Me gentleman of England,
Dat lib from home at seas.’

“‘Well, well, Jugurtha,’ was my sedate observation, ‘no doubt ye are a gentleman. It may be seen ye are, just by looking at ye ; but what’s to

become of this Maroon war that we have heard so much about, and how bloodhounds were brought from Santamingo to hunt the runaway niggers ? Surely ye’re no turned a Maroon ?’

“‘No, Missee—no, Missee—me fire out de clearing-house round de door, when ’em d—n Maroon would kill Massa.’

“At this moment Mr. Flowerfield, who had heard the uproar, and something of what was going on, came down stairs, and cried, ‘You black rascal !’

“The sound of his voice cowed Jugurtha, the intoxicated emancipator, causing him to retire slinking towards his seat at the fire-side, rebuked and subdued. But it was only for a short duration, for the drink was in his head ; he became most dreadful ; starting from his seat, looking awful with his white teeth, and crying, as it were with a roar, ‘Me no black rascal—me free man—my soul buckra soul.’

“‘And who washed the Ethiopian?’ said Mr. Flowerfield, looking round the kitchen, as I thought, for some weapon to inflict law and justice for such contumacy. Jugurtha snapped his fingers at the old gentleman, who had, by this time, caught hold of the hearth-brush, and who, without saying a word, knocked him down in a most methodical manner. I thought he was murdered, and Babby thought he was dead ; and so, to see such a black act as the slaying of a nigger in

our house, caused us both at once to cry out in desperation, 'Murder and help—help!'

"It just then happened that the watchman, or the patrol, I'll not undertake to say which, was going his rounds, and passing our door at that critical conjuncture, and hearing our terrification of murder, knocked at the door. Babby and me, no having the presence of mind to answer, he sprung his rattle, and presently a mob gathered round the door, and broke it open like an egg-shell, so that, in the twinkling of an eye, an auld carle was amongst us, with a diver hat, a beggarly drab-colored big coat, with an old Barcelona round his neck, a horn bouet and a club stick in one hand. He grippet Mr. Flowerfield, with the other, by the throat. A siclike, but of a more juvenile nature, took hold of me—the uncircumcised Philistine! He was an Irishman—and begged my pardon in asking me to take a pleasant walk with him to the watch-house. Two others, of a like gruesome countenance, had by this time laid hands on our Babby, for she had gone demented, and was drumming with her heels, and cymballing with her knuckles, like mad. She thought Jugurtha was a murdered man, and was yelling in a fantasy, as if we were all already at the gallows-foot for the deed. Meanwhile Jugurtha, drunken ne'er-do-weel! was lying on the floor, and another of the watchmen took him by the cuff of the neck, and raising his head, and holding his lantern to his face, said, 'Poor fellow! are you dead?'—'No, but me d—n bad,' said Jugurtha, giving, at the same time, an unseemly hiccup in the watchman's face.

"'Tossicated, by the holy poker!' cried the watchman; whereupon the outrageous hands that had been laid on me and Babby were removed, and the crowd that had gathered began to laugh.

"But that night's sport was no laughing to me, for while the riot was raging in the kitchen, the street door having been left open, a gang of

thieves and pocket-pickers got into the parlor, and carried off every commodity of value that was on the side-board and mantelpiece. Among other things, I was ravished of three teaspoons, a beautiful new plated bedroom candlestick, and a most valuable conch-shell which Mr. Flowerfield had given me, a curiosity from Savannah-la-Mar.

"But all this was nothing to the after come-to-pass. The watchmen, ye see, saw that me and Babby and Mr. Flowerfield were in a state of perfect sobriety; and that being the case, they lifted up Jugurtha, and carried him off to the watch-house. Oh, but Mr. Flowerfield was in a true and earnest passion when the house was calm. He made a vow that he would spend a thousand doubloons to make an example, for the benefit of the other slaves, and the protection of the planters and overseers.

"To be sure, it was most natural he should think of punishing such an insurrection, especially of a nigger who had been born on his own penn of Coffeehill, and who was the natural son of the gentleman from whom he had purchased the property,—'than whom,' said Mr. Flowerfield, 'was never a more humane man, or one who had clearer ideas on the danger of altering the condition of the slaves.'

"When the house was restored to its propriety, and Mr. Flowerfield had finished his accustomed tosy, we all went to bed. I did not sleep well, and Babby was in a jeopardy till break of day with the nightmare. As for the old gentleman, he was like the last man, and declared that the ruin of England was evident, and that all we held here was in a bad way.—Truly he had cause to say so; for before he had well finished his breakfast next morning, in came a lawyer's claw, claiming forthwith payment of wages, at a most extortionate rate, in the name of Jugurtha, from the day of the 'black rascal's' arrival in England.

"Mr. Flowerfield of course broke

out into a hurricane at this, and shook the man by the lapel of his coat, for such an insult and imposition. Notwithstanding, the man calmly expounded that he had not come to take him up, but only to make a demand.—This dumbfounded Mr. Flowerfield, who, being naturally very courteous, calmed, and considering that the first loss was often the least loss, he referred the demand to his friend Mr. Melbourn, in the city, giving, at the same time, a genteel solatium to the man for what had happened.

"Scarcely had that man quitted the house, when, lo and behold, an officer came with a warrant to take Mr. Flowerfield to the police-office, for having 'saulted and battered the ne'er-do-well Jugurtha, and both me and Babby were obligated to be of the party to bear witness. There, after a deal of argol-bargolling to no manner of purpose, Mr. Flowerfield was found guilty to stand trial, and put to the extortionate necessity of sending for two of his respectable correspondents to give bail for him.

"Never did I see a man so distressed in mind as the good old gentleman was at this legal injustice. 'The ruin of England,' said he, 'is too mani-

fest. No nation can long stand where niggers are so encouraged to insult their masters. But the sooner I get out of it, and back to Coffeehill penn, the better.'

"Accordingly, that morning he began to prepare, and having confided the law-plea to the management of Mr. Melbourn, he sailed by the packet from Falmouth in less than a month after, behaving to me, on taking his departal, in the most genteel and satisfactory manner; nor did he forget me when he got back to Jamaica, for he sent me, by one of Mr. Melbourn's ships, next year, a bag of coffee beans that weighed no less than a hundred and fifteen weight, a barrel of the most beautiful raw sugar, and a lovely parrot, that could speak every word, though neither Babby nor me understood it, for it was a Spanish parrot, and conversed in no other language; and he continued his tribute of sugar and coffee regularly every year, till his death, when he remembered me in his will as 'that most kind and sensible lady Mrs. Winsom, with whom he staid in Mortimer Street,' bequeathing to me a legacy of fifty guineas, to buy a ring or a silver teapot."

CHAPTER VIII.

Some two or three days elapsed before I had an opportunity of renewing my conversation with Mrs. Winsom; but at last another wet Sunday morning came to pass, when she was kind enough to favor me with her company. After some preliminary reminiscences touching Mr. Flowerfield's case and the Melbourn's, she began upon a new subject.

"I'm sure," said she, "I have good cause to bear in mind, brighter and above many events, the pleasant-ries of a visit which Bailie Seeston and his wife made, to view the particularities of London, during which they were lodgers with me. They came from Paisley, and were bein, thriving bodies, who had made, some years before, a power of money, by a

certain beautiful pawtron silk gauze, as Mrs. Seeston herself told me. They called it the Princess Elizabeth's soufflé; and the year before they thought of their jaunt, they had again been coining money by something of the same sort, which was the special encouragement that allowed them to come to London:—their business being, as the Bailie said, to take the benefit of God's blessing; adding, that a sight of the great world was good for trade, as well as for sore eyes. He was, by this time, learning to speak high English.

"Having but few fashionable acquaintance in London—for how could it be expected that Paisley folk could be overladen with siclike?—me and Mrs. Seeston made ourselves most

agreeable to one another ;—and she was pleased to say, after observing something by ordinar about my manner, that she had an apprehension I was a lady that had seen better days.

“ It would not have been discreet of me to have gainsaid anything detrimental to so polite a judgment—so I replied nought ; but in sincerity I’ll own to you, I had the day before bought another hundred in the three per cents, by the which I was more than five hundred better than when dear Mr. Winsom departed this life.

“ Well, you see, Mrs. Seeston and me growing condisciples, and having a right understanding with one another, neither her nor the Bailie would gang a foot a-field without linking me with them,—by which I got more edification concerning the sights of London, than falls to the lot of most single women of character.

“ But I should speak the truth, for in this there was a great, though a silent and inward, triumphing on my part. When the Bailie and his ledly first came to the house, it was to be seen that they intended to be mighty and grand. The mistress was civil, for she was of a blithe and warm-hearted naturality ; nor could I object to the Bailie, for he too ’was courtly and condescending ; but it was plain that they thought themselves something better than their landlady. I had seen the like pretences before, and so they were free to take the length of their tether.

“ Mrs. Seeston was, I must confess, not of a genteel habit of body, being short, and of a protuberant corpulency, bearing a burden of many fine things, without knowing how to wear them. She was, on the second morning after they came to town, going out to walk a-shopping in Oxford Street, in white satin shoes, had I not laid my hands upon her, and told her in a whisper, before the Bailie, what she might be thought of. She kicked them off at hearing that, and nearly faintit.

“ This was the beginning of our conjunction. The Bailie—he was really a worthy body—might be a de-

gree farther over the hill height than the mistress ; but he had a guess, as he said himself, of what glamor was—aboorn the lady. In short, he was slee and sleekey, with a pawkie whirly in the corner of his eye, that showed, if he wasna a sinner, he kent what a pleasant thing sin might be.

“ I’ll no say he was a fat man, for he being of stature low, that might be a question ; but I have had a Glasgow provost of a jimmer capacity, and likewise a Dumfries dean o’ guild that, in the measurement of girth, would hae buckled within his belt, to an owercome of a nail and quarter. But for all that, Bailie Seeston was a capital man—jocose, and knowing the difference between meconomy and nabalness ; what he waurt upon us, in our ploys, was truly spent wi’ the spirit o’ hospitality.

“ At the Talbot Inn at Richmond, on a Sunday, though the bill for eels, a duck with green peas, and a grosette tart, was enough to make the hair on the head of any man to stand on end, far more that of a Bailie, who is reputed to get his dainties from the common stock, he was wonderful facetious, and treated us with a bottle of claret wine on the occasion, which Mrs. Seeston said, and I thought, was some trash. The Bailie himself, however, acknowledged that he had once tasted better at Lord Glasgow’s, at the Halket-head, where, to be sure, everything was of the first quality.

“ It would, however, be overly long for me to summer and winter on the diversions we had thegither, going to Vauxhall, and even to see the execution of a forger ; for, as Mrs. Seeston said, if it was not sae dreadful a thing as a murderer’s, yet it was an edifying curiosity of its kind.

“ The only drawback that I had by the Bailie and Mrs. Seeston was their inordinate passion for pawtrons, especially in Ludgate Hill ; where, as the lady very truly made the observe, there was more of a fine taste for the better sort of goods than even in Bond Street itself : not, however, that they were intent only about gauze and

flounces ; for, to say what is only true, they were diverting themselves, and but took up the shop windows in walking along, in the way of pastime.

"At last they began to turn the eyes of their understanding homeward, or, as Mrs. Seeston said,—‘She was beginning to be weary wi’ the gaieties and gallantings of London.’—So out of that weariness grew a resolve of departal. And no gentleman or leddy could behave genteeler than they did to me, on account of my helping them so well to the sights and curiosities. The Bailie gie’d me, in courtesy, a very handsome garnet-colored piece of silk, eight yards, which I sold to Mrs. Flounce, the dress-maker in Queen Anne’s Street, for five and three-pence the yard ; and Mrs. Seeston bought me a lace bonnet, the twin of one she bought for herself ;—and they paid their bill without a question,—very unlike the Scotch in general. So that, if I couldna in conscience uphold the Paisley Bailie for a courtier, I am bound to maintain he was friendly, jocose, and of a furthy liberality, that’s worth mair, in a sterling point of view, than all the congees of Edinburgh—not that I have ever had cause to complain of the inhabitants of that very respectable town ; for such of them as have lodged with me have

always proved themselves genteel to a nicety, though some of them have been a thought hampered with scrupulosity. And here I would make an observe, which is, that the folks from the West of Scotland, who are not people of pedigree, are most liberal and genteel ; whereas those from the East, and especially from Edinburgh, who are, for the most part, the offspring or the ancestors of lords and kings, are of a narrow, contracted meonomy ; the cause of which, to account for, would not be easy in philosophy.

"About two years after the visit of Bailie Seeston and his leddy, I had a letter from them, telling me that they intended to be in London soon, and hoping, if my apartments were not engaged, that I would keep them for a week or two,* for they would not grudge the rent, to be again so comfortable as they had been with me. By this I could guess the Bailie had made another great year ; but in the course of three or four posts after, I received a line from Mrs. Seeston herself, to let me know that they would not want the rooms, for the gudeman had made a great mistake in making up his accounts, by adding the year of the Lord as a sum in his profits."

A VISION OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY DELTA.

I LAID me down, but not in sleep,—and Memory flew away
To mingle with the sounds and scenes, which Life had shown by day ;
Now, listening to the lark, she strayed across the flowery hill,
Where trickles down from bowring groves the brook that turns the mill ;
And now she roamed through city lanes, where human tongues are loud,
And mix the lofty and the low amid the motley crowd,
Where subtle-eyed Philosophy oft heaves a sigh to scan
The aspiring grasp, and paltry insignificance of man !
'Mid floods of light in festal halls, with jewels rare bedight,
To music's soft and syren sounds, paced damosel with knight ;
It seemed as if the fiend of grief from earthly bounds was driven,
For there were smiles on every cheek, that spake of nought but Heaven ;
But, from that gilded scene, I traced the revellers one by one,
With sad and sunken features each, unto their chambers lone ;
And of that gay and smiling crowd, whose bosoms leapt to joy,
How many might there be, I weened, whom grief did not annoy ?
Some folded up their wearied eyes to dark unhallowed dreams,
The soldier to his scenes of blood, the merchant to his schemes ;
Pride, Jealousy, and slighted Love, robbed Woman of her rest ;
Revenge, deceit, and selfishness, swayed Man's unquiet breast !

Some, turning to the days of youth, sighed o'er the sinless time,
 Ere passion led the heart astray, to folly, care, and crime;
 And of that dizzy multitude, from found, or fancied woes,
 Was scarcely one, whose slumbers fell like dew upon the rose!
 Then turned I to the lowly hearth, where scarcely Labor brought
 The simplest and the coarsest meal, that craving nature sought;
 Above outspread a slender roof, to shield them from the rain,
 And their carpet was the verdure, with which Nature clothes the plain!
 Yet there the grateful housewife sate, her infant on her knee,
 Its small palms clasped within her own, as if likewise prayed he;
 For ere their fingers brake the bread, from toil incessant riven,
 Son, sire, and matron bowed their heads, and poured their thanks to Heaven.

What then, I thought, is human life—if all that thus we see
 Of pageantry, and of parade, devoid of pleasure be!
 If only in the conscious heart true happiness abide,
 How oft, alas! has wretchedness but grandeur's cloak to hide!
 And when upon the outward cheek a transient smile appears,
 We little reck how lately hath its bloom been damped by tears!
 And how the voice, whose thrillings from a light heart seem to rise,
 Throughout each sleepless watch of night, gave utterance but to sighs!
 This was the moral calm and deep, which to my musing thought,
 From all the varying views of man and life, reflection brought:
 That most things are not what they seem, and that the outward shows
 Of grade and rank are only masks, that hide our joys or woes;
 That with the soul, the soul alone, resides the awful power,
 To light with sunshine, or o'ergloom the solitary hour;
 And that the human heart is but a riddle to be read,
 When all the darkness round it now, in other worlds hath fled!

A POET'S FAVORITE.

Oh, she is guileless as the birds
 That sing beside the summer brooks;
 With music in her gentle words,
 With magic in her winsome looks.

With beauty by all eyes confessed,
 With grace beyond the reach of art;
 And, better still than all the rest,
 With perfect singleness of heart:

With kindness like a noiseless spring
 That faileth ne'er in heat or cold;

With fancy, like the wild dove's wing,
 As innocent as it is bold.

With sympathies that have their birth
 Where woman's best affections lie;
 With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
 But fix their resting place on high.

And if, with all that thus exalts
 A soul by sweet thoughts sanctified,
 This dear one has her human faults,
 They ever "lean to virtue's side."

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

No. I.

To the *systematic* reader my very title-page will be a periodical eye-sore. Guided by no fixed plan, my *chit-chat* shall be as varied as the harlequin-like hues of theameleon. Genius and giants,—literature and love,—men and manners, shall be intermixed with each other like the components of hodge-podge; and if I am never *sublime*, I ought at least to have some claim to the *beautiful*; that is, if Hogarth's eccentric line be taken as a correct definition of what poets and pedants

have in all ages been churning their brain and biting their nails to ascertain. But as it is usual for an author at his *début* to give some account of himself, and though doubtless it may be objected that this usage is rather thread-bare, still, as the custom is old (which covers a multitude of sins, in my estimation) and by no means a bad one, I shall with your permission add one more stone to the cairn of autobiographers.

I am descended of the Rangers of

SLOEHAUGH, an ancient and respectable family who were possessed of some property ; but my great grandsire unfortunately embroiling himself in the abortive rebellion of 1745, the estate being forfeited, passed into other hands, and my father in consequence was reduced to the necessity of living as a cottar in the village, which, but for the above cause, would have been his own.

There is little in the history of my early years different from the usual gloomy annals of poverty. My parents, who still retained a pride superior to the rank in which they were placed, determined to give me a good education, in hopes that in time I might attain the dignity of schoolmaster, or perchance, if the stars were benign, figure in a pulpit.

They were the more confirmed in this resolution as I betrayed inclinations for thought and study above my years. Often when my coevals were engaged in their noisy sports would I retire to a rugged and beetling rock which overhung the hamlet, to observe the clouds weaving themselves, as it were, into gloomily fantastic shapes ; at one time looking like some proud oriental city, with gilded minarets and silken banners ; now changing into a tempest-vest ocean, with a solitary ship feebly battling against the wild fury of the elements ; or I would retire to an old castle in the vicinity, renowned by many a tradition of war, love, and chivalry, where, seated on the ruined DONJON KEEP, I recalled the stirring days of adventure and romance. I metamorphosed the golden broom and the snow-white hawthorn into knights ready to do battle for the *LADY OF THEIR LOVE* ; while the brook, brawling over its pebble-bedded channel, sounded in the ear of fancy as the rushing of many steeds to the fray. Forgive this retrospection of my day-dreams ; I am an old man now, and it is sweet—sweet above all measure to look back, from the snow-clad hill of age, to the green fields and verdant woods of youth, to those days which have glided away even as a tale which is told.

In due time I entered the University of Edinburgh, where I continued about six years, supporting myself by acting as a tutor to my richer fellow-students ; and, having passed the requisite examinations, I attained the top of my ambition by being declared a minister of the Kirk of Scotland.

It was upwards of three years since I had seen the village of Sloehaugh, and having received the situation of assistant schoolmaster, I prepared to revisit the scenes of my youth. How my heart bounded as I pictured to myself the respect I would receive from my townsmen ! I had my hopes,

—————“ for pride was with me still
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill ;

Around the fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.”

I was now a dominie,—could speak Latin and Greek almost as well as English.

“Even Hebrew was not more difficle
Than for a blackbird ’tis to whistle.”

The schoolmaster then was a much more dignified and weighty personage than in these latter and more degenerate days. The massive gates of the LAIRD’S hall, and the humble wicket of the farmer, equally flew open at his advent. His opinion was first taken in all questions of rural politics or economy, and no feast or other solemnity was deemed LUCKY if he was not present. But a mighty change had taken place at Sloehaugh during my absence. A mineral well of real or pretended efficacy was discovered in the neighborhood ; an old gouty marchioness took it under her protection and patronage, and presently the once peaceful and unsophisticated hamlet was deluged with crowds of idle or hypochondriac fashionables. Soon the baneful influence of their presence began to be felt ; the worthy aborigines caught the mania of *beau mondism*, and began to give balls and parties, and knap English. From that fatal moment the dignity of Mr. FLAYMYSTERN, the worthy pedagogue, began to be on the wane. The reforming birds of passage hinted that such a creature (creature ! *pro*

Admires deosque!) should never be admitted past the kitchen; and the knight of the birchen twig, instead of being greeted with kindly familiarity, was passed by with a distant formal nod, frequently not even that. But I was yet to learn this unexpected revolution.

There was, "the sooth to say," very little of the dandy in my outward man. My black clothes were sorely worn and rusted; my hat was much about the consistency of well used India rubber, and hung down over my nose; and my shoes were about two thirds too large for me. Add to this, a huge pile of the Delphin classics under my arm, and you have my portrait complete.

In this guise I entered Sloehaugh, my very shoulders aching in anticipation of the load of blushing honors which would be showered thick upon me. About the middle of the village is a sort of square, where the rural *patres conscripti* meet of an evening to talk over the last newspaper, or the events of the day. At the period of my entry I observed the bailie, the surgeon, and the lawyer, and some more of my old friends, engaged at this place in conversation with some dashing bucks with taper waists, top-boots, and white hats. I pressed forward expecting a cordial welcome, and grasped Bailie Snell's hand, when to my astonishment and confusion he shrunk back as from one affected with some horrible plague, and gave me a withering look, as if to punish my forward and misplaced familiarity. I stood for about a minute in a kind of stupor; and when I had partly recovered the use of my faculties, I rushed on, followed by a loud insulting laugh, and a torrent of contemptuous invective.

Mr. Flaymystern did not long survive the loss of his dignity, and I flogged in his stead. I do not mean to trouble you with a narrative of my eye-sores. I will not detail how when the lawyer, the surgeon, and even the apothecary, were bidden to the party of Mrs. Rupee, the rich East Indian's widow, I alone was

passed by; nor how my old friends shrunk out of my way as I walked the street. No. I will be magnanimous, and bury the memory of my wrongs in the inmost recesses of my breast.

Some years after this, an almost forgotten relation, who had realized a considerable fortune in the East, returned to spend the remainder of his existence in his native village. He had spent the prime of his life in the hot burning plains of Hindostan; and now, when hoary old age began to steal upon him, when time began to lay his iron fingers on his shoulders, he felt a natural desire to see his green native woods, and have his cheek fanned by the cool western breeze, before he passed that dark and mysterious bourn from which no one can ever return.

I was his only surviving kinsman, and the old man, from natural feelings of affection, invited me to give up my employment and live with him. He did not long survive his return; he wandered about the scenes of his youth for a few months, lying for hours on the sloping bank by the side of the river, and playing listlessly with the cowslips and wild daisies. And he died like a tired child falling asleep, leaving me heir to a sum which exceeded even my wildest day-dreams of splendor.

I will be short with my tale. My paternal estate being shortly after this in the market, I lost not a moment in becoming the purchaser; and behold me now in the hall of my ancestors! I was immediately deluged with cards of invitation and of callers. I went to a looking-glass to observe if my countenance had changed in any respect to account for this magic-like desire for my company. No; my face was the same as on that day ten years, when I entered Sloehaugh, with the exception of a few more wrinkles. My eye glanced downwards; and when I observed my new and fine clothes, the riddle was solved at once. I need hardly say that I rejected the advances of these time-serving moths in the manner they deserved.

My life glides on like a placid dream. The summer I spend in Sloehaugh, the winter I pass in Edinburgh. My house there is one of those old-fashioned mansions in the Canongate, which was once the residence of one of the Scottish nobility. It is not to be sure a fashionable domicile, but it is a dwelling congenial to the feelings of an old retired antiquary like myself. I spend some hours every day in going about old book stands, though mostly from a sort of mechanical or instinctive habit; for *cheu!* hardly a "*tome antique*" of any value is now to be met with in these *hospitals of literature*, if I may coin an expression—poors'-houses, perhaps, would be the more appropriate term. In this age the "march of mind" has extended even to the bibliopoles; and the days are past when, like Jonathan Oldbuck, a person could chance to pick up an *Elzevir* or *Caxton*, at snuff-paper value. However, many *originals* are still to be met with lingering about these haunts, from whom I have picked up no small portion of the bits and scraps which I propose to send you occasionally, and which shall be as varied as the individuals from whom I derived them.

Often when seated under the gigantic planes and oaks which shelter my country house from the east and north winds, do I reflect upon the beautiful address of the exiled Trojan prince to his drenched and desponding companions,

"*Forsan hanc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

For if I had never felt the bitterness of poverty and dependence—had I never experienced the sharp biting tooth of supercilious neglect—and the "rich man's contumely," could I look on the yellow fields, the pure streams and fairy woods of Sloehaugh, with half the satisfaction I do at present? No—truly sings the poet,

"Our sweetest joys from pain have sprung."

But as I hear the reader exclaim, with old Mat. Prior,

"What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections and give us thy tale,"

I present my dish, and invite him to fall to with what appetite he may.

DR. WALCOT, *alias* PETER PINDAR.

The first and only time I ever saw this extraordinary man—than whom no one has contributed more to the republic of mirth—was at his lodgings in London, a short time previous to his death. I was accompanied by Luke Clennell and Charles Warren—the former one of our first wood engravers, and a painter of the highest order,—the latter well known to every amateur by those splendid efforts of the graver, which will perpetuate his memory till taste itself is no more.

Edwards and Walker, the booksellers who had purchased the copyright of the Doctor's poems, requested him to sit to some artist, as they wished to have a correct likeness of him in the new edition of his works, then in the course of publication. He consented, but under the stipulation that it should be done by a historical, and not a mere portrait painter, who might fail perhaps in giving character and spirit to the subject. Clennell was proposed, to whom Walcot made no objection; but if the poet was fastidious, so was the artist; he wished previously to see whom he had to operate upon, and accordingly called on him as mentioned above.

The first appearance of the far-famed satirist struck me a good deal. He was stone-blind, and his bushy eye-brows, silvered by the hoar-frost of eighty winters, contrasted strangely with his colored wig. The effect on the whole was unpleasant, reminding me of Horace's advice to the painter, to avoid the incongruity of mixing the peculiarities of youth and age in a picture. There was a strong expression of lurking humor about the corners of his mouth, and his eyes, though no longer "*conscious of light sublime*," seemed to have lost none of their pristine quickness or vivacity.

The conversation generally was of a literary nature, but turned somewhat on the fine arts, a subject on

which no one was better qualified to expatiate than Walcot. Indeed his criticisms, notwithstanding the burlesque form in which they are conveyed, betray a profound knowledge of the principles of painting, both as an art and science; and many whose names alone would give celebrity to a picture, have not been too proud to ask his advice and opinion.

He spoke of his poems connected with the fine arts, (subjects for painters, &c.) and said that the only thing which at that moment hung heavy on his mind was the style in which his friendship for Sir Joshua Reynolds induced him to speak of Barry. "I compared Barry," said he, "to a mouse nibbling at the lion's tail: but, in fact, it was directly the reverse; Reynold's was the mouse."

He related a little anecdote which shows at the same time the esteem in which the world held his critical *acumen*, and the meanness of the party to whom it refers.

"Going through (Walcot *loquitur*) the exhibition room of the Royal Academy one day, my attention was attracted by a little picture of Reynolds, which no one seemed to notice. I examined it, praised it publicly, and having ascertained from the door-keeper its price (£50), I told him that it was mine. When it was known how much I had admired the picture, hundreds were anxious to procure it, and it became one of the most popular pieces in the room. When I waited on Reynolds to pay for my purchase, he very coolly informed me that the keeper had made a mistake; that the price of the piece was much higher, but that I might return it if I thought proper. Though I knew that the mistake was all in my eye, I did not say much, but had a mean opinion of him ever after."

During the evening Clennell having expressed a desire to see his forehead, he at once took off his wig; and, what a forehead! I never saw anything that I could compare to it, with the exception, perhaps, of the head of Cicero; it towered up like

three brows piled on each other; it was more than majestic—it was sublime. I never saw a head which had more of the outward signs of gigantic capacity and true genius; no stranger could behold it without feeling that he was in the presence of one of the mighty spirits of the earth.

Though quite blind, as I have said before, and smarting under the galling and wearing-out torment of the gout, I never saw a man in better spirits. He had all the lively and playful animation of a child. He even spoke of his expected dissolution in a jocular manner. "Death," he said, "has been knocking at my door these two or three years, and I expect every day that he will break in upon me; but come when he will, be it sooner or later, old Peter's ready for him."

I had heard many reports of his great capacity for drinking, which I could never credit until this evening. We were there two or three hours, during which the bottle did not by any means

"Pace about like a cripple,"

and all that time Walcot's beverage was raw undiluted brandy, which he drank like water, out of a capacious toddy glass. Some may think that this statement borders too closely on the confines of romance; and that, to give my narrative more effect, I am drawing a long bow. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact, and any who have ever had the pleasure of his company can testify to similar instances. Notwithstanding these potations, which would kill many a man even in the prime of strength, he was at our departure as cool, calm and collected as when we first entered. Poor Peter! I never saw him again.

Clennell was so much charmed with the poet, that, on going down the stair he exclaimed to Charles Warren, "By Jove, Sir, you're a glorious fellow! I'll paint him for nothing!" This picture, I believe, never was executed, poor Clennell being shortly afterwards attacked with that insanity which confined him to a lunatic asy-

lum, depriving his family of a kind protector, and the public of one of the most favored of its servants.

JAMES BOSWELL.

This cringing but amusing egotistical proser once remarked to his fa-

ther, Lord Auchinleck, "We men of genius go through the world SWIMMINGLY." "And for a very good reason," the old judge retorted; "for a very good reason, Jamie; your pockets are in general so light, that there is small risk of your sinking."

ON THE CONNECTION OF POETRY WITH SCIENCE.

A WRITER in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* observes, "Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction."—"In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones—but little poetry." Are we to admit, then, that ignorance of things *which are not beyond* the bounds of our faculties, is the *only* source of poetical inspiration?—that nature loses her hold on the heart as soon as we have discovered her general laws? So the critic seems to think. But poetry flourishes in spite of all this theorising, whatever may be the principles on which the fact is to be accounted for.

There is no doubt, that, from the superstitions which prevail in the infancy of science, men in general are led to take a deeper interest in the "goings-on" of external nature; and

this may perhaps have given rise to the doctrine of the critic. But these superstitions are not *always* favorable to the progress or the influence of *real* poetry, any more than Charleton's explanation of "the opening of the eyes of the carcass of a murdered man, at the presence and touch of the homicide," on the theory of atoms. The mythology of the Scalds and Egyptians, for instance, completely suppressed all the lighter and more graceful movements of the fancy. But apart from this consideration, it must be allowed, though we are better acquainted than our ancestors with many of the properties and causes of things, that all these stretch out into the indefinite and obscure, and therefore still afford scope for the higher departments of poetical invention. Science, in short, alters the course of imagination, but does not limit it. Nay, it has more than a negative effect. It places her at the right starting-post. It shows her where the greatest mystery lies. It prevents her from wasting her energies on traditions which at best are only suited to the peculiarities of certain countries and ages, and thus brings poetry nearer Aristotle's idea of it, by rendering it a subject of universal sympathy. Of this, however, more in the sequel.

But in dwelling on the general tendencies to excitement in a rude age, arising from the mystery which overhangs the simplest of nature's operations, and the disappearance of these from the surface of society, in the progress of truth, we too often forget

that wonder is not the sole cause of the "fine frenzy." There is a *sense* of beauty as well as of wonder, and we have still enough to excite it. "The moon shines still; the sky has not ceased to be blue; the rose and the lily are fair and sweet as ever; the dove is just as loving and gentle as when she brought the olive leaf to the sole human family; and the nightingale sings as sweetly to us as to that sweet-witted Persian who first called the rose her paramour." The poet too describes things as they appear to the eye of passion; and passion has a perspective of its own, resting on principles as severe and independent, though less easily understood and applied than Euclid's theorems. He can think the thunder sublime, and even endue it with his own feelings, though he knows the causes of it better than the worthy lecturer in the Marvellous Pleasant Love Story, who defined it to be "a great noise;" and such representations, in spite of the most vigilant analysis, possess a self-consistency which justifies them to the heart of all those for whom they are intended. What can prevent a poetic mind from enjoying the beauty of such a personification as this:—

"I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountain its columns be.
The triumphant arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere fires above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die;
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and rebuild it again."

It must be admitted, that in the early stages of society there is more uninclosed ground, so to speak, for the poet to work on. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that science at least cannot weaken the effect of the poetry of association. Every poet, like every human being, has peculiar recollections connected with the various forms of external nature, as well as a peculiar way of viewing them. The days of childhood—the memory of "what has been and never more shall be"—the workings of hope and fear, of joy and disappointment—all these, colored by the ruling characteristics of the poet's mind, constitute a source of poetic interest, which cannot be dried up or impaired.

We may observe, by the way, what is very obvious, that though science restrains us from forming *superstitious* creations of our own, we still feel, "for the reason above mentioned," a poetical belief in many of the *superstitious* creations of antiquity. "The pansy is still sacred to Oberon and Titania—the misletoe is not of our generation—the mandrake is a fearful ghost of departed days—the toad is the most ancient of reptiles, and the raven is 'a secular bird of ages.'"

But science, while it does not deprive the poet of anything that is really valuable, supplies him with additional materials. Abstract truth, in some of its aspects, is as sublime as nature. Frederic Schlegel has observed in his "Studien des Classischen Alterthums," as a circumstance proving the Orphic hymns to have been posterior to Homer, that in all the Iliad and Odyssey we do not meet with the idea of the *infinite*. "The fulness of life rushes as it were through an open sense into his mind, and he throws it vividly back like a bright mirror," but everything is essentially *definite* in his heavens and in his earth. Now, science can at least give us this, if it can do no more; and we scarcely fear, that any unprejudiced man will disagree with us in thinking, that the contemplation of this central and imperishable truth may have as poetical

an effect as the figurative exhibitions of nature in all the motley groups that haunted the woods and streams of Greece. The reflections at the beginning of the 8th book of the *Paradise Lost*, where Raphael describes the spheres to Adam, may illustrate our meaning. It has been well remarked too that "the ideas of the ancients were too exact and definite, too much attached to the material form or vehicle by which they were conveyed, to admit of those rapid combinations, those unrestrained flights of fancy which, glancing from heaven to earth, unite the most opposite extremes, and draw the happiest illustrations from things the most remote;" and on this account the mythology of the Greeks seems to have been of greater service to the sculptor than the poet.

What endless subjects for illustration, too, does science open up! Some of the most splendid figures that are to be found in the whole range of literature have been derived from this source. On this we might enlarge; but as the fact is so obvious, we shall only mention one or two examples which may not be familiar to some of our readers. "Jesus was like the rainbow which God set in the heavens as a sacrament to confirm a promise, and establish a grace; *he was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud*; in his best days he was but half triumph and half sorrow; he was sent to tell of his father's mercies, and that God intended to spare us; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower, and of foul weather." What can be finer than this illustration of Faith? "Religion passes out of the ken of reason only where the eye of reason has reached its own horizon; and faith is then but its continuation: even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight, and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night, sacred night! The upraised eye views only the starry heaven which manifests itself alone, and the outward beholding is fixed on the *sparks twinkling in the awful depth*, though

sons of other worlds, only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure act of inward devotion to the great I am, and to the filial word," &c. "It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to by our Saviour. Reason and religion are their own evidence. The natural sun in this respect is a symbol of the spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapors of the night season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification."

"We met—we gazed. I saw and sighed;
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their wills, young hearts and minds;
Conveying as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire."

BYRON.

It may be further inquired what effect has an acquaintance with mathematics on the poet himself? Here it may be readily allowed that habitual and paramount attention to them must necessarily be unfavorable, for the same thing happens in arts which depend on principles less opposed than those of passion and abstract reason. It is even said of Mozart that "his hands were so wedded to the piano that he could use them for nothing else." What constitutes the poet? is the first question. Now, without insisting on any theory of imagination, we may be certain of this—that sensibility is not all—nay, that no talent is useless to him; that, while the greatest talent may be improved by particular exercises adapted to it, sensibility only requires not to be impaired, and that it is for the most part impaired rather by suppressing it when it is *appealed to*, than by intervals of repose for want of an object. Mathematics, therefore, if cultivated to a moderate extent, may be useful to the

poet, as they give a general activity to the mind. They may improve his talents for observation, or, as the phrenologist would express it, his "knowing faculties," which are as necessary for describing nature with effect, as for understanding cones and sines and tangents. They may prevent him from degenerating into that vague and indiscriminate admiration which is apt to evaporate in epithets and superlatives, and reminds one of the French poets or the gallant John Bunce, who thought each of his nu-

merous wives not only better than the former, but the *very best creature* in the world. They may indeed arm his mind against that surprise which may be created by what has nothing but its novelty to recommend it; but they can only give greater intensity to those high and engrossing impulses which are inseparable from the contemplation of intrinsic beauty.

But we may perhaps have presumed too much on the patience of our readers, and it is more than time for us to conclude.

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Oh, godlike thought embodied! who can
gaze
Upon thy speaking charms without a sigh
For the bright race whose beauty lives in
thee?

Immortal in thy loveliness, the sunshine
Of youth still floats around thee like a glory;
Albeit the sorcerer, whose magic mind
And touch of power awakened thee to life,
And into marble breathed divinity,
Hath slept for many an age in the oblivion
From which his spells have saved thee:—
thou Immortal!

How helpless, yet how powerful, thou art!
Bending beseechingly, as if to sue
For homage and for worship as a boon.
I would I might partake the glorious dream
Wherein thy maker, rapt as if to heaven,
Beheld the One, of whom thou art the
shadow!

What hand could strike thee down? Amid
the wreck

Of cities and of nations, still thou livest,
Safe in thy beauty, as within a shrine:
—What hand could strike thee down?

The awful flood
That swept imperial Rome from her founda-

tions,
Hath spared thee in its fury: Time himself,
Whom mortal beauty may not charm, hath
cast

A softened look upon thy loveliness,
And shed a mellowed tint upon thy form,
Like the last ray that lingers in the west.

Still, goddess, art thou worshipped—not
with prayers,
Or incense-breathing altars, as of old,
But with the deeper worship of the heart,
And the instinctive reverence of all eyes,
That turn to thee, as to thine evening star,
With looks of thoughtful love. When he,
whose name

Still makes the flesh of despots creep, be-
held thee,

He stayed his fearful course, and for awhile
Forsook his sterner deity, Ambition,

And turned a second Verres for thy sake,
And bore thee to a bright captivity,
While humbled Florence wept for thee in
vain;

And when the imperial meteor passed
away,

The crowned, and sceptred, and anointed
wolves,

Which long had bayed it, as dogs bay the
moon,

Grew honest at thy glance, and reverently
Restored thee to thy desecrated shrine.

And there thou stand'st, their monu-
ment of shame!

They set thee free—but, with a hardened
eye

And hardened heart, beheld thy wretched
country

Grappling her hydra-tyrant—as if thou,
All beautiful and helpless as thou art,

Wert struggling with a savage plunderer,
Full of thy godlike spirit, but unarmed,

Save with the memory of bright days gone
by,

The thrilling thought of Marathon, and
the strait

Where the barbarian shrank before the
light

Of thy immortal eye, Leonidas!
Better the eternal city were thy tomb,

Better to slumber in its glorious ruins,
Than thus to stand alone, the mournful
shade

Of the Promethean race that, nursed in
freedom

And filled with fire divine, made Greece a
heaven.

Goddess! farewell! unto mine island-
home

I bear thy memory as a talisman:
And oft the magic touch of sleep will tint
Thy marble beauty with the blush of life,

And thou wilt seem to hover o'er my
couch,

Telling sweet tales of Freedom and of
Greece.

LUNATICS IN ENGLAND.

A PAMPHLET has recently appeared in the form of a letter, addressed to Lord Robert Seymour, by Dr. Sir Andrew Halliday, K. H. on the subject of the lunatics and idiots in England and Wales. This pamphlet contains reports from the respective clerks of the peace, of the number of these afflicted persons in the several counties in England and Wales, and concludes with summary statements and tables.—According to these last it appears that the total number of lunatics in England and Wales is 13,720. This number is made up as follows: 12,547 in the several counties of England; 896 in those of Wales; 155 in the naval asylum at Haslar; 122 in the military asylum at Chatham.

Calculating the population of England at twelve millions, or thereabouts, the proportion of insane persons to the rest of the population will be about one in every thousand for England. Estimating the population of Wales at 817,438, the proportion, allowing for the incompleteness of the returns, may be reckoned at one to eight hundred. Stating the amount of the army and navy at 300,000, and the insane officers and men of both services amounting to 275, the difference between those services and the casualties in civil life, as Sir Andrew observes, is very trifling. In Scotland, in 1821, the population was 2,093,456. Sir Andrew's return of the insane, from the various parishes, states the total number at 3,652, being about one to every five hundred and seventy-four.

In the pamphlet of Sir Andrew we find, moreover, comparative tables, showing the number and proportion of insane persons and idiots in twelve counties, in which the majority of the inhabitants are employed in agriculture, and in twelve counties in which the greater part are not so employed. The counties taken as examples in the former case, are Bedford, Berkshire,

Bucks, Cambridge, Hereford, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Oxford, Rutland, Suffolk, Wilts. The aggregate amount of population is stated at 2,012,979, of whom, males, 989,351; females, 1,023,628: total number of insane persons and idiots in the twelve counties, 2,526. Of these, 453 are male, and 571 female lunatics; and 750 male, and 752 female idiots.

The counties not agricultural, selected for comparison, are Cornwall, Cheshire, Derby, Durham, Gloucester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Nottingham, Stafford, Somerset, York West Riding, Warwick. Of these, the total amount of population is stated at 4,493,194; of whom 2,195,750 males, 2,297,444 females. Of these, the total number of lunatics and idiots is stated at 3,910, viz. 1,011 male, 990 female lunatics; 917 male, 992 female idiots.

The proportion, then, of insane persons and lunatics in the first case, or that of the agricultural counties, is about one in eight hundred and twenty; in the latter, or non-agricultural counties, one to twelve hundred. It will be observed, that in the former, the lunatics are to the idiots as five to seven; that in the latter, the number of lunatics considerably exceeds that of the idiots.

On a comparison of six maritime with six inland counties, taking for the former, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Southampton, Sussex, Kent, Essex; and for the latter, Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, Huntingdon, Shropshire, Monmouth, Surry, the results are as follows: Population of the maritime counties, 1,815,296,—namely, males, 886,983; females, 928,313; insane, 1,856, viz. 308 male, 304 female lunatics, and 636 male, 608 female idiots. Inland counties: population, 1,029,700, viz. males, 503,736, females, 525,964; lunatics, &c. 903, viz. 133 male, 162 female lunatics; 283 male, 1,325 female idiots. The

proportion in the maritime counties is, therefore, one insane person to a thousand ; in the inland, one to eleven hundred and sixty-five of the population. In the former, the idiots are nearly as two to one of the lunatics ; in the latter, about three to five.

A return shows the number of lunatics in confinement in England and Wales on the 1st of October, 1829, to be 6,100 ; of whom, males 3,563, females, 2,537. Another return states the number of lunatics at large, or

taken care of by their friends, at a total of 7,610 ; of whom 3,506 males, 4,104 females.

Sir Andrew Halliday regards the increase of lunatics in a very serious light, and observes, that " if the people of England continue to view the subject with that apathy which they have hitherto shown, the increase of the malady in another half century will be such as to endanger most seriously the comfort and well-being of the whole community."

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WE proceeded from Dunkeld over the Pass of Killiecrankie to Blair in Athol, through as highly picturesque scenery as imagination can create, but which has been so often described before, that I lack that secret charm of novelty to strike fire from my pen to electrify the reader with ; but let him enter a still solitary glen of Athol, called Glen Tilt, with us, and be of our peculiar temperament, and he will be astounded with the awe of silence and the vacuity of nothingness. To describe silence and nothingness to those who talk much and think little, we do not pretend : but to those kindred spirits, who in imagination can grasp an atom in one hand and a world in the other, and with the ease of power throw them into infinitude, and think them into their primeval nought by an effort of the will—to them we speak ; and even they must take of Athol brose (honey and whisky) a sufficient draught to tone the music of their feeling, and wait for a proper setting-sun-light ere they can " body forth the shape of things unknown, and give to airy *nothingness* a local habitation and a name," so as to follow our flights.

It was a sunset—a burning crimson sunset—when we entered the glen, and the night-mists were rising up like playful spirits to dance upon a zephyr or so ; and we were just agreeably elevated with a *doch an do-*

roch our host at the inn had forced us to drink *farewell* in ; but on opening upon the glen, its measureless silence, and the vague uncertainties of its range—cut alternately by transverse sunshade and mist—petrified us—not with fear, but awe—not with a shudder, but with the nerveless gaze of intensity. It possesses a combination of power between the beautiful-sublime and vague-infinite, and yet a naked chaste simplicity about it—no reeling precipices—no detached segments—no fearful ravines and caverns, or intersecting screens of mountain, but one continuous glen, of about twelve miles in length, with its walls sweeping up to high heaven, and playing with the clouds in pure simplicity of might—mayhap, a stray cloud curling its fleecy gold-tipped robes down the dark mountain breast like love beguiling solitude,—and—and

" We marked a red deer brouse on the brae,
But it as a shadow had passed away ;
And, quick as a thought, an eagle chased,
But all—save our dream—in a trink was
erased ;
One heart-string throb of the hunter's hope,
And the eagle and deer were but as a trope."

We reached the Duke of Athol's hunting lodge late in the evening, and spent the night there, and at four in the morning we went with the foresters to see the old Duke (who rises thus early every morning in the buck season) kill a buck. We had not

been long in our ambush, which commanded the watering-place of the deer, before we saw the herd come trotting down to the water—it was a sight of sights—a breathless moment for us too; but with the keepers not a nerve was shaken. The Duke shook a little at the first impulse of—"mark the brindled tan buck, your Grace"—but it was more from anger than anxiety, for he was pretty well used to it. On came skipping, racing, and playing, about fifteen hinds, fawns, and roes, light as fairies on a moonbeam—and, but one little look at us and they would have vanished as a blast of gust-wind. Then came on in proud, short, stately trot, the majestic herd, with eyes of light, and ears of silk, and antlers tossing the wind like Birnam wood in motion, and then their colors of mottled, brindled, and fiery tan—so different from sickly park deer, and three times as large—O it was a wonderful sight, and conveyed a nervous notion of living electric power. I felt my heart-strings vibrate like the needle at the pole when it is robbed of its attraction by the eternal loadstone. "Mark the fat fellow, the red buck; both shoot," whispered the Duke to the keepers. Gods! it was a pity to kill a king, I thought; but it was too late; their balls struck him within an inch of each other—plum in the heart. He shrieked, (I think that shriek and its hill-echo are chained to my ear even now,) sprung up six feet high, and fell stone dead. What a beautiful wreck it was! The Duke singled one with antlers like the branches of the Sherwood oak in Mansfield Forest, and struck him fatally, but not dead; and, as is their custom, he made to the river to staunch his wound, or (query) to defend himself. The dogs were then slipped, and while they kept him at bay, a keeper went in behind him and cut his ham strings, and let him down to fight on his haunches; he then cut his throat, and finally cut a slashing gash from shoulder to chop, to let the blood out; but when he looked round and saw his favorite dog with his back

broken, he cursed the buck, and begged the Duke's pardon.

We then proceeded to Felar, where another of the Duke's foresters lives; and after feasting plentifully on goat milk, curds and cream, and ewe cheese, we passed over a trackless chain of mountains of fifteen miles to Castleton of Braemar; and from my friend not having muscles of iron, and nerves of brass, and lungs like a northeasterly blast, we did not come in sight of the sheiling or boothly which was to have been our land-mark before one of those beautiful mists, which overtake you on a sudden sometimes on the hill, came on, and put us in "a peck of troubles." "Tug away," said I, "or we are lost men." "Tug!" he replied, "we had better be lost an hour or so than me break my wind forever." So I sate down, like one who seeks for a hope in hopelessness, to gaze in blank vacuity at the mountain chaos around me. Now, ye of my silk stocking readers who have been lost in a reverie in a mist of cigar smoke on Arthur's Seat, do not suppose that there was no danger; for if you get lost here, you may have a three days' fast, and that's no joke in "this land of plenty;" it is like putting a loaf before a man who is gibbeted alive, just out of his reach. There is a state of sea-sickness when people wish to be thrown overboard. Thus, with my friend, life and death were alike to him; but I had my senses left, and thought of home, and the pleasure of telling this tale in security; and I must confess I did not feel quite prepared. It is a wild imagining to suppose a spiritual essence lost in the *ideal* world, but a wilder still to suppose an atom of thought lost in the *real* world. Such, however, were we, lost here—mere atoms diminished by the awe of magnitude. Everything looked bigger than ourselves. I felt that strange feeling as if I could creep into a nut-shell. But here it goes. I must give you an idea of the picture ere I can convey my feeling to you. Can you imagine yourself a spirit, sitting upon a cloud, and around you a

mass of dark clouds for building-materials? Then stretch forth your hand to the cavern in the desert, where the whirlwind sleeps, and wake it, and let it slip upon the clouds, and dash them into infinite space, in mass, and volume, in shatters; or, if you like, put an earthquake under Babylon of old. To be sure, my fear might magnify; but it left the impress of the terrible—the vague, the ruined, grand and infinite. It was but as a glimpse, for self-preservation closed back the eye upon itself, and stopped its going into detail. I can even see it now clearer than then. There (in a bird's-eye view, from 3,000 feet high) stands Cairn Gorm and Ben Macduich, black as your hat, terminating Glen Lewie, Glen Avon, and Abernethy; there Braemar and Balloch-derge hills—another glen; there Glenshee hills; behind us Killiecrankie and Athol hills; that of Glen Tilt, and all the glens running from one common centre where we stood, like the rays of the sun; now and then a loftier mountain, lifting itself through two or three strata of clouds, and showing its snow-capped head to the daylight; now and then a cloud would sweep past us through the ravine where we stood, like a gloomy thought, and dash the scene with utter darkness,—then open, and show through its gloomy gap the shadowy glen below. It was through one of these gaps that we saw something like a human being, creeping like a mite on a cheese, on the cliff below us. I will not tell you how lost men feel on seeing a deliverer, for misfortune has made me half a misanthrope, and I choke, either with the pride of obligation to mortal man, or with the remembrance of the ecstasy of delivery—I do not know which; but I choke, even now, and language cannot tell the feeling. I started like a gun-shot through the gap in the cloud, down the steep brae to meet the man. The cloud closed soon as I had passed, and I could hear my friend shouting for help. “Stop, stop!” came in muffled tones through it as though some brownie had been

strangling him, or smothering him with a blanket. I reached the *herd-boy*—now comes the shock of the idiotic upon the chaotic—he was an idiot.

“It is a fearful thing to see
A thought that would, but cannot be,
Dreaming and fitting through the brain,
Then musing back to nought again;”

and to meet this chaos of mind in this chaos of mountain, tending sheep by a sort of hereditary instinct, was an aberration of nature freezing to the senses, but beyond the pen. He had “no English,” nor could I by a conversation of nods, winks, and signs, make him understand me. I tried all my ingenuity, which is not a little, at either entering into the rumination of a brute, the musing of a fool, the thoughts of a man, or the conception of a poet or a madman; but all was useless here. I looked at him till I trembled. I gazed at him till my eyes seemed glazed, and something seemed to drop out of the pupil, and my brain reeled; but yet I followed him down brae, and crag, and burn, for I thought his *instinct* would lead him to some hut, and it did.

We reached Castleton, and went to a Highland Society ball; and we think if there be a *beau ideal* of dress, it is the Highland costume. The women were mostly *make-ups*, for the wet weather had prevented the lairds bringing their families, and the room was crowded with red-elbowed, hard-fisted dames from the clachan, who sate down on the bare knees of their kilted partners, for want of room, with as little consciousness of crime as Eve before her fall. My friend, after being twirled in a reel till his head spun like a top, had to take one of these female steam-engines on to his knee, while I in joke made use of my coat lap to fan them with. In the course of the evening I had to undergo this same process of vapor bath; and, notwithstanding I can describe most sensations, from the tickling of a straw to a shock of electricity, or a fit of epilepsy, yet this I must leave my reader to guess at.

We reached within gun-shot of John o' Groat's, and were stretching our eyes and hearts with hope to see the ruin of the house; but alas! it vanished like the dispersion of a dream, and left us nothing but a green mound, with three nettles, a dock leaf, and a sea-shell, to wonder at. Yes, it left us in a fit of moralizing upon¹ bubbles and squeaks, and tired legs, and all that. To be sure,

"It's the scene where the mermaid dwells,
And lives on the sigh of sounding shells;"

and we got some shells, called buccies, and brought them away as witnesses of our folly; and we felt that strange wild joy which I cannot describe, of seeing three vessels wrecked in the Pentland Firth, and smashed into a thousand splinters in Douglas Bay, while we stood in magical security on John o' Groat's mound, spell-bound to the spot.

DEATH.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

COME not in terrors clad, to claim
An unresisting prey;
Come like an evening shadow, Death!
So stealthily! so silently!
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath:
Then willingly—oh! willingly
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp,
What gentlest touch may take?
What need with aspect dark to scare?
So awfully! so terribly!
The weary soul would hardly care,—
Call'd quietly—call'd tenderly,—
From thy dread power to break!

'Tis not as when thou markest out
The young, the gay, the blest,
The loved, the loving—they who dream
So happily! so hopefully!

Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,
And shrinkingly—reluctantly
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life,
(The cup assign'd to me
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,
So scantily! so scantily!)
To know full well that all the rest,
More bitterly—more bitterly
Drugg'd to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart
That kindly cares for me,—
To pain, but not to bless. O Death!
Come quietly—come lovingly,
And shut mine eyes, and steal my
breath,
Then willingly—oh! willingly
With thee I'll go away!

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.*

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is a *humanist* as well as a humorist. His satires, at the time that they are the most amusing of the present day, are not unaccompanied however with an honest severity; yet the sharpness of their sting is tempered with sympathy. He is a reformer of the right stamp. He knows that the most effective mode of remedying an epidemic vice or folly is never to give the least hint of losing your temper; the public being but a large family or boarding-school, whose errors become fixed as soon as the members perceive a want of temper in their correctors. We

have observed in the latter works of Mr. Cruikshank, that his wit has been employed in behalf of good taste, and uniformly in the cause of humanity. Without ever having been in company with, or even seen the artist, we should conjecture him to be a man of kind and just tendencies. His "Interior of a Gin-shop," in the present publication, will warrant this surmise. The grave "moral lesson" which is here depicted (and more in "sorrow than in anger") for the reformation of the deluded class of our fellow creatures, is so masterly, that it is worthy of the pencil of Hogarth himself. He has converted

all the articles and furniture of this pernicious place into so many symbols of death. The barrels and spirit-jars are all in the shape of coffins; the Bacchus astride on his cask is a little skeleton; the smirking and fair-looking face of the female who administers the poison is but a mask to a skeleton's head: her hands, too, are in gloves; but look down at her feet, and you perceive that she is an agent of death in full length. A notice is affixed against the wall, stating that "a few members are wanted to complete a *burial society*." Death in the costume of a watchman, with his hour-glass for lantern, is waiting at the door for his victims, who are all standing within the circle of an enormous man-trap. The spirit is distilling in an inner apartment, and in the retort is a death's head. The helpless form of the poor wretch who is resting one emaciated hand on the counter, and reaching the other forth to receive the glass, is a masterly piece of drawing. The picture has the four following labels appended to it: "To the Workhouse"—"To the Madhouse"—"To the Gaol"—"To the Gibbet." Lastly, on the counter is a "Guide to Wealth," "Open a Gin-shop;" a recommendation which we might incline to believe judicious, from the handsome stores which are rising in various quarters, had we not a lurking faith in the maxim, that a bad course is in its most "high and palmy state" when reformation is at the door. Every bookseller who possesses a copy of the *Scraps and Sketches*, will do well by exhibiting this print in his window. We have

said that Mr. Cruikshank's wit is always directed "in behalf of good taste." The first print in this series, entitled "London going out of Town; or the March of Bricks and Mortar," is a confirmation of the remark. The scene exhibits a ludicrous personification of the implements used in building, which are invading in formidable battalion the peaceful denizens, and personified ruralities of the fields; alarmed haycocks, terrified cows and sheep, are scampering off from an appalling bombardment of bricks by a neighboring kiln. New rows of houses are drawn up in rank and file, the cross-timbers of their scaffolding being wrought into the semblance of a battery. The haycocks confess they are "losing ground;" a tree acknowledges he must "leave the field," while another has fallen "mortally wounded." The conquered territory is to be let on building leases by "Mr. Goth, Brickmaker, Bricklayers' Arms, Brick-lane, Brixton." But we cannot detail at this length all the entertaining designs before us. Suffice to say, that we feel assured the spectator will echo our opinion of the artist's qualifications upon contemplating those entitled "Church and State;" "An unthankful Fellow," representing a poor devil in the stocks; the "Scene in Kensington Gardens," an inimitable satire on our dandies of both sexes; "Horses going to the Dogs," owing to the steam-coach invention; "Lithography," a destitute fellow describing his condition upon the pavement; and his "St. Swithin, the Patron Saint of Umbrella-makers."

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

THE LOVE OF MARVELS.

ONE of the many causes which prevent a more general attention to the study of Nature, is, that those of her works which come under the denomination of wonders and rarities, are al-

most universally written about, and in most cases publicly exhibited. The following just observations on this subject are from the introduction to a work on Natural History, recently published in London.

"They who avoid the mouse or the spider, whose characters and habits they might be studying during many an hour which is spent in idleness, and gossiping, throng to the exhibitions of learned cats and sapient pigs. A calf with two heads, or an ox of double the ordinary obesity, will attract the gaze of hundreds, who care nothing for either animal in its natural form and condition. Curiosity is a valuable feeling, and ought not to be repressed: but there is no feeling that stands more in need of being guided; for if it ever be debauched by following after rarities that are of no use, it can hardly be brought to regard common objects, however valuable they may be.

"There is a pretty strong natural tendency to this love of marvels, and to pay much more attention to the deviations of nature from her ordinary mode of working, than to study the laws of common occurrences; as if there were more both of pleasure and of wisdom in criticising the supposed faults and blunders of nature, than in contemplating her beauties. Even when attempts are made to render the study of natural objects amusing and attractive, the attention is not directed to the general course, but to the deviations. If it is a plant, its common habits, by the study of which alone its uses can be discovered, are passed over, and the attention is directed to some freak or accidental circumstance; and if an animal, any trick that it may have been taught by man, is far more attractive than its natural habits,—and the more that it is contrary to those habits, the more is it admired and wondered at. Even a stone of fanciful shape and unusual color is picked up, kept, shown, and talked about as a curiosity, by those who would think their time unprofitably and painfully spent, were they to study the strata of which the globe is composed, with a view either to the knowledge of its present state, or the elucidation of its past history: just as if that which can communicate no knowledge and lead to no use, were

more valuable than that which is fraught with the profoundest wisdom, and leads to the greatest practical utility."

TRANSFER OF GAS.

Mr. Graham, the lecturer on chemistry at Glasgow, has made a very singular discovery. A bladder half filled with coal gas was placed in a vessel containing the *choke damp* of the miner, and after the lapse of a few hours the carbonic gas had completely filled the bladder, although every visible channel was closed. A gentleman who witnessed the experiment in the north assures us that he has since repeated it a number of times with the same result. No rational theory has yet been found to explain this phenomenon.

COUNTRY OF STEAM ENGINES.

You ask me to state the general impression which the country of steam engines makes on me. This is more easily asked than accomplished. It requires a more accurate knowledge of fire and water, and indented wheels, and screws, and cylinders, and valves—of valves of safety, and boilers of destruction—of metallic amalgams, fusible and non-fusible—than I possess. You must not think, however, that as yet the country is ENTIRELY governed by steam; the strength by which it is ruled and held together has not as yet been calculated by HORSE POWER. No man could as yet tell me whether that of the First Lord of the Treasury amounted to 4 or 40. With no greater accuracy can I state the horse-power of the Secretary for the Home Department, or that of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; yet I have consulted the best informed engineers. The finance department, as well as the *enlightening* of the public, is managed by *gas*, and in both departments *batwing lanterns* are employed to prevent the possibility of a universal explosion. This great empire is not, however, as I said before, *entirely* governed by steam; still there are steam engines in Parliament. The power of the Hon. Member for

Aberdeen is said to equal twenty horses. An American with whom I met in London assured me that one night with the other it might be *calculated* at that rate. In a *calculable* matter such an authority is very high. Since the death of Lord Byron poetry has been chiefly manufactured in *power looms*. I do not think it is considered equal in strength to the ancient poetry, but it can in this manner be produced in much greater abundance, and at a cheaper rate. Sir Walter Scott is said to be the only successful competitor with the power looms. I have inquired for the steam shaving-shop of which they tell you in Germany. As in this country shaving is more frequently performed than on the continent, I intended for my own convenience to encourage this art; but I was told that it was somewhat dangerous to submit to the *steam shaving*, or at least inconvenient, as the engine, *for want of discretion*, would sometimes shave off your whiskers, and even your hair—nay, if not properly managed by the steam-barber, your head too. But, to be sure, it does the business in a minute. I have been told of a man who lost his nose and eye-brows by steam-shaving; yet he said that this was no fault of the barber's, but only owing to a sudden spasm in his face. He bore his fate most stoically.—*Dr. Abraham von Scheel's Travels in Europe.*

IMPROVED CLOCK.

F. Hourit has made a clock in which steel is used only in the main-springs and in the axes of the moveable parts; all the other parts were in brass, gold alloy, and white gold. The number of pieces in gold, gold and silver, and gold and platinum, is 62; all the pivots turn on jewels, and the functions of the free escapements are effected also by means of pallets in precious stones. It had been supposed that the escapements and the spiral spring not being of steel, inconvenience would result from the smaller degree of elasticity; but numerous trials, with favorable results, have re-

moved the objection; and it appears that gold, hardened either by hammering or other means, is more elastic than hardened and untempered steel. The clock had gone for six days exposed to the contact of a magnet competent to lift 25 or 30 pounds weight, without suffering any derangement.

A PARLIAMENTARY JOKE.

The prevailing fashion of certain orators interlarding their speeches with frequent classical quotations, reminds us of a piece of mischievous waggery perpetrated by one of the most celebrated men of his time. Sheridan once electrified the country gentlemen in the House of Commons, by concluding an animated appeal to their patriotism with a quotation from Herodotus, which they cheered most vociferously; when, in fact, he merely strung together a jumble of words, a jargon uttered on the instant, which sounded very much *like* Greek. Pitt, it is said, was in a convulsion of laughter all the time.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

The manner of constructing this web is extremely artful and ingenious. All spiders are furnished, at the extremity of their abdomen, with four or six teat-like protuberances or spinners. Each of these protuberances is furnished with a multitude of tubes, so numerous and so exquisitely fine that, according to Reaumur, a space not much bigger than the pointed end of a pin is furnished with a thousand of them. Hence, from each spinner proceeds a compound thread. At the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the point of the spinners these threads again unite, and form the thread which we see, and which the spider makes use of in forming its web. Thus, a spider's thread, even when so fine as almost to elude our senses, is not a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. Of such tenuity, although placed beyond all doubt by Leeuwenhoek's microscopical observations, our imagination is too faint to

form even a conception ; our faculties are overwhelmed by a consciousness of the imperfection of our senses, when used for the purpose of scrutinizing the works of nature. An experiment may be easily made with one of our large field spiders, which will convince the observer that this calculation, although very wonderful, is still accurate. If the abdomen of one of these spiders be pressed against a leaf, the same preliminary step which the spider adopts in spinning, and drawn gradually to a small distance, it will be instantly perceived that the proper thread of the insect is formed of four smaller threads, and these again of threads so fine and numerous, that the number issuing from each spinner cannot be estimated under a thousand. The Author of nature has also conferred upon the spider the power of closing the orifices of the spinners at its pleasure. This enables the insect, when dropping from a height by its line, to arrest its descent at any point of its downward progress, and remain suspended in mid-air.

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN.

The Highlanders are fond of proverbs and parables, and their wise men utter wisdom in riddles. The eagle was boasting of his strength of wing, alleging that he outstripped all other birds, and soared higher than any of the earth's inhabitants ; when up starts a wren from a bunch of moss into which he had crept, and announces himself as ready to try a race with the great lubber. The eagle looked with contempt upon the little wren, who jerked his tail and twittered in the consciousness of his superiority. With three mighty flaps of his huge wings, up soars the eagle, up beyond the mountain tops, up beyond the clouds and the little white flakes which the aerographists call cirri and cirro-cumuli. At length he was fairly out of even the goshawk's sight. Now, says the eagle, who saw not his rival, am I not the king of birds, in flight as in strength ? He had expended his whole vigor in the

pride of his heart, and a yard higher he could not fly, when up starts the wren, who had perched unperceived on the eagle's back, and, after fluttering a few feet higher, descended to the ground on his opponent's shoulders, to receive the prize from the congregated birds below. The moral of this is simply, that cunning often supplies the lack of strength.

FOOD FOR SILK WORMS.

Dr. Sterler, a member of the commission appointed for improving the production of silk, and Botanist to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, has succeeded in discovering a kind of food for the silk worms, which will supersede the use of the mulberry tree. This too, it is said, the silk worms prefer, and it renders them less subject to disease. The silk which the worms in this manner produce is much more beautiful, and of a better quality than that formerly produced ; and specimens of it have been presented to his Majesty, which have received his approbation. Great advantage will result from this discovery.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa, by Richard Lander, his Faithful Attendant, and the only surviving Member of the Expedition, with the subsequent adventures of the Author,—are nearly ready for publication.

Messrs. Westley and Davis announce for publication, early in the ensuing year, an edition of the Old Testament according to the old established version, with the exception of the substitution of the original Hebrew names in place of the English words Lord and God, and of a few corrections thereby rendered necessary ; with Notes by the Editor.

List of new Books.—Arnott's Physics, Part I.—Clarke on the Teeth, second edition—Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns—M'Cries Reformation in Spain—Bardsley's Hospital Facts—Carstairs' Scottish Communion Service—A Glance at Paris—Oliver Cromwell, a Poem—Bolivar's Memoirs—Tales of an Indian Camp—Shaw's Constable's Guide—Mant's Child's Study of the Scriptures—Rhind's Studies in Natural History—Guest on Historical Painting—Price's Law Book-keeping—Bakewell's Mineralogy.

WHY SHRINK, LOVE, FROM THE ROLLING WAVE?

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE ATHENEUM, BY HENRY CARD.

Why

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

shrink love from the roll - ing wave, Though hoarse it speaks with friendly voice,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody in the treble staff and provides a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

Bids thee its foam - y crest to brave, And fly to shores of

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

bet - ter choice. See love my bout as thou dost

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. There is a large black ink blot or smudge over the middle of the system, partially obscuring the musical notation and the lyrics.

come, Bounds a gay welcome, and its sail, To waft thee to a

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "come, Bounds a gay welcome, and its sail, To waft thee to a".

peace - ful home, Shall soon be spread and catch the

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "peace - ful home, Shall soon be spread and catch the".

gale.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "gale.".

And then as o'er the waves we bound,
 And as the wild wind bears us on,
 We'll laugh to think how fate has crown'd
 Our hopes, which else were almost gone.

But now no more shall doubt or fear
 Raise in our hearts one transient pain,
 Safe on yon smiling Isle so dear,
 We ne'er will leave that Isle again.



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MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER a short pause, Mrs. Winsom resumed her narrative, saying—

"But ye're no to think a lodging-house is free from calamities, for I can assure you, that soon after the jocosose days I had with the Lustrons, I met with a sore trial. It came of the misfortune of a sweet young miss, who was beguiled from her parents by a dragoon officer—one of your prodigals that defy the Ten Commandments and the laws of man, with mustophas on their upper lips—no that he was to be objected to on account of his visioignomy, for in truth he was an Absalom of beauty, and had a tongue to wile the bird from the tree. Indeed, after I saw him, I almost thought the poor maiden was but lightly to blame; and I never could satisfy myself how so brave a gallant—so free-hearted and fair-spoken,—could be a perjured wretch; but, for all my womanly indulgence, he was so, and I was condemned to acknowledge it by my conscience, as I crooned in the watches of the night,

'Men are deceivers ever.'

"Miss Fatima Camomile was one of the seven daughters of the Reverend Dr. Camomile, by his third wife, who, according to the most authentic accounts, had fewer children than either of the two who were her ancestors in his bosom.

"The Doctor keepit a school for select young gentlemen, ordained for a classical way of life;—and out of it came to pass, that when Captain Rampant was a bit laddie, he was sent by his doers to learn Greek and Latin with the worthy Doctor, who surely was a most superior man.

"Miss Fatima and the Captain, when they were playing bairns—he a birky laddie, and she a bardy lassie—fell into love, according to the fashion of teens and nonage, and betrothed vows of everlasting perdition if they proved false to one another.

"But it came to pass, as in course of nature it was to be looked for, that his friends took him from the Doctor's school, and placed him in the army, where, as might have been expected, he grew, being a handsome young man, and a great ne'er-do-weel. After some five or six years, his regimentals were quartered in a town contiguous to the village where Miss Fatima lived with her father and the multitude of her sisters, in the enjoyment of every comfort, and the pleasant innocence of a classical academy.

"Out of this accidence, the Captain—or, as I should call him, the Hornet, for he was as yet not farther promoted—repaired his old acquaintance with the Doctor, and renewed his familiars with Miss Fatima. until off they came in a chaise-and-four,

making a loupment into my first floor, as if they had been a real man and wife, according to the Gospels of the Bishops of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Well, you see, being in my house, I began to have my doubts o' the sincerity of their marriage. I couldna tell how such doubts arose—that was impossible; but I thought they were overly fond to be by themselves—nobody came nigh them—and one Sabbath night I said to myself, Is't no wonderful that never a young leddy comes to speir for Mrs. Rampant, if it were only to get insight into the nature of matrimony? In short, before Monday morning I was worked into a persuasion that Mrs. Rampant was not a creditable lodger. Young, lovely, and lamenting—for she was often in tears—I discerned there was a doubt; and what would have become o' me and my valuable property in this house, had I no made a testification?

"Let no man, or woman either, say that I was moved thereunto by an expiscatory curiosity. No! I had a dread upon me; I thought my house might inherit a blemish from that thoughtless and friendless pair, and therefore was I stirred, by an obligation of duty, to look into the young lady's affair. What a discovery was mine! The salt tears rin into my eyes when I think of her story. Oh, the natural perfidiousness of man!

"She told me with what innocence, like two babes in the wood, when he was at her father's school, they had loved one another. How often, while yet neither knew the meaning of their words, he promised to marry her, and how fondly she had reckoned on being Mrs. Rampant. It was very pathetic. 'Often when he was gone,' said the poor young lady, 'I have walked into the fields, having no companion but the holy moon, and those witnessing stars which had their light purified by the simplicity of our fondness, calling upon them to bear testimony to the truth of my love. There was a spell upon my heart, which assured

me he would come back, and that our happiness would yet be fulfilled. I never thought of any other love; when the lily bloomed, I worshipped the sign, because I knew, my weak heart taught me to believe so, that when he saw the blossom, he would dearly think of me, we had so often in our young years admired its fragrance and its spotlessness together.

"He came at last,—and, though no longer the merry madcap boy, who had been both in gladness and in sadness the companion of my sweetest hours, he was the same being, but with a richer stock of manhood and cheerful bearing. Still he was so much the same, I could not love him less than I had ever done. Alas! I soon began to feel I loved him more. Nor did his passion seem diminished; and I was pleased it should be so, for who could think there was any guile in Harry Rampant?

"He had been, it is true, five years in the world, and I had been always at home; nor could I imagine what five years' transmutation in barracks, and the license of young soldiery, could effect on the heart of man. He seemed to me all I desired; where was truth, if he was not true? In that soft, that fearful, and confiding time, in which I felt myself to be more in fault than he was, I could not doubt the faithfulness of his honor.'

"I thought," said Mrs. Winsom, resuming her natural tone, "when I learnt this, that it would be a hard thing to hurry the young man before the session after such a disclosure; and I reasoned with Miss Fatima, for I would no longer adorn her with the title of Mrs. Rampant, telling her that she had been an overly fond cutty, and was much to blame.

"But notwithstanding, though my words were surgical knives, removing proud flesh, I yet told her for a comfort, that I would speak to Captain Rampant, and with God's help would end her misery. Poor thing! she was by this time most disconsolate to behold! Her fair eyes were waxing wide—the gracious beauty of her cheeks was become pale—her mouth

had lost the swirl of dimples that made it gayer than smiles, and she rose from her chair with a heaviness as if there was about her a burden or a shame.

"That same night, after she had been long abed, the Captain came home from one of his parties; she never went to any. I sate up on purpose to meet him. He was not ree, but gay—his wits were all about him; but they were sparkling.

"'Captain,' quo' I, when I had let him in, 'come into the parlor, for I would fain have a discourse with you—Mrs. Rampant, as ye call her, is very bad'—"

"'Who dares to say so?' cried he.

"'Captain! Captain!' was my reply, 'dinna ye be contrarie; there's a fault somewhere, and the sooner it's owned the better—She's ill, I should have said.'

"He had been in Scotland, and knew what owning a fault meant in a Christian country; so of course he began to make an equivocal of a ridiculous kind with me; but a power was then given to me, and verily I have thought that I was surely fortified and inspired with the spirit of truth and seriousness.

"'Oh Captain,' was my answer to his light-hearted ribaldry, 'ye're due a great debt—ye hae a great sum of sin to answer for. Here was a young lady, rosy and sweet, blooming upon her native bush, though it may have been thorny. The dear and kind enchantments of auld lang syne were around her paternal sanctuary—and gentle Memory was ready with her golden key to open the tower to you when you returned.'

"He looked clouded as I said this—his mirth was departed; but for all that I persevered, saying,

"'And what, Captain, have ye earned by your deceitfulness?—a withered flower and a broken heart. Oh sir, where was fine feeling, when ye brought the harlot thoughts of camps and barracks into the defenceless and innocent bowers of love and confidence—where was bravery, when

the silly blandishments of a simple maiden won you to forget the virtue wherewith remembrance had sanctified the scenes wherein she fell—and where is your honor, knowing that what was won was given in the faithfulness of youthful constancy, that you refuse still to redeem the pledge of fidelity?'

"I spoke like my father in the pulpit; and, by the pith of what I said, so daunted the worldly audacity of the Captain, that he sate silent and made no answer. Seeing him thus in a sort of penitential meditation, I pressed upon him further—I bade him compare what the unfortunate lady was, with what she might, but for him, have been. It was a depicting that made my own heart melt with sorrow, and my eyes to overflow with tears.

"I inscribed upon his conscience, how, before her ruin, she went blooming and gay to her father's church, the bells ringing in unison with her happy fancies. I spoke of the worthy young men who then eyed her with love and admiration, but whose advances she repelled, because she thought only of him; and then I showed him what he had made of her—a destitute creature, scorned by all who knew her in her blameless time, being in a stranger's house, fearful to visit the streets; and my corruption rising, I cried with vehemence, 'Reprobate! she was beloved and honored, and you have made her a light woman!'

"He said nothing to me; but he rose, and, putting on his hat with an emphasis, as my father would have called it, left the house.

"Next morning, Miss Fatima had a letter from him; but what was in it she never did reveal, for she read it over to herself. It contained a bank-note for a hundred pounds—which was a large sum, considering my bill was not then above eleven—and she read it again, and began to moan and mourn from the depths of her spirit. Then she gave me the bank-note with a melancholy smile, and said she thought it was enough—and she pressed my hand

kindly, and added, she had overheard all I had spoken to the Captain. In the same moment she started up, and, shaking her hands towards the holy skies, she cried, 'It is so—I am such; and it shall be done.'

"I was amazed and terrified at her vehemence. I feared, but could not guess, what her intent was; but she soon after put on a countenance of calmness—yet it was a calm without quiet. Her pale cheek, which had long lost its flower, became of a clayey

deadliness—her eyes glittered as if they saw not—her voice had a far-off, hollow, tomblike sound—and there was a horror in her smile, that made me suffer as if the world of the dead had been disclosed before me.

"Such she was for some four or five days—it might have been a whole week—I'll not dispute that, for I was in a manner myself demented; but a change at last began to manifest itself—and such a change!"

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Winsom was deeply affected by what she had related, and she told it with so much dramatic propriety, that I wondered at the talent she displayed. I have, however, often since observed the same singular faculty in other illiterate persons, and have seen them rising in the course of a narration to the supposed beautiful eloquence of the higher minds of whom they discoursed. I ought, however, to acknowledge that I was melted with more than ordinary sympathy for the doom of the unfortunate young lady, which the motherly zeal of my worthy landlady had evidently precipitated; and my curiosity was so excited, that I could not repress the desire to be informed of the sequel of a story so tragical.

"When," resumed Mrs. Winsom, "when the desolated creature came to a true sense of her forlorn situation—for in her panic she was too wild to have a right discernment—it was freezing to hear how she lamented; she didna plead that she had been a resisting victim; nor did she take all the blame upon herself. There was a flattery in her heart that she had been betrayed by the condition of her father's house more than by her own weakness, or that the accomplisher of her ruin had a premeditated purpose. Still, however, she wept and wailed until her hopelessness became incurable.

"It was soon manifest that Death had laid his cold hand upon her, in

defiance of all medicine and doctor's skill.

"From morning to night she sate by herself on the sofa, her one hand on the other resting on her knee, and her eyes reading, as it were, the leaf of a curious page of vacuity in the threads and pawtron of the carpet. She thought of nothing but of time.

"When I went into her room in the morning, she would say, 'Is not this Wednesday, or Friday?' as it might chance to be. And as often as I went again during the rest of the day, she would ask the hour. It was melancholy to see her despondency, and how pleased she was when the time had seemed to have run a little faster than she expected. How patient and how beautiful she was in all this; but oh! how plainly her heart was breaking.

"When more than eight mournful months had come and gone, seeing that, by the course of nature, she was soon to become a mother, I thought it my duty, in a far-off way, to remind her that it was needful to prepare for a stranger.

"She looked at me, I thought reproachfully, but her eyes were full of tears, and she answered, 'No. I have here, within, a conviction that my sin and shame will pass from this world together. I dreamt last night that I beheld my venerable grandfather—he was a holy and religious man—standing at a gate to which I had come with a baby at my bosom,

and he took me by the hand and led me in, and made me known to all my ancestors, even to Adam and Eve. No ; the life that should be, is not—it becomes my condition—a husbandless wife—a childless mother !’

“ I reasoned against her despair, and entreated her to be of good cheer, but she smote her bosom, and said, ‘ How can that be ?’ adding, ‘ I am not guiltless ; but there was no other but only himself, in all the world, by whom I could have been undone. Stars of light and purity—eyes and oracles of heaven, ye know my chastity ! But how can ye believe it ? Oh ! scorned by him, what is left ?—where now is my place in the world ?—The grave.’ ”

“ After a season of some days, the wild lamentings and continual cries of a spirit in agony began to moderate into sighs and low heart-murmurings. I entreated her to let me send for her father, or for one of her sisters ; but she was absolute, and would not have them. At last the mother’s time arrived, and she became, as she foretold, a mother without a child.

“ ‘ Place,’ she cried, ‘ the mute witness of my infirmity before me. It was not in sin, but in the confidence of faithful love, that this monument of frailty hath had being.’ ”

“ We placed accordingly the dead-born baby upon a pillow, covered with one of my best damask servits, on a chair by the bedside. It was punishment enough for many a sin to see what then ensued.

“ She raised herself on her elbow, and studied the beautiful thing as if it had been an alabaster image of curious handicraft. What was in her thoughts no one could tell, but ever and anon she cast her eyes upwards, and smiled as if she had discovered some pleasing similitude, and once she said, ‘ How lovely and how like !’ ”

“ She then laid herself down, and

seemed to be communing in prayer. After a season she raised herself again, and covering the body with the servit, she made a sign for it to be laid on her bosom, which I did with my own hands.

“ At that crisis the door opened, and the Captain appeared at the bed-foot ; flustered he was, and of a wild look—she saw him, and stretched out her hands lovingly towards him, but they fell on the innocent corpse, and in the same instant she was no more.

“ The Captain, as ye may well suppose, was a most demented man. He called himself by all the ill names that contrition could find, and, to a surety, none of them were too bad. But, as I told him, despair was then out of season, and it behoved us to think of sending for an undertaker. The upholsterer over the way being a moderate and respectable tradesman, I accordingly sent for him, and after a decent time was allowed to pass, the funeral was performed in a very genteel manner. But, alas ! how the curse of Heaven will sometimes work !

“ The Captain, being melancholious with what had happened, was enticed, on the night after the burial, to go for a pastime with a friend to see how the doctors make atomies, and that same night he came rushing to my door like a ghost in a whirlwind. His senses were gone—he raved of a sight he had seen, and of a deed that had been done.

“ His friend, with certain others, came flying after him, and, dreadful to tell, one of them described the vision of vengeance he had seen. From that hour he became mad with a frightful shout of laughter—it was such laughter as the dead would laugh—if that could be—and he died in the course of a year after in a Hoxton Bedlam.”

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN an age which is not more remarkable for the diffuseness of its literature than for the avidity with which it is sought after, Thomas Campbell's is one of the few great names which neither self-interest nor the voice of popularity has excited to produce anything unworthy of himself. He seems even now as diffident of his own great powers as the world is candid in acknowledging them; and although he cannot be ignorant of his poetic mastery, he never slackens the reins of exertion, nor gives himself up to that slovenly carelessness which brilliant success seldom fails to engender.

Of "The Pleasures of Hope," a work written while he yet stood on the threshold of manhood, it would be impossible to speak in terms of exaggerated praise; and we are confident that, taking it either in parts, or as a whole, we do not overrate its merits in preferring it to any didactic poem of equal length in the English language. No poet of our country has, at so early an age, produced such an exquisite specimen of poetical power; and if it be allowed that time matures talent, and that the faculties strengthen by exertion, Campbell cannot be said to have redeemed the pledge given by this earliest of his efforts. How could he? With the exception of a few redundancies of diction, he left himself little to improve upon. Sentiments, lofty, impassioned, and majestic, are conveyed to the reader in the tones of a music forever varied, but forever delightful, and illustrated by pictures from romance, history, and domestic life, replete with power and beauty. What in the compass of English poetry can excel in pathos the Mother's Soliloquy over her Cradled Child—the episode of the Wanderer, heart-struck with the comfort and repose of the hamlet-homes—the allusion to the melancholy fortunes of the Suicide—or the Parting of the Convict with his Daughter;—

or what is superior in power to the apostrophe on the Wrongs of Poland—the descent of Bramah—or the Consummation of all things? Indeed, the whole production is of transcendent excellence; passage after passage presenting only a varied tissue of beautiful and sublime imagery. No ungraceful expressions—no trite observations—no hackneyed similes—no unnatural sentiments, break in on our delightful reverie. The soul is lapped in elysium; the rugged is softened down, and the repulsive hid from view; nature is mantled in the enchanting hues of the poet's imagination, and life seems but a tender tale set to music.

To illustrate by extract our rapturous opinion of this immortal work would be a superfluous task, as every true lover of poetry must have the whole of it on his memory. In the whole compass of English poetry, we know of no lines exhibiting greater mastery of versification than the following:—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt and well-remembered shore,
Where Valor tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence behold the later charms
Of England's glory and Helvetia's arms,
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And Fate and Freedom in the shaft of Tell;
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom
calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play;

Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below !

If anything could combine more energy of sentiment, with a versification as magnificent, we know not where it is to be found, if not in the "Lochiel's Warning" of the same author. From the mists and commingling shadows of the northern mountains he has singled out and conjured up two solitary figures—the Chieftain and his Soothsayer. The one—a man of this world, daring, determined, and uncontrollable, with passions overboiling in their tempestuous energy ; full of heroic ardor, devoted loyalty, and determined faith to the desperate cause he has advocated—is brought into picturesque approximation with a being who, although on earth, yet seems not of it, wrapt up in visionary thoughts and shadowy abstractions, whose fevered phantasies overleap the boundaries of Nature's law, and who declares, that

Man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

There is a mysterious solemnity in all that he utters, as if his voice was only the response of an internal oracle, which has its utterance through him. His soul is illuminated by the coruscations of prophecy, in whose fitful light he has glimpses into the womb of Time. The chambers of Futurity shut and open on his sight. The resolution of the Chieftain is, however, as immovable

——As the rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.

Although half aware that the clouds of darkness and destruction await the perilous enterprise in which he has embarked, he braves the adverse omens of the unraveller of Futurity, and indignantly answers—

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed
in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Within the compass of a few pages Campbell has here condensed as much vigor of description and originality of thought as would in ordinary hands have been deemed adequate to replenish volumes. It is all sterling ore—purified from alloy—and thrice refined in the furnace of taste.

It has been asserted by that distinguished person who has just seceded from the decaying fortunes of the Edinburgh Review, that the great writers of this age are by nothing more distinguished than the very fearlessness of their borrowing, and their application of the ideas and expressions of preceding authors to their own purposes. We could point out a cento of brilliant things in Campbell—who forms certainly no exception to this assertion—for which he has been indebted to a discriminating taste and a retentive memory ; but then he has conjoined with these a distinctness and originality of his own, to give a peculiar character to his writings. He possesses the invention of true genius. Where is the prototype of Lochiel's Warning—of Hohenlinden—of the Battle of the Baltic—of Re-ullura—of O'Connor's Child—of any of these where is there the *aut simile aut secundum* ?—the source from which he has drawn—or even the imitator who has rivalled them ?

In this latter poem he opened up a vein to which nothing in our preceding literature has the slightest resemblance, if we except the lyrical tales of Crabbe, called "Aaron the Gypsy," and "Sir Eustace Grey." The resemblance, however, is by no means striking ; and it is highly problematical if Campbell had them at all in his eye during the composition of his enchanting poem.

O'Connor's Child opens in a strain

of deep but chastened melancholy ;
and, in the imagery, the wildness of
remote tradition is blent with the re-
finement peculiar only to modern
times.

Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross !
That is the spot where, evermore,
The Lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet :
For lo ! to love-lorn phantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh !

Before the scene opens the catas-
trophe has been consummated. The
daughter of a noble house, pale and
lovely, is left to wander in frenzied
desolation to be the historian of her
own sad tale. For the love of Con-
nocht Moran, her " belted forester,"
she had forsaken her palace home to
roam the woods ; but the pride of
ancestry urges on her infuriated bro-
thers to seek his blood, and destruc-
tion comes like the simoom.

When all was hushed at even tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle ;
He hushed ! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,
Their bloody bands had tracked us out ;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And hark ! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce !
In vain—no voice the adder charms ;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms ;
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Aye me ! it was a brother's !
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God ! Oh God !
His life-blood oozing from the sod !

We leave these lines without a
comment.—When " the flower of
love" is shut up in the embattled tur-
ret of her ancestral castle, she beholds
her brothers about to depart for war
with the banner of her sires, and ex-
claims in prophetic fury—

Sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
Oh stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke ;
But that a spirit o'er me stood,

And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

Nor is " Gertrude of Wyoming" soon
likely to be excelled in its peculiar
style of excellence. It is superior
to " The Pleasures of Hope" in the
only one thing in which that poem
could be surpassed—the purity of dic-
tion. In pathos and in imaginative
power it is certainly in no degree in-
ferior. When we contrast the intrin-
sic merits of Gertrude with the degree
of attention it has excited, we are
brought to the sorrowful confession,
that poetry is not always relished for
its own sake ; its want of extensive
popularity must not be imputed to the
fault of the poet. There is no ab-
sence of beauties, but a want of their
appreciation.

The opinion of the public is in
most cases ultimately right ; but it is
not always the best poetry that soon-
est works its way to popularity. The
world is not so obtuse to excellence
as some dunces would have us to im-
agine. The sanction of its approval,
as in the cases of Collins and Words-
worth, has been sometimes miracu-
lously delayed ; but merit of the
higher order has never ultimately been
balked of a just proportion of the
laurels.

True it is, that some books compos-
ed with cleverness, and calculated ex-
actly to hit the existing taste by re-
ference to some favorite topic of the
day, start as it were into instan-
taneous notoriety ; but they soon
come to be appreciated only by their
intrinsic merits, and sink, as rapidly
as they rose, back into the abyss of
oblivion. Others are brought for-
ward by trickery and bustle—bolster-
ed into notice by undue means, which
give way whenever the prop fails ;
but works of sterling merit, although
they may be seldom talked about at
first, work their way silently by their
intrinsic excellence, and attain that
steady popularity which they are des-
tined to preserve. Time and taste
put their heads together, and all is set
to rights.

The beauties of Gertrude of Wyoming are of that unobtrusive kind which must be sought after. Its imagery is so select, that it affords only indices to trains of thought; it "touches a spring, and lo! what myriads rise!" Add to this, that as a story Gertrude is particularly defective, and the circumstances will be evident which have operated with persons of weak poetical capacity against the popularity of this magical poem. The versification is intricately elaborate, the diction fastidiously select, and the fable, as we have just said, less brought out, than leaving itself to be imagined. In one stanza Henry Waldegrave is the infantine companion of Gertrude, and the next thing we hear of him is his arrival from foreign lands, ere we are dimly apprized that he had set out for them. Weighed, however, with the real excellences of the poem, these are "spots in the sun," and are amply counterbalanced by the description of Wyoming; the arrival of Outalissi, "the eagle of his tribe," with the boy in his hand, "like morning brought by night"—the landscape surrounding the home of Albert, so like "the pleasant land of Drowsy-head" in the Castle of Indolence—the loves of Henry and Gertrude, so touching in their innocence and sincerity—their Elysian walks amid the shadowy majesty of the primeval Pennsylvanian forests—the gathering and picturesque grouping of the motley warriors on the eve of battle—the death of the patriarchal Albert, and the dying address of his daughter to her husband—and the energetic and sublime invocation which concludes the poem. Interspersed there are also delineations of scenery which display the highest powers of descriptive poetry, and that fidelity to nature which indicates the accurate observer. He does not, like Wordsworth, work by touches repeated and repeated, but by sweeping lines and bold master-strokes. The following lines, for instance, convey a whole and almost boundless prospect to the mind.

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Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam.

The following stanza is full of a similar majesty. The picture is not only full and complete, but of the finest quality.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Turn from this to a delineation of morning in five lines. It has all the freshness and beauty of Claude Lorraine.

The morning wreath hath bound her hair:
While yet the wild-bee trode in spangling dew,
While boatmen carolled to the fresh blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

On the softer and more pathetic parts of the poem we are afraid to enter, as we know not where we could leave off without quoting all. We must give one stanza, and it shall be at random. Henry is addressing Gertrude.

Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone,
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's power, than
own
Her pomp and splendor lavish'd at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine—to
please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the
breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian
seas.

The lyrical stanzas with which the poem concludes, and which contain the address of Outalissi the Indian chief to Waldegrave, the disconsolate survivor of all who were dear to him on earth, are inimitably fine.

"And I could weep;"—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow his head in woe;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Arcouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)

Shall light us to the foe.
And we shall share, my Christian boy !
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

" But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who lov'd thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !—

" To-morrow let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-lov'd home ?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

" Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd ;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there
The silence dwells of my despair !"

" But hark, the trump !—to morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

It is principally, however, as a lyrical poet, that Campbell ranks with the master-spirits of his age ; and in this department he has no superior, and very few equals in our literature. Previous to the days of Collins and Gray, indeed, we had few, if any, pure specimens of the higher order. So far back, indeed, as the days of Cowley and Crashaw, we have some things bordering on excellence ; but there is a mixture of alloy in the metal, deteriorating the pure gold. Some of Milton's are in their way exquisitely fine, as the song on May Morning, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and as are also Dryden's Ode on

Alexander's Feast, and the commencement of his dirge on the death of Mrs. Anne Pettigrew. Prior was the Moore of his day ; but his genius was unfitted for the severe thought of the sublime lyric. Pope and Aken-side both unequivocally failed ; and so did Cowper in the loftier species of composition, save in his lines on the loss of the Royal George. Except the war-songs of Burns, nothing indeed can be compared to the lyrical energy of Hohenlinden, the Battle of the Baltic, and the Mariners of England ; while, in chastened pathos, the Exile of Erin, the Soldier's Dream, and the lines written in Argyleshire, have few equals.

Glenara and Lord Ullin's Daughter, fine as they are, neither belong to so high a species of poetry, nor are equally excellent in their kind. The Lines on a Suicide breathe the very spirit of sublime contemplation. The Odes on Burns and on Kemble are unequal, but possess some exquisite passages. The Monody on the Death of the Princess Charlotte is fine, but by no means to be compared to the splendid stanzas of Byron on the same occasion. The Ritter Bann is a picturesque and original ballad, but scarcely worthy of its author, and certainly inferior to *Re-ullura*, whose imagery frequently verges on the sublime.

The Exile of Erin, the Battle of the Baltic, and the Mariners of England, have, by universal consent, been admitted into the first class of the lyrical poetry of England, and have obtained, most deservedly, a popularity so great as to be familiar to many thousands of readers and vocalists, who are above troubling themselves about the names of authors. They are pregnant with sublime or tender description, and mantled over with the brightest veil of lyrical beauty. We know of no compositions wherein more genuine poetry (unclogged buoyancy of fancy and enthusiasm of feeling) is concentrated within so small a compass.

Lyrical compositions require depth

of feeling and delicacy of expression, united with the utmost possible condensation of thought; and these are the prominent characteristics of Campbell's genius. His discrimination of fit subjects for poetical embellishment is only surpassed by his lofty and original method of treating them. He never startles taste by an incongruous image, or by an unharmonious expression. The tone varies with an Æolian cadence from energetic manliness to almost feminine mellowness. There is no harshness, no incongruity, but an unbroken chain connecting subject, sentiment, and expression, and blending all into harmonious union and beauty, like the fabled cestus of Cytheræa.

In authors remarkable for their "moods of mind" we can often, by minute examination, distinguish between what has been composed at one time, and what at another. There is a break—a crepus—anequality—a discordance; but though Campbell works with infinite patience and fastidiousness, we are ever haunted with the agreeable and exciting feeling that the whole production has at once flowed fresh and free from the master's mind. Nor is he, like some, enamored of his own beauties, and recurring again and again to the beautiful thought which has struck him. With too many even of our best and most popular authors, we are forced to seek out the gems from amid the dross—the pearls from the dunghill. The glory of their stars only breaks through the encompassing clouds of verbiage transitorily and by snatches. Their faults are inseparably blended with their beauties, and blossom unrestrained in all their gaudy luxuriance, like poppies in a wheat field.

Of Theodric we have not spoken, because we consider it unworthy of the author, and not to be classed with his other two great works. It contains some fine passages, but not one of first-rate excellence. As in the Pleasures of Hope he has shown of what energy the heroic couplet was susceptible, so in this it appears to have been his aim

to try it in the softest key of tenderness. He has failed, and unequivocally, notwithstanding the friendly tantaraing of Mr. Jeffrey.

The writings of Campbell are distinguished by their elegance and perspicuousness: they abound with original imagery, lofty aspiration and ideas that, from their prominent beauty, may be almost said to be tangible. Taste, however, is the grand characteristic. His nervous manliness never degenerates into coarseness; and his imagination and fancy are strictly kept under the dominion of reason. His delicacy never borders on affectation or tawdry conceit, and in his delineations he never "oversteps the modesty of nature." His common effect is produced from generalization; but when occasion offers, he descends to minutiae with a grace which is distinct from trifling. His genius is distinguished by abrupt lyrical enthusiasm—it is like his own "Giant of the Western Star"—his "pyramid of fire"—the volcanic eruption—the lightning-flash. In the management of his subject he grapples with it like Hercules and the Lernæan hydra. Pompey wastes his strength on the distant provinces, but Cæsar marches on the capital.

There is nothing more dangerous to society than a man of genius with perverted principles, and more especially if that man be a poet. Poetry is an art of so captivating a nature, that, listening to its strains, we are bound as were the victims of the syrens. However dangerous the doctrine, and palpable the moral error, they have found disciples when inculcated by a Rousseau or a Byron. As *lucus* is said to be derived a *non lucendo*, so this remark has occurred to us from the sentiments and principles of Campbell being high and uncontaminated. His politics, we confess, we are not greatly enamored of, but these to be sure (and fortunately) have little to do with his poetry.

If a foreigner, after perusing Shakspeare and Scott, should persevere in maintaining that our British authors

were semibarbarous and unclassical, we would put Campbell into his hands. Should his opinion then still remain unchanged, we fear we would have no other resource for it, but turning Turk upon him, calling him a stupid fellow, and desiring no more of his acquaintance.

DIVISIONS OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THIS mighty and majestic feature of nature inspires the beholder with a feeling of immensity and power, like that which arises when he gazes on an interminable desert or a boundless ocean. No eye, however uninstructed, and no heart, however steeled, can fail to have been impressed by a sense and a feeling of the sublime and the awful, as he beholds those huge and mysterious bulwarks, towering through the air, like pyramids connecting earth with heaven,—their sides girdled with the forests, and their summits crowned with the snows of a thousand years. Whether we look upon them from the plain, rearing their dark and giant forms into the regions of the sky, and flinging down their cataracts with the resistlessness of time and the roar of thunder,—or wander amid their vast solitudes and horrid wastes, listening to the rush of the wind among their pine-organs, startling the eagle from his eyrie, and intruding upon the birth-place of the storm; and glancing down through some cleft in the clouds, far below us, upon the earth, which we seem to have left, with its towns and rivers lying like the painted dots and lines upon a map,—we are alike struck by a revelation of wonders, before which the spirit falls prostrate, and acknowledges that, with a presence which there is no doubting, “God is” indeed “here.”

But it is not to be imagined that these mighty evidences of an immortal workmanship are idle and unnecessary excrescences upon the otherwise fair and even surface of the earth which they overlook; or that their wildernesses are set apart as the dwelling-place of desolation, or their

caverns as the home in which the “blackness of darkness” abides. It is not to be supposed that nature, (all whose other schemes are so replete with a visible beneficence,) where she has worked upon her mightiest scale has worked idly or ill; or that she has created a machinery before whose stupendous materials and motions the feeble imitations of man are as the productions of insignificance, but in the service of him to whose good her minutest operations tend. To say nothing of the stones, crystals, and metals which they contain within their womb,—to say nothing of the timber which hardens on their sides, or the fuel which forms in their hearts,—not even to mention the medicinal plants which owe their birth to the chill air of these upland wastes,—nor the thousand other benefits which man in his civilized and social state gathers from these great garner-houses,—they are the reservoirs from which the world is watered, and the fertilizing principle shed abroad throughout the earth. By a process infinitely designed and beautifully framed, working with immensity as unerringly as if it were with atoms, the peaks of the mountains are fitted for the arrest and distillation of the clouds which gather round and overhang them, making half their mystery and horror; and their interior is formed into a thousand basins and canals in which the waters are gathered, and by which they are poured out, in streams of life and with voices of gladness, through the plains. By that beneficent working which, “from seeming evil still educes good,” the waste of glacier and the wilderness of snow send forth, upon their triumphant paths, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Nile; and of the apparent deso-

lation of the mountains are born the beauty, the glory, and the fruitfulness of the earth.

But, to the eye of science, they present yet another source of interest and gratitude, scarcely less important. Piled up as they are, like huge portions of the central earth, flung out by some antediluvian convulsion, and with their sides laid bare by the violence of tempests, and exhibiting the naked strata of which they are constructed,—they enable us to investigate many of the secrets of that earth on which we tread, and which must, otherwise, remain concealed, within its inaccessible depths. They are like vast warehouses, in which nature has congregated samples of her works for the inspection of science;—like libraries, written by no mortal hand, in which may be read her mysteries, by those whom study has made acquainted with her language. By a careful perusal of their construction, and of the materials of which they are composed,—by observation of their various phenomena, and of that of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, together with the relative influences of each upon the other,—we may, at length, discover the mechanism of the earth, and the grand problem regarding the formation of the world may be, one day, solved.

THE LAKES.

The consideration of this division of the more striking features of the earth's surface, properly follows the last, inasmuch as lakes are usual accompaniments of mountain scenery, and form part of the machinery by which nature works for the transposition of those waters, which are distilled by and gathered into the hills; as well as for the provision of those vapors, with which the air feeds these huge alembics of the earth. In what is, unscientifically enough, called the new world, and particularly in Canada, these inland waters have a character somewhat different from that which they assume in this portion of the globe, of which our island forms a

part;—extending to the magnitude, and exhibiting most of the phenomena of seas, and standing in less immediate and visible connection with mountain ranges, to which they owe their birth. In Europe, the principal lakes are those of Switzerland; to which, with their surrounding scenery, those in the northern parts of our own island bear, in all respects, a close resemblance.

Here, they present to the eye an appearance which at once indicates their origin, and exhibits in immediate connection with each other the various parts of that eternal process, by which the vivifying principle is preserved from stagnation, and the spirit of fruitfulness poured over the earth. Embosomed in deep vallies, and shut in by circling hills—fed by the streams and torrents that pour from the uplands, opening chasms in the mountains, and wearing fissures in the cliff; or by the countless streams that penetrate towards the earth's centre, till, turned by some stratum of rock they burst upwards in springs amidst the hidden depths, and presenting a surface, from which, in turn, the air may gather exhalations, and send up to the mountain peak, volumes of clouds, laden with fresh materials for the action of their appointed part in the beautiful design,—they afford to the naturalist a field of never wearying interest, and to rational man a theme of gratitude, adoration and love.

To the enthusiast in the picturesque, nature nowhere presents an aspect of such varied beauty, as amid these combinations of hill and water and glade. That monotony which characterizes a wide expanse of unbroken plain, even when clothed in a mantle of uniform hue, and that unrelieved sense of awe and loneliness which a mountain range, without this soothing accompaniment, is apt to suggest, are, alike, absent here. All that is most sublime is softened by all that is most beautiful; and all that is most beautiful is elevated by all that is most sublime. The pervading and perpetual presence of

the water, clothes the earth in its richest robes of verdure ; and there is a spirit of life and motion over all, which prevents that feeling of oppression and melancholy, with which man finds himself bowed down in the immediate presence of nature, in her mightier agencies. The air is full of soothing sounds, poured from a thousand natural sources ; the ripple of the mimic wave upon the mimic beach ; the murmur of the cascade ; the roaring of the cataract ; the sighing of the breeze, or the rushing of the blast among the rocking woods ; all blend to one wild, but enchanting harmony, repeated by a thousand voices, from hill and grove and glade—that might well suggest a mythology, like that of the Greeks of old, and lead the imagination to people every cliff and stream and tree, with a dryad or a faun.

THE RIVERS.

There is no object in nature of which the associations are more delightful, than a river. The mountain and the lake have their sublimity ; and, in the economy of nature, they have their uses. The mountain is the father of streams, and the lake is the regulator of their discharge. The lofty summit attracts and breaks the clouds, which would otherwise not be carried so far inland, or would pass over without falling to fertilize the earth. These are collected in snow, and laid up as a store against the bleak drought of the spring ; and as the water, into which the melting snow is gradually converted during the thaw, penetrates deep into the fissures of the rock, and into the porous strata of loose materials, the fountains continue to pour out their cooling stores during the summer. The lake, as has been mentioned, prevents the waste of water, which would otherwise take place in mountain rivers, as well as the ravage and ruin by which that waste would be attended.

These have their beauty and their value ; but they can, in neither respect, be compared to the river. They

are fixed in their places, but this is continually in motion,—the emblem of life ; the source of fertility ; the active servant of man ; and one of the greatest means of intercourse, and, consequently, of civilization. The spots where man first put forth his powers as a rational being, were on the banks of rivers ; and, if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans, and the wisdom of the Egyptians, would never have shone forth ; and the western world, which is indebted to them for the rudiments of science, and the spirit that leads to the cultivation of science, might still have been in a state of ignorance and barbarity, no ways superior to that of the nations of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse which is essential to even a very moderate degree of civilization.

The river is a minister of health and purity. It carries off the superabundant moisture, which, if stagnating on the surface of the ground, would be injurious both to plants and animals. It carries off to the sea those saline products, which result from animal and vegetable decomposition, and which soon convert into deserts those places where there are no streams.

Of this we have many proofs ; in those warm regions which, through want of irrigation by water, have become deserts, there is always a crust of some of those salts upon the surface ; and the beds of dried-up lakes in warm climates contain quantities of the same, while all their vicinity is sterile. On the surface of the neglected lands, the coat is comparatively thin, but in the basins that once were lakes (as in some of those in Mexico) it is several inches, or even feet, in thickness. The greater thickness in the beds of the lakes, shows that there must have been an accumulation there while the bed was filled with water ; and hence it is evident

that the purification of the soil from saline compounds, deleterious to vegetable and animal life, is one of the most important functions of rivers ; and, if not so immediately necessary to the existing race of beings, at least essential to their permanent continuation.

Rivers also tend to purify the air, as well as to drain the earth of deleterious matter. The current of water that descends from the high ground, causes a gradual motion in

the air, by which that over different kinds of surfaces is interchanged. This is all that is meant by purifying the air. When it remains long over any particular kind of surface, it ceases to take up the effluvia, which, by stagnating, would be converted into a poison. It is by changes of this kind that winds, hurricanes, and thunder-storms, are said to clear the air : and what they do with violence, is silently done by the ever-flowing current of a living stream.

THE HOME OF YOUTH.

THE home of youth !—the paradise

Where buds and blooms the human flower
Unsmitten by the blight of vice,
Where yet no lurking fiends entice,

Where, nestling in life's spring-tide
bower,

Young joys and hopes dwell side by side,
And harmless passions playful glide !

Years rush along, and on their tide

We, chaff and straw, are swept afar ;
Deep we may wander deserts wide,
Mid ocean storms our bark may ride—

Red be our path in fields of war ;
The " Home of Youth," thro' life's unrest,
Smiles calm—an island of the blest.

Unbanished by the wild turmoil—

Fix'd, fervent, as a lover's prayer
For her he loves ; dear hopes the while
Around the heart delusive smile,

To end our circling wanderings there,
Though cares, griefs, time, have snow'd
the head.

For this the " Home of Youth " we seek ;
But ah ! the heart, the heart is changed !

And sorrow dims the altered cheek,
As slowly, tottering and weak,
We pace where buoyant childhood
ranged ;

Fields, woods, streams, mountains, all assume
A garb of monumental gloom.

Then let me seek mine early haunts,
Not in the gay green months of Spring ;
Nor when flush Summer proudly flaunts ;
Nor yet when lavish Autumn vaunts

Her wealth, while blithesome reapers
sing ;

Nor wish I the broad glare of day
To light me on my homeward way.

When days that smile and glow are past ;
When withered leaves the ground be-
strew ;

When in the mountains moans the blast,

While murky clouds the sky o'ercast,
Save here and there a star peeps through ;
Alone, by night, while winter reigns,
Let me revisit youthful scenes.

Then, marshalled 'neath the midnight
sky,

Each joy that cheered youth's hour of
bloom

Shall sweep in solemn pageant by,
With shadowy form, cold, meteor eye,
And beckoning hand half hid in gloom,
Checking my very life-blood's flow,
As on the silent phantoms go.

Following these visions let me tread

With reverend awe that haunted ground,
On mine old violet-sprinkled bed,
Time-hallowed, let me stoop my head,
And list the humming, spectral sound,
That on my musing ear shall pour,
Charged with the voice of days no more.

Oh ! scenes that mock description's power !

So bright, so beautiful ye seem ;
Such Eden-hues tint every flower,
Such Eden-airs breathe through each bower,
Fair as ye rise in memory's dream !
Be mine in night's still, sable reign,
To trace your sacred bournes again !

And though, Home of my youth ! no more,

With the wild rapture of a boy,
Can I bound thy green mountains o'er,
Yet, yet thou shalt to me restore
A deeper, and a holier joy ;
A second milder youth shall fall
Soft o'er my heart at thy recall !

And many a feeling strong and deep,
And fervent, as from heaven it came,
Roused from its world-enchanted sleep,
Upon my heart again shall sweep
Quick-thrilling as a breath of flame,
Restoring to my parting soul
All that time, sin, affliction stole.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

North.—HAD you your choice, James, pray what sort of a bird would you be ?

Shepherd.—I wad transmigrate intil a gae hantle. And, first and foremost, for royal ambition is the poet's sin, I would be an Eagle. Higher than ever in his balloon did Lunardi soar, would I shoot up into heaven. Poised in that empyreal air, where nae storm-current flows, far up abune the region of clouds, with wide-spread and unquivering wings would I hang in the virgin sunshine. Nae human ee should see me in my cerulean tabernacle—but mine should see the human specks by the sides of rocks and rivers, creeping and crawling, like worms as they are, over their miserable earthly flats, or toiling, like reptiles as they are, up their majestic molehills. Down with a sughing swoop in one moment would I descend a league of atmosphere, still miles and miles above all the dwarf mountain-taps and pigmy forests. Ae headlong lapse mair, and my ears would drink the faint thunder of some puny cataract ; another mile in a moment nearer the poor humble earth, and, lo ! the woods are what men call majestic, the vales wide, and the mountains magnificent. That pitiful bit of smoke is a city—a metropolitan city. I cross it wi' ae wave of my wing. An army is on the plain, and they are indeed a ludicrous lot of Lilliputians.

They march with weapons in their hands,
Their banners bright displaying ;
And all the while their music bands
Triumphant tunes are playing !

The rags are indeed most sublime, waving to the squeak of penny trumpets. Aye, the cloud below my claws begins to rain, and the martial array is getting a thorough soaking—those noble animals, horses, like so many regiments of half-drowned rats. Too contemptible to look at—so away up again to the sky-heart, and for an hour's float far, far above the sea.

Tiny though they be, I love to look on those thousand isles, mottling the main with beauty ; nor do I despise the wave-wanderers, whom Britannia calls her men-of-war. Guided by needle still trummlingly obedient to the pole, on go the giant-cockleshells, which Heaven save from wreck, nor in storm may one single pop-gun be flung overboard ! But God-given instinct is my compass—and when the blackness of night is on my eyes, straight as an arrow or a sunbeam I shoot along the firmament, nor, obedient to that unerring impeller, deviate a mile-breadth from the line that leads direct from the Grampians to the Andes.—The roar of ocean—what—what's that I hear ? You auld mannerless rascal, is that you I hear snoring ? Ma faith, gin I was an eagle, I wad scart your haffets wi' my tawlons, and try which o' our nebs were the sharpest. Weel, that's maist extraordinary—he absolutely snores on a different key wi' each o' his twa individual nostrils—snoring a first and second like a catch or glee. I wunner if he can snore by the notes—or trusts entirely to his dreaming ear. It's really no that unharmonious—and I think I hear him accompanying Mrs. Gentle on the spinnet. Let's coomb his face wi' burned cork. [*The SHEPHERD applies a cork to the fire, and makes NORTH a Blackamoor.*]

North.—Kiss me, my love. Another. Sweet—sweet—oh ! 'tis sweet !

Shepherd.—Haw—haw—haw ! Mrs. Gentle, gin ye kiss him the noo, the pat 'll no need to ca' the kettle—

North.—Be not so coy—so cold—my love. “Can danger lurk within a kiss ?”

Shepherd.—Othello—Othello—Othello !

North.—(*awaking with a tremendous yawn.*)—'Tis gone—'twas but a dream !

Shepherd.—Aye, aye, what's that you were dreamin' about, sir ? Your face is a' ower blushes—just like

a white rose tinged with the setting sun.

North.—I sometimes speak in my sleep. Did I do so now?

Shepherd.—If you did, sir, I did not hear you—for I hae been takin' a nap mysell, and just awauken'd this moment wi' a fa' frae the cock on a kirk-steeple. I hae often odd dreams; and I thocht that I had got astride o' the cock, and was haudin' on by the tail, when the feathers gave way, and had it not been a dream, I should infallibly have been dashed to pieces. Do you ever dream o' kissing, sir?

North.—Fie, James!

Shepherd.—O, but you look quite captivat'ed, quite seducin', when you blush that gate, sir! I never could admire a dark-complexioned man.

North.—I do—and often wish mine had been dark—

Shepherd.—Ye made a narrow escape the noo, sir; for out o' revenge for you're having ance coombed my face when I fell asleep on my chair, I was within an ace of coombin' yours; but when I had the cork ready, my respect, my veneration for you, held my hawn, and I flung it into the ash-hole ayont the fender.

North.—My dear James, your filial affection for the old man is touching. Yet, had you done so, I had forgiven you—

Shepherd.—But I never could hae forgi'en mysell, it would hae been sae irreverent.—Mr. North, I often wush that we had some leddies at the Noctes. When you're married to Mrs. Gentle, you maun bring her sometimes to Picardy, to matroneeze the ither females, that there may be nae *scandalum magnatum*. And then what pairities! Neist time she comes to Embro', we'll hae The Hemans, and she'll ablins sing to us some o' her ain beautifu' sangs, set to tunes by that delighdfu' musical genius her sister—

North.—And she shall sit at my right hand—

Shepherd.—And me on hers.

North.—And with her wit she shall brighten the dimness her pathos

brings into our eyes, till tears and smiles struggle together beneath the witchery of the fair necromanceress. And L. E. L., I hope, will not refuse to sit on the old man's left—

Shepherd.—O man! but I wush I could sit next to her too; but it's impossible to be, like a bird, in twa places at ance, sae I maun submit—

North.—Miss Landor, I understand, is a brilliant creature, full of animation and enthusiasm, and, like Mrs. Hemans too, none of your lachrymose muses, "melancholy and gentleman-like," but, like the daughters of Adam and Eve, earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this every-day sublunary world of ours, where, besides poetry, the inhabitants live on a vast variety of other esculents, and like ever and anon to take a glass of Berwick's beer or Perkins's porter between even draughts of Hippocrene or Helicon.

Shepherd.—That's the character o' a' real geniuses, baith males and females. They're ae thing wi' a pen in their haun, at a green desk, wi' only an ink-bottle on't and a sheet o' paper—and anither thing entirely at a white table a' covered wi' plates and trenchers, soop in the middle, sawmon at the head, and a sirloin o' beef or mutton at the fit, wi' turkeys, and how-towdies, and tongues, and hams, and a' mainner of vegetables roun the sides—to say naething o' tarts and flummeries, and the Delap, Stilton, or feenal cheese—Parmesan.

North.—You surely don't mean to say, James, that poetesses are fond of good-eating?

Shepherd.—Na. But I mean to say that they are not addicted, like green girls, to eat lime out of walls, or chowin' chawlk, or even sookin' barley-sugar and sweeties in the forenoon to the spoilin' o' their natural and rational denner; but, on the contrair, that they are mistress of a moderate slice o' roast and biled butcher's meat; after that the wing of the merry-thocht o' a fowl; and after that again some puddin', perhaps, or some berry-

pie, some jeely, or some blawmange ; taulkin' and smillin' and lauchin' at intervals a' the while to their neist-chair neighbor, waxing wutty on his hauns wi' a little encouragement, and joinin' sweetly or gaily wi' the general discoorse, when, after the cloth has been drawn, the dinin'-room begins to murmur like a hive o' honey-bees after a' the drones are dead ; and though a' present hae stings, nane ever think o' usin' them, but in genial employment are busy in the sunshine o' sociality wi' probosces and wings.

North.—What do you mean by a young lady being busy with her proboscis, James ?

Shepherd.—O, ye coof ! it's allegorical ; sae are her wings. Proboscis is the Latin for the mouth o' a bee, and its instrument for making honey, that is, for extracting or inhaling it out o' the inner speerit o' flowers. Weel, then, why not allegorically speak of a young lady's proboscis—for drops not, distils not honey frae her sweet mouth ? And where think ye, ye auld crabbit critical carle, does her proboscis find the elementary particles thereof, but hidden amang the saftest leaves that lie faulded up in the heart o' the heaven-sawn flowers o' happiness that beautify and bless the bosom o' this itherwise maist dreary and meeserable earth ?

North. — Admirable ! Proboscis let it be—

Shepherd.—Yes, just sae. And neist time you're dreamin' o' Mrs. Gentle, murmur out wi' a coombed face, “ O, 'tis sweet, sweet ! One other taste of your proboscis ! O, 'tis sweet, sweet ! ”

North.—(starting up furiously.)—With a coombed face ? Have you dared, you swineherd, to cork my face ? If you have, you shall repent it till the latest day of your life.

Shepherd.—You surely will forgive me when you hear I am on my death-bed—

North.—(at the mirror.)—Black-guard.

Shepherd.—'Tweel you're a' that. I ca' that epithet *multum in parvo*.

You're a maist complete blackguard—that's beyond a' manner o' doot. Whatn' whites o' een ! and whatn' whites o' teeth ! But your hair's no half grizzly aneuch for a blackamoor—at least an African ane—and gies you a sort o' uncanny mongrel appearance that wud frichten the King o' Congo.

North.—Talking of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landor with a face as black as the crown of my hat !

Shepherd.—And a great deal blacker. The croon o' your hat's brown, and I wunner you're no ashamed, sir, to wear't on the streets ! but your face, sir, is as black as the back o' that chimley, and baith wud be muckle the better o' the sweeps.

North.—James, I have ever found it impossible to be irate with you more than half a minute at a time during these last twenty years. I forgive you—and do you know that I do not look so much amiss in cork. 'Pon honor—

Shepherd.—It's a great impruvement on you, sir—and I would seriously advise you to coomb your face every day when you dress for denner.

* * * *

North.—True, we of Maga are not so pompous, authoritative, dogmatical, doctoral, (perhaps, however, fully more professorial,) as ye of the Quarterly ; we have not the same satisfaction in constantly wearing wigs, and occasionally shovel-hats ; nor do we, like ye, at all times, every man's son of you, indite our articles with a huge pile of books encumbering our table, in a room surrounded by maps, and empty of all bottles save one of eye-water. Our mice do not come from mountains in labor, but out of small chinks and crannies behind the chimney-checks of our parturient fancies. When our mountains are in travail they produce mammoths. Absurd, trifling, and ridiculous, we often—too often are—ye never ; but dull, heavy, nay stupid ye sometimes are, while with us these are universally admitted to be the most impossible of all impossible events in na-

ture. In mere information—or what is called knowledge—learning, and all that—facts, and so forth—we willingly give ye the *pas* : but neither are we ignorant ; on the contrary, we are well acquainted with arts and literature, and in the ways of the world, up both to trap and to snuff, which, save your reverences, you are not always to the degree your best friends could wish. You have a notion in your wise heads, that you are always walking in advance of the public ; we have a notion in our foolish ones, that we are often running in the rear. Ye would fain lead ; we are contented to drive. As to divinity, ye are all doctors, some of you perhaps bishops ; we, at the best, but licensed preachers. Ye are all Episcopalians, and proud ye are of showing it ; we are all, or nearly all, Presbyterians, and think no shame to own it. Whether ye or we are the more or the less bigoted to our respective creeds, it is not for us to say ; but we do not

scruple to think, that on this point we have greatly the advantage over our brethren at the south. Anti-catholics we both are—and at the risk, perhaps, of some little tautology, we add—Christians. In politics we are steady as the pole-star ; so perhaps are ye : but clouds never obscure our brightness ; whereas, for some few years past, such is the dense gloom in which it has been hidden, your pole-star has, to the eyes of midnight mariners, been invisible in the sky. To sum up all in one short and pithy sentence, the Quarterly Review is the best periodical in the world except Blackwood's Magazine, and Blackwood's Magazine the best periodical in the world except the Quarterly Review.

Shepherd.—Haw—haw—haw !—maist capital ! O, sir, but you're beginnin' to wax wutty. You were rather a wee prosy about an hour sin' syne, but the toddy, I'm thinkin', 's beginnin' to work, and after a few jugs, ye tauk like an Opium-eater.

TALES OF AN INDIAN CAMP.*

THESE "Tales" purport to be the traditionary lore of all the various tribes of North America, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the Southern boundary of Mexico. In his introduction the author informs us that, about the year 1695, a society was formed at Paris, for promoting researches in the Western hemisphere, and procuring information on the origin and history of its ancient and present inhabitants.—Under the auspices of this learned body, an individual was sent forth, well versed, from his previous pursuits, in scientific and antiquarian research, and furnished with an elaborate code of instructions for his guidance. This agent, having spent three years in surveying the country West of the Alleghany mountains, and "speculated and theorised himself almost into insanity," determined at length to call

a general meeting of the Indian tribes, especially requesting them to bring with them their story-tellers as well as their pow-wows or priests, in order that he might learn all that was possible to acquire regarding their traditions. When this grand council met, their lodges covered a thousand acres, and the result was the stories now given to the public.

This introduction is clever, and the satire it conveys upon the crude and absurd theories that at different times have been broached as to the origin of the various people composing the original North American nation is well merited ; one writer having declared them to be "descendants of an extinct race ;" whilst others, with equal truth and plausibility, have proved them to be Mauritanians, Scandinavians, Gauls, Jews, or Phœnicians. But we wish that in place

* Tales of an Indian Camp. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1829.

of his introduction, the author had told us whether he obtained the information, here put forth, from a personal residence among these interesting people, or only gleaned his knowledge from the books so largely quoted in the notes to his work. If they are in very truth the oral traditions of the Indians, in the absence of all more authentic sources they rise almost to the dignity of historical records; but if they are the mere coinage of the writer's brain, however well devised, they sink to the level of nursery tales. From some incidental notices, however, scattered through the volumes, we judge them to contain faithful versions of Indian stories, and as such we strongly recommend them to all classes of our readers.

Our first extract shall be from a remarkably pretty tale, entitled "The Idols." It is in irregular blank verse, and the poetry is of the most pleasing description. We cannot avoid here making one remark: in this tale, as in others, whether in prose or verse, full as they are of local allusions—to war and hunting, wild forest scenery, and savage amusements—there is a range of thought and a diffusive eloquence of expression which render it evident that, unless the author has drawn upon his own resources, American Indian poetry and diction have been hitherto strangely misrepresented to us. This wild song of "The Idols" is chaunted by Little Snake, the principal chief of the Ricarees, in explanation of the worship paid by his tribe to three stone idols, standing on a small willow bank, near the Mississippi, two of which bear a strong resemblance to the human form, and the third a still greater resemblance to a dog. The tradition says—

"One was a Ricara boy,
And one was a Ricara girl,
And one was a Ricara dog.
My brother hears.
The boy and the girl were lovers,
And the dog loved both.
They loved each other more
Than the soul of an Indian loves his home;
The lodge of his wife and babes,
Or the graves,
The mossy graves,
The green and grass-covered graves,

Of his fathers mouldered and gone;
They loved each other more
Than the warrior loves the shout of his foe,
Or the festival of scalps,
Or the hunter to see the wing
Of a plover beating the air."

The boy and girl were betrothed
in their cradles by their fathers, and
they grew up as lovers; but whilst

"The maiden grew up beautiful;
Tall as the chin of a lofty man;
Bright as the star that shines
To guide the Indian hunters through
The pathless wild to his home;"

The boy as he grew up had no pleasure
in manly pursuits:

"He painted not as the warrior paints,
Red on the cheek,
Red on the brow,"

so that he was deemed an unfit husband
for the maiden, and she was told
by her father that the pledge must be
broken:

"What said the Ricara youth,
When he heard the stern command,
Which broke his being's strongest bond,
As ye break an untwisted rope of grass?
Sorrow o'erwhelm'd his soul,
And grief gush'd out at his eyes.
With an aching heart he left his lodge,
When evening gray-mist walk'd out of the
earth,

And wandered forth with his dog—
To the woods he went,
To the lonely, dim, and silent woods,
To weep and sigh.

Whom saw he there?
Does my brother hear?
He saw the maiden, so long beloved,
Her with hair like the grape-cluster'd vine,
Whose neck was the neck of the swan,
Whose eyes were the eyes of the dove,
Whose hand was as small as the red-oak's
leaf,

Whose foot was the length of the lark's spread
wing,

Whose step was the step of the antelope's child,
Whose voice was the voice of a rill in the moon,
Of the rill's most gentle song;
But oh, how chang'd!
Beaming eye and bounding foot,
Laughing lip and placid brow,
Hath the beauteous maid no more.
Slow is her step as a crippled bird's,
And mournful her voice as the dying note
Of a thunder-cloud that hath passed;
And yet she joys to meet the youth.
Into his arms she flies,
Like a fawn that escapes from the hunter's
shaft,

And reaches its dam unhurt.
Lock'd in a soft and fond embrace,
The lovers recline on the flowery bank,
And pledge their faith anew;
And loudly they call on the host of stars,
And the cold and dimly-shining moon,
And the spirits, that watch by night in the air,

Or chirp in the hollow oak, to see
The plighting of their hands :
They married themselves,
And man and wife
Became in the wilderness."

This is beautiful poetry, and is felt to be so, even under the withering influence of a translation :

"And they became the idols,
The man, the woman, and dog of stone,
That stood on the willow bank."

Our next specimen is entitled,
"Legend of the Happy Grounds—
Akkeewaisee the Aged :

"Let my brother listen to my words, and ponder deeply. Let him remain mute, and his questions shall be answered. He has asked the opinion which the red men of the wilderness entertain of the Country of Souls ;—he has asked us whither the spirits of good men repair when they sleep and no waking has come over them. Again, I say, let my brother listen deeply, for the words he will hear are concerning the question he has asked. We shall sing in his ears no tale of bloody deeds—of scalps taken from stricken warriors, or of victims bound to a flaming stake. Our songs shall be songs of a state far happier than that enjoyed by mortals ; we shall tell of worlds, the air of which is purer, the sun brighter, the moon milder, and the stars far more glorious—of the Land of the Happy Hunting-Grounds. As my brother will see, each nation has its own beloved place of rest for the soul."

"Akkeewaisee, the Aged, was sleeping on his bed of skins and soft grass, when the Manitou of Dreams came to him, and led him out of the hollow cave towards the Wanare-tebe, or dwelling-place of the souls of the Dahcotahs, and their kindred tribes. Onward they travelled for many suns, over lofty mountains, up whose rocky sides they were obliged to scramble as a wild goat scrambles ; now swimming deep rivers, now threading mazy forests, now frozen in the regions of intense cold, and now burnt in those of great heat, till at length they came to a very high rock, the edge of which

was as sharp as the sharpest knife. Waiting, at its hither end, their turn to essay the dangerous test of their good or bad deeds, the unerring trial of their guilt or purity, stood many souls of Dahcotahs, and others whom Akkeewaisee had known on the earth."

"Then came the turn of the good to make the trial of the rock. He saw pass safely over all who had been good to their parents, who had hunted well, fought bravely, told no lies, nor ridiculed, nor doubted, the priests. Having seen them all arrive in safety at the other end of the rock, the spirit conducted Akkeewaisee over also. They had yet a long way to travel, but they were guided by their observation of the encamping places of the souls who had preceded them. At each of these places tents were pitched, and fires always lighted where they could warm themselves, and rest until they had driven away the pains of fatigue, and recovered strength to pursue their journey. After many moons of weary travel, they arrived at the habitation of the Watkan Tanka, or Great Spirit. It was situated in the middle of a flowery vale, watered by cool and refreshing streams, and shaded by groves of larch and cypress. Many villages of the dead were scattered over it ; here one, and there one, like single buffaloes feeding on a prairie. Akkeewaisee asked if the souls of his father and mother had reached the happy vale, and was directed to the village in which they dwelt. He found, gathered in this village, the souls of all his race who had passed the rock ; the joyful reunion had there taken place for a long succession of ages—of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters : they now composed one great family. Their life—the life of all assembled in the valley of the Waktan Tanka—was blissful and happy beyond measure. They planted corn, which never failed to grow tall ; they hunted the buffalo through flowery vales, till they pierced his side with a never-varying arrow. Akkeewaisee asked the spirits if it was per-

mitted to them to revisit the land of the living. They answered never, except when children were about to die, and then their departed relatives recrossed the rock of judgment to guide their tender feet to their latest home.

"Having lain three moons in the trance, the soul of the Aged Mán re-animated his body, and he awoke: He related to the people of the tribe his dream of the land of departed spirits, and it has travelled down to my time as I have told it to my brother."

There is in this story all the charms of simplicity, without any of its childishness, particularly in its concluding sentence.

But, as we have before observed, the great interest of these volumes depends upon the truth of the narration; read with reference to the wild inhabitants of the woods, there is that in them which may furnish materials for much thought to the divine, and to the philosophic observer of mankind; whereas, without this association of ideas, all attraction ceases.

It is remarkable how many of these stories have reference to the times immediately subsequent to the arrival of Europeans in America. The first tale is an immediate instance of this; but a still more striking example is exhibited in "The Choice of a God," wherein the good and the evil spirits are represented as contending together for the service and worship of the Narragansetts. The good spirit bestowed a canoe, some tobacco, and some grains of Indian corn; whilst the bad spirit presented a bow and arrow, and, through the medium of the white nien, who *then for the first time* arrived on the coast, some rum:

"The Narragansetts tasted of the rum, and liked it so well, that in a little time they had drunk all there was in the bottle, and asked the Little Man if he had any more. 'Oh, great plenty,' answered he, 'the White Men, like those who came in the canoe, let me have it dog-cheap. I get almost all my worshipers by it; oh, I buy a great many worshipers by it. Yes, plenty of good rum—Indians may have it almost for nothing. The white men will bring me plenty of good rum.'

"If you will let us have plenty of drink, like that in the bottle, plenty of rum, you shall be our master," said the Indians. 'It is a great deal better than the Good Spirit's corn.'

"The bargain was soon made between the Evil Spirit and the Narragansetts. The Evil Spirit agreed that his white men should let the Indians have as much rum as the Narragansetts wanted, and they in return were to be his servants. So, from that day to this, the Narragansetts have served the Evil Spirit. They get from the Good Spirit the canoes which enable them to cross rivers and catch fish, and the corn which fills their bellies; but the bows and arrows which lead them to engage in bloody wars, and the rum which makes dogs, and bears, and hogs, and wild cats of them, they get from the Devil and the pale faces. Yet it must be told that neither Spirit has exactly kept his word. The Great Spirit sometimes withers the corn by withholding rain from it, or sweeps it away by sending too much; and the Evil Spirit often lets the pale faces drink up all the rum before it reaches the Indians."

ODE TO PATIENCE.

If there's a deity presides o'er rhyme,
And eke the rhymsters who so deftly
sing,
Beyond the stars, in some ethereal clime,
Where amaranthine flowers forever
spring;
This invocation to his throne sublime,

I hereby send aloft on seraph wing:
"Oh! grant me, with paternal partiality,
Sincerity, and eke originality."

For there be certain poets, smooth as Pope,
And bland as Chesterfield, and mild as
Gay;

Professed patriots, like the bard of Hope,
That jingle freedom's cap and bells for
aye;
Who, *inter nos*, though she should in a
rope
Dangle from gallows, *via* Botany Bay,
Would play as keen a knife at club or mess,
Laugh just as loud, nor draw *one* cork the
less.

And there are bards of *sporting* notoriety,
Who *hunt*, sans license, over Shakspeare's grounds;
Poach in the parks of Dryden for variety,
And tally-ho with vigor Milton's hounds;
Can pilfer Moore and Byron to satiety,
And filch the thoughts of Wilson without bounds;
Unblushingly can harry Walter Scott,
Then beg the public's pardon in a note.

Immortal names, whose glorious memories
And works shall be coeval with old time,
Have sung the lambent glories of the skies,
Faith, hope, truth, charity, in strains
sublime;
They've sung love, wine, and harmony
likewise;
They've e'en made death and desolation
chime
In various ages, and in various nations;
But few have eulogised thee, gentle Patience.

That task be mine,—and oh! thou placid
power,
Assist thy eulogist, I do implore thee;
And while I thus beguile a vacant hour,
Singing thy praises to make men adore
thee,
Lead me to contemplation's hallowed
bower,
And shed a portion of thine influence
o'er me:
Do thou and perseverance be my leaders,—
Pray shed thine influence also on my
readers.

Thou art a *Christian* virtue,—all allow
Thy claim to that bright name above
suspicion;
But thou can'st bless Turk, heretic, or Jew.
Even in the dungeons of the Inquisition,
Thou shedd'st such glories round the martyr's brow,
Survivors often envy his condition,
When his worn frame is tortured, rent, and
riven,
And Smithfield fires are blazing up to
heaven.

When gout and apoplectic symptoms cry
To Clodio's nephew, and his anxious
heir,
“We shall despatch your uncle by and by,
Prepare his shroud, and decorate his
bier,”—
Descend, bright being, from thy native sky,
Should Square-toes linger through another year;
Thou canst a most essential service render
To Hopeful Junior and his money-lender.

Deign to support the quondam man of
fashion,
When duns abridge hounds, horses,
wine, and food,
And when reluctantly he takes possession
Of antique tenements near Holyrood,
To shun a still more close incarceration,
Viz. Gothic rooms on Calton's classic sod.
Oh! may thy cousin-german, Resignation,
Console him there,—I've known his situation.

Oh! meek Intelligence, descend with
speed,
And bless that younker new escaped
from college;
Whose venerable hat contains a head
Replete with biblical and classic knowledge;
But whose thread-bare habiliments exceed
Comparison,—save first devoid of foliage;
Till by some *generous* patron he is chosen,
Receives a *cure*, and eke an antique cousin.

Oh! smile on him who's tortured with the
gout,
Whatever be his creed or his profession;
And on the hapless wight who has a suit
In pawn,—or pending in the Court of
Session;
On him who daily eats the bitter fruit
Of immorality and dissipation;
And on the irritable bard,—poor elf!—
Whose works are doomed to slumber on
the shelf.

Allay the fierce defiance, and the scorn
Of certain new-fledged authors,—hapless
wretches,—
Whose labors in an hour or two were torn,
By ruthless critics, into “shreds and
patches;”
Pour balm from out thy cornucopian horn
On the survivors,—one is “under
hatches,”—
Critics! A gang of literary clippers;
A testy race—except when in their slippers.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

PERIODICAL Literature—how sweet is the name ! 'Tis a type of many of the most beautiful things and events in nature ; or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—both the flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio—the leaves' are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self ; their circulation is wide over all the land ; from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in ; as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed ; and you see childhood poring upon them, prest close to its very bosom. Some of them are ephemeral, and their contents are exhaled between the rising and the setting sun. Once a-week others break through their green, pink, or crimson cover ; and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath flower. Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own flower-periodical. Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live forever—and yet are still periodical—though our love will not allow us to know when they die, and peœnix-like re-appear from their own ashes. So much for flowers—typifying or typified ;—leaves emblematical of pages—buds of binding—dew-veils of covers—and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies, and winged thoughts !

The flowers are the periodicals of the earth—the stars are those of heaven. With what unfailling regularity do the Numbers issue forth ! Hesperus and Lucifer ! ye are one concern ! The pole-star is studied by all nations. How beautiful the poetry of the moon ! On what subject does not the sun throw light ! No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine clear large type on that softened page. Lo ! as you turn over, one blue, another yellow, and another green, all, all alike delightful to the pupil, and dear to him as the very apple of

his eye ! Yes, the great Periodical Press of heaven is unceasingly at work—night and day ; and though even it has been taxed, and its emanations confined, still their circulation is incalculable ; nor have we yet heard that Ministers intend instituting any prosecution against it. It is yet Free, the only Free Power all over the world. 'Tis indeed like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die !

Look, then, at all our paper Periodicals with pleasure, for sake of the flowers and the stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the seasons themselves—the days of the week—and the weeks of the month—and the months of the year—and the years of the century—and the centuries of all Time—and all Time itself flowing away on into eternity. The Periodicals of external nature would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any Periodicals of the soul. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial ; remembrancers of the past—teachers of the present—prophets of the future hours. Were they all dead, spring would in vain renew her promise—wearisome would be the long, long, interminable summer-days—the fruits of autumn would taste fushionless—and the winter ingle blink mournfully round the hearth. What are the blessed Seasons themselves, in nature and in Thompson, but Periodicals of a larger growth ? They are the parents, or publishers, or editors, of all the others—principal contributors—nay, subscribers too—and may their pretty family live forever, still dying, yet ever renewed, and on the increase every year. We should suspect him of a bad, black heart, who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky—who would weep not to see one of its flowers wither—one of its stars fall—one

beauty to die on its humble bed—one glory to drop from its lofty sphere. Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease—whose blossoms are all sweet, and whose rays are all sanative—both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of nature's worshiper, bathed in music.

We often pity our poor ancestors. How they contrived to make the ends meet, surpasses our conjectural powers. What a weary waste must have seemed expanding before their eyes between morning and night! Don't tell us that the human female never longs for other, pastime than

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.”

True, ladies sighed not then for periodicals—but there, in the depths of their ignorance, lay their utter wretchedness. What! keep pickling and preserving during the whole mortal life of an immortal being! Except when at jelly, everlastingly at jam! The soul sickens at the monotonous sweetness of such a wretched existence. True that many sate all life-long at needle-work; but is not that a very sew-sew sort of life? Then oh! the miserable males! We speak of times after the invention, it is true, of printing—but who read what were called books then? Books! no more like our periodicals, than dry, rotten, worm-eaten, fungous logs at like green, living, leafy trees, laden with dews, bees, and birds, in the musical sunshine. What could males do then but yawn, sleep, snore, guzzle, guttle, and drink till they grew dead and got buried? Fox-hunting won't always do—and often it is not to be had; who can be happy with his gun through good report and bad report in an a' day's rain? Small amusement in fishing in muddy waters; palls upon the sense quarrelling with neighbors on points of etiquette and the disputed property of hedgerow trees; a fever in the family ceases to raise the pulse of any inmate, except the patient; death itself is no relief to the dullness; a funeral is little better;

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the yawn of the grave seems a sort of unhallowed mockery; the scutcheon hung out on the front of the old dismal hall, is like a sign on a deserted Spittal; along with sables is worn a suitable stupidity by all the sad survivors—And such, before the era of Periodicals, such was life in—merry England. Oh! dear!—oh! dear me!

As yet, periodical literature was not; and the art of printing seems long to have preceded the art of reading. It did not occur to those generations that books were intended to be read by people in general, but only by the select few. Whereas now, reading is not only one of the luxuries, but absolutely one of the necessities of life; and we no more think of going without our book than without our breakfast; lunch consists now of veal-pies and Venetian Bracelets—we still dine on Roast-beef, but with it, instead of Yorkshire pudding, a Scotch novel—Thomas Campbell and Thomas Moore sweeten tea for us—and in “Course of Time” we sup on a Welsh rabbit and a Religious Poem.

We have not time—how can we?—to trace the history of the great revolution. But a great revolution there has been, from nobody's reading anything, to everybody's reading all things; and perhaps it began with that good old prosier Richardson, the father of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison. He seems to have been a sort of idiot, who had a strange insight into some parts of human nature, and a tolerable acquaintance with most parts of speech. He set the public a-reading, and Fielding and Smollett shoved her on—till the Minerva Press took her in hand—and then—the Periodicals. But such Periodicals! The Gentleman's Magazine—God bless it then, now, and forever!—The Monthly Review, the Critical and the British Critic! The age had been for some years literary, and was now fast becoming periodical. Magazines multiplied. Arose in glory the Edinburgh, and then the Quarterly Review—Maga, like a new sun, looked out from heaven—from her golden urn a

hundred satellites drew light—and last of all, “the Planetary Five,” the Annuals, hung their lamps on high; other similar luminous bodies emerged from the clouds, till the whole circumference was bespangled, and astronomy became the favorite study with all ranks of people, from the King upon the throne to the meanest of his subjects. Now, will any one presume to deny, that this has been a great change to the better, and that there is now something worth living for in the world? Look at our literature now, and it is all periodical together. A thousand daily, thrice-a-week, twice-a-week, weekly newspapers, a hundred monthlies, fifty quarterlies, and twenty-five annuals! No mouth looks up now and is not fed; on the contrary, we are in danger of being crammed; an empty head is as rare as an empty stomach; the whole day is one meal, one physical, moral, and intellectual feast; the Public goes to bed with a Periodical in her hand, and falls asleep with it beneath her pillow.

But lo! arrayed in figure of a fan, and gorgeous as spread-peacock-tail—the Annuals! The sunshine strikes the intermingled glow, and it threatens to set the house on fire. But softly—they are cool to the touch, though to the sight burning; innocuous is the lambent flame that plays around the leaves; even as, in a dewy night of fading summer, the grass-brightening circle of the still glow-worm’s light!

One word embraces them all—Memorials. When “absent long, and distant far,” the living, lovely, loving, and beloved, how often are they utterly forgotten! But let something that once was theirs suddenly meet our eyes, and in a moment, returning from the region of the rising or the setting sun, lo! the friend of our youth is at our side, unchanged his voice and his smile; and dearer to our eyes than ever, because of some slight, faint, and affecting change wrought on face and figure by climate and by years! Let it be but his name written with his own hand, on the title-page of a book; or a few syllables on the margin of a favorite passage which long ago we may have read together, “when life itself was new,” and poetry overflowed the whole world! Or a lock of *her* hair in whose eyes we first knew the meaning of the word “depth” applied to the human soul, or the celestial sky! But oh! if death hath stretched out and out into the dim arms of eternity the distance—and removed away into that bourne from which no traveller returns the absence—of her on whose forehead once hung the relic we adore in our despair—what heart may abide the beauty of the ghost that, as at the touch of a talisman, doth sometimes at midnight appear before our sleepless bed, and with pale uplifted arms waft over us—so momentary is the vision—at once a blessing and a farewell!

THE CURE OF STUTTERING.

BY DR. ARNOTT.

THE most common case of stuttering is not, as has been almost universally believed, where the individual has a difficulty in respect to some particular letter or articulation, by the disobedience to the will or power of association of the parts of the mouth which should form it; but where the spasmodic interruption occurs altogether behind or beyond the mouth, viz. in

the glottis, so as to effect all the articulations equally. To a person ignorant of anatomy, and therefore knowing not what or where the glottis is, it may be sufficient explanation to say, that it is the slit or narrow opening at the top of the windpipe, by which the air passes to and from the lungs, being situated just behind the root of the tongue. It is that which

is felt to close suddenly in hiccup, arresting the ingress of air, and that which closes to prevent the egress of air from the chest of a person lifting a heavy weight or making any straining exertion; it is that also by the repeated shutting of which a person divides the sound in pronouncing several times, in distinct and rapid succession, any vowel, as *o, o, o, o*. Now the glottis during common speech need never be closed, and a stutterer is instantly cured if, by having his attention properly directed to it, he can keep it open. Had the edges or thin lips of the glottis been visible, like the external lips of the mouth, the nature of stuttering would not so long have remained a mystery, and the effort necessary to the cure would have forced itself upon the attention of the most careless observer; but because hidden, and professional men have not detected in how far they were concerned, and the patient himself had only a vague feeling of some difficulty, which, after straining, grimace, gesticulation, and sometimes almost general convulsion of the body, gave way, the uncertainty with respect to the subject has remained. Even many persons who by attention and much labor had overcome the defect in themselves, as Demosthenes did, have not been able to describe to others the nature of their efforts, so as to ensure imitation: and the author doubts much whether the quacks who have succeeded in relieving many cases, but in many also have failed, or have given only temporary relief, really understood what precise end in the action of the organs their imperfect directions were accomplishing. Now a stutterer, understanding of anatomy only what is stated above, will comprehend what he is to aim at, by being farther told, that when any sound is continuing, as when he is humming a single note or tune, the glottis is necessarily open, and therefore, that when he chooses to begin pronouncing or droning any simple sound, as the *e* of the English word *berry* (to do which at once no stutterer has diffi-

culty, he thereby opens the glottis, and renders the pronunciation of any other sound easy. If, then, in speaking or reading, he joins his words together, as if each phrase formed but one long word, or nearly as a person joins them in singing (and this may be done without its being at all noted as a peculiarity of speech, for all persons do it more or less in their ordinary conversation), the voice never stops, the glottis never closes, and there is of course no stutter. The author has given this explanation or lesson, with an example, to a person who before would have required half an hour to read a page, but who immediately afterwards read it almost as smoothly as was possible for any one to do; and who then, on transferring the lesson to the speech, by continued practice and attention, obtained the same facility with respect to it. There are many persons not accounted peculiar in their speech, who, in seeking words to express themselves, often rest long between them on the simple sound of *e* mentioned above, saying, for instance, hesitatingly, "*e* I *e*.....think *e*.....you may,"—the sound never ceasing until the end of the phrase, however long the person may require to pronounce it. Now a stutterer, who to open his glottis at the beginning of a phrase, or to open it in the middle, after any interruption, uses such a sound, would not, even at first, be more remarkable than a drawling speaker, and he would only require to drawl for a little while, until practice facilitated his command of the other sounds. Although producing the simple sound which we call the *e* of *berry*, or of the French words *de* or *que*, is a means of opening the glottis which by stutterers is found very generally to answer, there are many cases in which other means are more suitable, as the intelligent preceptor soon discovers. Were it possible to divide the nerves of the muscles which close the glottis, without at the same time destroying the faculty of producing voice, such an operation would be the most immediate

and certain cure of stuttering ; and the loss of the faculty of closing the glottis would be of no moment. The view given above of the nature of stuttering and its cure explains the following facts, which to many persons have hitherto appeared extraordinary. Stutterers often can sing well, and without the least interruption, for the tune being continued, the glottis does not close. Many stutterers also can read poetry well, or any declamatory composition, in which the uninterrupted tone is almost as remarkable as in singing. The cause of stuttering being so simple, as above described, one rule given and explained may, in certain cases, instantly cure the defect, however ag-

gravated, as has been observed in not a few instances ; and this explains also why an ignorant pretender may occasionally succeed in curing, by giving a rule of which he knows not the reason, and which he cannot modify to the peculiarities of other cases. The same view of the subject explains why the speech of a stutterer has been correctly compared to the escape of liquid from a bottle with a long narrow neck, coming—"either as a hurried gush or not at all : " for when the glottis is once opened, and the stutterer feels that he has the power of utterance, he is glad to hurry out as many words as he can, before the interruption again occurs.

PREJUDICE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

THOSE among my readers whose fate it has been to spend a great portion of their lives away from their native land, will appreciate the feelings with which, after an exile of twelve long years, I entered the steam-boat to visit my own dear France. The pleasure I then experienced was, however, greatly diminished by that feeling of awe which comes over the spirit of a man when, after a long absence, he reflects on the uncertainty of human happiness, and thinks how few of the friends who witnessed his departure with regret, may be left to rejoice at his return. My apprehension in the present instance was not altogether unfounded, for on my arrival at Paris I was much disappointed by the absence of *one* family, which, next to my own, I most wished to have met—that of the Marquis de la Tour, whose sons had been my playmates in childhood, and the companions of my studies in youth. They had both, during the reign of Napoleon, entered the army, where their talents and high character obtained them promotion ; but these could not save them from the danger attached to their profession. One died gloriously in Spain

at the head of his regiment ; the other was engaged in the Russian expedition, and as he was never heard of more, it is probable that, after having many a time braved death in the field of battle, he was doomed to meet it in a more terrible form, and perished of cold and hunger in the snowy wastes of Russia. Thus deprived of his two sons, who had justly inspired him with the highest hopes, the Marquis' paternal affections were centred in his daughter, who, when I left France, was a beautiful child, and promised to become one day a lovely woman. At the period now mentioned, she had just attained her twentieth year, and the delicate state of her health had induced her father to retire to a Chateau, which he had lately purchased, on the banks of the romantic lake of Geneva. On receiving this information, I determined to enter Italy across the Simplon, instead of proceeding, as I had at first intended, through Lyons and over Mount Cenis.

The road from Paris to Switzerland, through Dijon, has been happily compared by an English traveller to a journey through Purgatory into Pa-

radise. Holding the same opinion, I shall not attempt a description of it, but will confine myself to an expression of the joy I felt when, on the evening of the third day, I was informed we should, in the course of the night, begin the ascent of the Jura, and enter Switzerland the following morning. At break of day I was induced to leave the carriage and proceed for some time on foot, the better to enjoy the splendid and constantly varied scenery of this mountainous country. The road frequently wound by the side of precipices, several hundred feet deep, in which the streams descending from the mountains were heard, long after they had disappeared from the sight. Amidst the full enjoyment of this delightful scene, a sudden turning of the road presented the lovely lake of Geneva, with its still, blue waters reflecting the rays of the sun, then immediately over my head; beyond, appeared the plains of Savoy, whose lowly huts brought to the mind the idea of simplicity and virtue worthy of the golden age; further still, was seen the whole chain of the Alps, and in an open space between them rose Mont Blanc, lifting his hoary head far above the clouds, some of which were then sailing at his foot, anxious as it were to do homage to the princely mountain. This sublime and overpowering scene, which to have once beheld, forms an epoch in the life of man, struck me with such perfect admiration, that my first thought on viewing it, was a wish that existence should then be suspended, and that I might at once find myself in the presence of Him who created such wonders.

On my arrival at Dejean's Hotel, within a short distance of Geneva, I inquired for the residence of the Marquis de la Tour. Learning that it was eight miles from the town, I sent my card, and the next morning a *berline* drove to the door, out of which stepped the Marquis. I should have recognized him in a crowd, so little had time altered his appearance; yet,

when the warmth of our meeting had in some measure subsided and we spoke of the sons he had lost, the painful expression of his countenance showed that sorrow, if not time, had been busy there, and that, although the latter had not bent his form, the former had left deep traces on his brow. Unable to resist the pressing invitation of my old and excellent friend, I consented to accompany him at once to his house, and of so interesting a nature was our conversation, that before I was aware we had travelled half the distance, the carriage drove up a long avenue and stopped at the entrance of an old but well-built mansion, at the door of which a figure presented itself which it was impossible not to recognize. Madame la Marquise was one of those singular women, on whom, after they have reached a certain age, nature seems to make no impression. My recollection of her consisted in the idea of a tall, thin, upright, formal gentlewoman, with a head all cap, a body all *falbala*, and long, thin arms, the length of which could only be ascertained by that of the enormous *manchettes* under which they were buried. Such did Madame la Marquise dwell in my memory, and such I found her on my return;—the same formal, stiff, inoffensive woman as when her huge *touppée* and high-heeled shoes were almost a matter of as much admiration, as her *bonbons* and her *confitures* were a source of delight, to my earliest years.

Having received a hearty welcome, I was led into the *Salon* and introduced to her daughter Julie, in whom the beauty of youth well fulfilled the promise of early childhood. But, although her eyes had retained their wonted brilliancy, her cheeks had lost much of their former bloom, and there was on her countenance an expression of anguish, from which it was evident that the complaint under which she labored was too deeply rooted for the skill of the physician, unable to administer to "a mind diseased." Anxious to avoid any allusion to the

memory of her brothers, whose loss I naturally supposed had caused this alteration in her appearance, I purposely turned the conversation to my long residence in England, and spoke of its laws, its customs, &c. But to my great surprise, the mention of England produced upon my friends an effect I was little prepared to expect. The countenance of the Marquis assumed a seriousness almost amounting to anger, his lady appeared extremely restless, and their daughter, who at first seemed interested in the subject, became thoughtful and finally left the room under the plea of sudden indisposition. The Marquis probably perceived my regret and surprise at this untoward event, for inviting me into the garden, he commenced at once an explanation.

He was residing, he told me, in Paris, immediately after the peace, when foreigners of every nation, but particularly English, visited in crowds the capital of France. M. de La Tour, whose contempt for other nations was proportionate to the admiration he felt for everything belonging to his own country, for some time avoided these intruders, as he was pleased to term them. Observing at last, that they mixed in every society, he was gradually becoming reconciled to their introduction, when to his great horror he was apprised that a young Englishman had made proposals of marriage to his daughter, and that she, ignorant of the extent of her father's prejudice, and with a degree of imprudence for which she afterwards dearly paid, lent a willing ear to his proposal. The Marquis allowed that the circumstances and character of the young man who thus aspired to the hand of his Julie, were such as would have rendered the union rather desirable than otherwise, had it not been for the fact of his being a foreigner, and what was still worse in the eyes of the Marquis (himself a zealous Catholic), a *Protestant*. "I might reconcile myself," said he, "to his being a foreigner as we are likely to continue friends with England; I

could perhaps overlook the fact of his being the son of a merchant, since in his country the nobility think it no disgrace to unite their daughters with wealthy, though ignoble traders; but, to think that my Julie, the child of my heart, the only prop and comfort of my old age, should be united to a *heretic*,—give birth to children who would be taught to despise and deride the religion of her fathers; and finally, find a grave in a foreign soil, hopeless, on her death-bed, of meeting in another world the parents whose faith she had abandoned in this—Oh!" he continued, his lips quivering with anguish as he spoke, "this is a thought I never could endure! To avoid so dreadful a result, I determined at once to dissolve the connexion, and removed to this place, where I am happy to find my child submissive to the will of her parent, and gradually forgetting a man who, she is aware, never can be her husband."

"Are you sure," I observed, "that she *does* forget this attachment, and is it not more probable that her declining health is the result of a deeply-rooted sorrow, increased by the very efforts made to conceal it?"

"I do not believe this to be the case," replied the Marquis. "I have never myself conversed with her on the subject; but her mother, who made her acquainted with my determination, tells me she evinced at once a readiness to comply with our wishes, and has since appeared to shun all reference to the subject."

I expressed some doubts to the Marquis on the point, when he requested that I would satisfy myself and ascertain the fact from Julie herself.

The reserve of my young friend and my own apprehensions, for some time prevented me from carrying this plan into effect; but having, after a few days' intercourse, resumed her former familiarity, she entrusted me with the real state of her feelings, which had been, as I anticipated, concealed from her family.

The parents of Julie were, at the time of her birth, in circumstances far from prosperous ;—the dangers to which they had been exposed during the French Revolution, the horrors of that period and their own personal sufferings, had given their minds a serious turn ; having witnessed the evils of infidelity, they had determined upon giving their children the advantage of a religious education. The character of their daughter amply repaid them for the pains they bestowed upon her. It is true, that in an unguarded moment she listened, unknown to her parents, to the advances of a man, whom she had every reason to esteem ; but the instant she discovered that this attachment destroyed the peace of her father, she determined, as much as lay in her power, to control her feelings, and overcome her passion. The effort, however, was vain. Loving with all the ardor of a woman, but desirous to obey with all the submission due from a child, she sacrificed her love to her sense of duty, and was evidently falling a victim to the struggle that took place in her breast between passion and principle.

Finding that I was already in possession of her secret, and looking on me as a brother, Julie made me the confidant of her feelings, which I hastened to make known to her father. He could hardly at first believe my assertion ; nor was he, when I had convinced him, more willing to consent to a union, against which his national and religious prejudices had given him so much antipathy. But when I represented to him, that by persisting in his refusal he was consigning to an early grave his only child, the sole support of his declining years, I could, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, perceive that the feelings of the father overcame the prejudices of the man ; and, on my undertaking to exact a promise from Mr. Aubrey (the unwilling cause of his anxiety) that Julie should be allowed occasionally to visit her native land and to retain the faith of her fathers, he finally promised that if I

were able to accomplish this, he would no longer oppose the marriage.

On leaving the Chateau, I carried with me, not only the hopes of Julie, but the wishes of the Marquis for the successful termination of an event on which he now well saw that both the happiness and the life of his child depended. My first thought, therefore, on reaching London, was to send for Mr. Aubrey, whom I found such as he had been described to me, and from whom I had no difficulty in obtaining the desired promise, that Julie should be left entirely free as regarded her religion. But here another difficulty presented itself, which I had not foreseen, and which threatened to baffle all my hopes of success. This young Englishman was the son of a highly respectable and wealthy merchant, residing in London. His father was one of that class of men of whose integrity it is impossible to doubt. As prudent in the management of his family as in that of his business, Mr. A. sen. exacted from his children, as he did from his clerks, unbounded obedience. Among the many qualities which distinguished him, was a strict attention to fulfil what he called his religious duties ; that is, he attended divine service regularly every Sunday, and the absence of any member of his family from the large pew, in front of the gallery in the church of —, near Portland-place, was sure to cause numerous inquiries at his house on the following morning, for that person whose absence had excited general observation. Nor was this the only proof Mr. Aubrey gave, of a religious disposition. His name was to be found on the list of subscribers to most charitable institutions ; his wife was patroness of the Sunday school, and his daughters took a great interest in the success of an infant school, which was about to be established in their neighborhood.

Yet, notwithstanding his strict attention to these very proper duties, Mr. Aubrey was at heart anything but a Christian, and religion was with him

a matter, not of feeling, but of convenience. To be *respectable*, was the resolution he had formed when he began life, and to accomplish it had been the aim of that life. It was considered respectable for people of his station to be present at church with their families, on the sabbath-day ; therefore he was always there. A similar motive actuated him in the fulfilment of every other obligation, and if he exacted the same attention to religious duties from his children, it was not for the good of their souls, but for the respectability of his house. The sole lesson he seemed to have learned from the Sacred Volume, a splendid copy of which was every Sunday laid upon his table, was—that “wives should obey their husbands, and children be dutiful to their parents:” but to that pervading spirit of the Christian religion, which teaches charity unto all men, which should soften the heart to love, and bow the spirit to humility, he appeared totally a stranger. By profession, he was indeed a Christian ; but in practice, it had been vain to seek in him for a vestige of the character.

As may be supposed from this too faithful description of his character, I had but little chance of success in my application to Mr. Aubrey, respecting his son’s intended marriage with Julie ; and to quote one observation he made, will be sufficient to show the nature and the strength of his objection. “Sir,” he said, when I had made known the purpose of my visit, “I hate the French, both for their character and their religion ; and rather than see my only son married to a French woman and a Catholic, I would readily follow him to his grave.”

Argument was of course in vain after such an assertion, and I left him, dreading the consequences of the news it was now my duty to convey to my poor old friend, the Marquis. Some encouragement was derived, however, from the information I had received in a former letter. The hopes which

Julie had conceived, from my having undertaken to act as mediator, were strengthened when she received the letter announcing the readiness with which young Aubrey had acceded to the proposals I had to make. Her father’s last letter had informed me that her health was considerably improved ; and he had been assured by the physicians, that if her peace of mind could be restored, she might, in the spring, be considered out of danger. This information, and the knowledge I possessed of Julie’s amiable and virtuous disposition, led me to expect that the distressing news I had to convey would be less fatal than might otherwise have been apprehended. The answer I received from the Marquis confirmed this hope. Although the intelligence had, as might have been expected, strongly agitated her at first, she afterwards professed herself perfectly resigned to a fate which, she had assured her parents, had been foreseen. From the day on which the communication was made to her, she never again mentioned the circumstance ; but set about her usual occupations, if not with a light heart, at least with a cheerful mind ; and if at times sadness appeared on her countenance, the expression was but momentary. True it is, her mirth and usual gaiety had left her ; but these, it was supposed, would return with health and strength ; and what health, and strength, and the kindness of friends could not do, time, it was hoped, would accomplish. This hope, however, was unfounded ; for years must pass, and they may pass in vain, before the tree that has been scathed and seared, will bear either leaf or fruit. It soon became evident to all, except her parents, that the days of Julie were numbered, and that her end was fast approaching. Of this melancholy fact I had been apprised by a friend, who resided on the spot ; and the information was confirmed, when I perceived at the bottom of her father’s next letter, the following words, traced in pencil by

her feeble but well-known hand :—
" Consolez le quand je ne serai plus."

A few weeks after having given this fresh proof of the enduring strength of her affection, she determined to make her parents acquainted with her approaching death, of which they appeared totally ignorant—so blind is affection, and so ready are we to deceive ourselves ! This duty performed, she seemed to consider herself no longer as one of this world ; and, having spent a few days more in preparing for the approaching change, she at length, without a regret at the shortness of her life, but that it had not been more worthily employed ; without a tear but for the sorrow of her parents, dropped from their arms into those of her Saviour ; and passed, without a moan and without a struggle, from this world of darkness and of misery, to that bright and happy abode, "where the wicked

cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Thus died, a martyr to affection and to prejudice, one who, had she been spared, might have proved by her character an ornament, and by her virtues an example to society. Her little history, touching as was her fate, should not have found a place here, but for the hope that it might offer a useful lesson. Those of her own sex may learn from her unhappy lot, the danger of forming an imprudent attachment ; and, from contemplating the unfeeling and narrow-minded spirit which consigned her to an early grave, we may be led to remember, that of all the duties recommended by our holy religion, "the greatest" is charity, and that charity has not in the human breast a greater foe, than that spirit of self-satisfaction, whose origin is vanity and whose offspring is PREJUDICE.

THE POET'S ANSWER,

To a Lady's question, respecting the accomplishments most desirable in an Instructress of Children.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O'ER wayward children wouldest thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces :
 LOVE, HOPE, and PATIENCE,—these must be thy GRACES,
 And in thy own heart let them first *keep school* !
 For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it : so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of Education—PATIENCE, HOPE, and LOVE !
 Methinks I see them group'd in seemly show,—
 The straiten'd arms upraised,—the palms aslope,—
 And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never ! If HOPE prostrate lie,
 LOVE too will sink and die !
 But LOVE is subtle ; and will proof derive,
 From her own life, that HOPE is yet alive.
 And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies :
 Thus LOVE repays to HOPE what HOPE first gave to LOVE !

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When, over-task'd, at length,
 Both LOVE and HOPE beneath the load give way.
 Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, PATIENCE,—nothing loath ;
 And, both supporting, does the work of both !

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.

THIS singular vegetable substance was first brought to Europe from South America, about the beginning of the last century. Nothing, however, was known concerning its natural history till a memoir was presented in 1736 to the French academy by Condamine; in which it is stated, that there grows in the province of Esmeraldas in Brazil, a tree called by the natives "Hheve," from the bark of which, when wounded, there flows a milky juice, which by exposure to the air, is converted into caoutchouc. Some time after, the same tree was found in Cayenne by M. Freneau; and it appears from later researches, that this singularly elastic substance is procured from at least two trees, natives of South America: of these, one is called by botanists *hævea caoutchouc*, and the other, *jatropha elastica*. The American caoutchouc is usually brought to England in the form of globular narrow-necked bottles, about a fourth of an inch thick, and capable of holding from half a pint to a quart or more. They are formed upon moulds of unburnt clay, pieces of which are often found adhering to the inside. In its native country it is fabricated by the inhabitants into vessels for containing water and other liquids, and, on account of its inflammability, it is used at Cayenne for torches.

In the Asiatic Researches is an account by Mr. Howison, surgeon at Pulo Penang, of a substance exhibiting all the properties of caoutchouc, procured from the juice of a climbing plant, the *urceola elastica*, a native of that small island, and the neighboring coast of Sumatra. If one of the thicker and older stems of this plant is cut into, a white juice oozes out, of the consistence of cream, and slightly pungent to the taste. By exposure for a short time to the action of the air, or still more expeditiously by the addition of a few drops of acid, de-

composition takes place; the homogeneous thick cream-like juice, separates into a thin whitish liquor, resembling whey, and the caoutchouc concretes into a clot or curd, covered superficially with a thin coating of a butyraceous substance. If the juice as soon as secreted is carefully excluded from the air, it may be preserved for some weeks without any material change, but at length the caoutchouc separates from the watery part in the same manner, though not so perfectly, as it does by free exposure to the air. The proportion of caoutchouc contained in the juice by the oldest stems, is nearly equal to two-thirds of its weight; the juice from the younger trees is much more fluid, and contains a considerably smaller proportion of this substance.

According to the experiments of Mr. Howison, cloth of all kinds may be made impenetrable to water by impregnating it with the fresh juice of the *urceola*; and the pieces thus prepared are most effectually and expeditiously joined together by moistening the edges with the entire juice, or even the more watery part, and then bringing them in contact with each other.

Boots, gloves, &c. made of this impervious cloth are preferable even to those formed of pure caoutchouc, as they are more durable, and retain their shape better. If a sufficient quantity of this juice could be obtained, it might no doubt be applied to a vast variety of important purposes.

The color of fresh caoutchouc is yellowish white, but by exposure to the air it becomes of a smoke grey. American caoutchouc, in the state in which it is brought to Europe, being formed of a multitude of extremely thin layers, each of which is exposed to the air for some time in order to dry before the next is laid on, is of a yellowish smoke-grey color throughout: but masses of East Indian caout-

chouc being formed more expeditiously, are dark-colored only on the outside; when cut into, they are of a very light brown, which however soon deepens by the action of the air. Caoutchouc is perfectly tasteless, and has little or no smell, except when it is warmed; it then gives out a faint peculiar odor. The elasticity of this substance is very remarkable, and indeed is one of its most characteristic properties. Slips of caoutchouc when softened by immersion for a few minutes in boiling water, may be drawn out to seven or eight times their original length, and will afterwards resume very nearly their former dimensions. During its extension, a very sensible warmth is produced, as may be perceived if the piece is held between the lips; and on the contrary, when it is allowed to contract, a decrease of temperature will immediately take place. By successive extensions and contractions, especially in cold water, its elasticity is much impaired; but if in this state it is immersed for a time in hot water, it re-absorbs the caloric which it had lost, returns to its original size, and recovers its primitive elasticity.

At the temperature of about 40° Fah. caoutchouc begins to grow rigid, its color becomes much lighter, and it is nearly opaque, and, as the cold increases, it becomes still more stiff and hard. These changes, however, depend merely on temperature, for a piece of hard-frozen caoutchouc again resumes its elasticity on being warmed. The fresh-cut surfaces of this substance will unite together by simple contact, and, by a proper degree of pressure, may be brought so completely in union as to be no more liable to separate in this part than in any other. Its sp. gr. according to Brisson, is 0.933. It undergoes no alteration by the action of the air at the common temperature. When boiled for a long time in water, it communicates to this fluid a peculiar smell and flavor, and is so far softened by it, that two pieces thus treated, and afterwards strongly pressed, will

form a permanent adhesion to each other.

When heated to a temperature nearly equal to that of melting lead, caoutchouc runs into a black viscid fluid of the consistence of tar, which does not concrete on cooling, neither does it dry by long exposure to the air. When held to a candle it readily takes fire, and burns with a copious white flame, and a large quantity of dark-colored smoke, exhaling at the same time a peculiar, but not unpleasant odor: from its smoke a considerable quantity of very fine lamp-black may be collected. In dry distillation it gives out ammonia and carbonated hydrogen.

Concentrated sulphuric acid, when heated, acts with great energy on caoutchouc, reducing it to a black friable carbonaceous substance, the acid at the same time being in part decomposed, and sulphureous acid being produced. When treated with nitric acid, azotic gas and carbonic and prussic acid are disengaged, oxalic acid is left in solution, and the residue is converted into a yellow friable mass. By digestion in oxymuriatic acid the color of caoutchouc is discharged, it becomes opaque, indurated, and wrinkled, like tanned leather, but appears to undergo no other change. Similar effects are produced, though more slowly, by muriatic acid.

There are two circumstances which must always prevent the extensive use of the ethereal solution of caoutchouc, admirably qualified as it is in other respects for many useful purposes; these are, first, its expensiveness, and, secondly, the extraordinary rapidity with which the ether evaporates; thus rendering it impossible to lay an even coating of this varnish on any surface, and clogging up the brushes by which it is applied. In order to form tubes or catheters of this substance, the best method is to cut a bottle of caoutchouc in a long single slip, and soak it for half an hour or an hour in ether; by this means it will become soft and tenacious, and,

if wound dexterously on a greased mould, bringing the edges in contact with each other at every turn, and giving the whole a moderate and equal pressure by binding it with a tape, wound in the same direction as the caoutchouc, a very effectual union will be produced; after a day or two, the tape may be taken off, and the cylinder of caoutchouc may be rendered still more perfect by pouring a little of the etherous solution into a glass tube closed at one end, the diameter of which is a little larger than that of the cylinder of caoutchouc; which being introduced into the tube, will force the solution to the top of the vessel. Let the whole of the apparatus be then placed in boiling water; the ether will be evaporated, and a smooth and uniform coating of newly deposited caoutchouc will remain upon the cylinder.

The solubility of caoutchouc in cajuput oil was first noticed by Dr. Roxburgh. This is an essential oil procured in India, by distillation, from the leaves of the *Melaleuca Leucadendron*. The solution is very thick and glutinous; and is decomposable by alcohol, this latter uniting with the essential oil, and leaving the caout-

chouc floating on the liquor in a soft semi-fluid state. This, on being washed with alcohol, and exposed to the air, becomes as firm and elastic as before it was dissolved; while in the intermediate state between fluid and firm, it may be drawn out into long transparent threads, resembling, in the polish of their surface, the fibres of the tendons of animals, and so extremely elastic, that when broken, each end immediately returns to its respective mass. Through all these stages the least pressure with the finger and thumb is capable of uniting different portions as completely as if they had never been separated, and that without any clamminess, or sticking to the fingers.

The uses to which caoutchouc has been hitherto applied, are the following. It is chiefly used for rubbing out black-lead-pencil marks from paper, whence its vulgar name Indian rubber; it is of value to the chemist as a material for flexible tubes to gazometers and other apparatus; the surgeon is indebted to it for flexible syringes and catheters; and finally it enters as an essential ingredient into the composition of the best varnish for balloons.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

On where are the eyes, that once beam'd upon me?
And where are the friends, I rejoiced once to see?
And where are the hearts, that held amity's glow?
They are gone to the land which no mortal may know.
When shadows of midnight descend o'er the plain,
How drear is the path of the wayfaring swain,
Yet drearer and darker the road I must go,
Ere I rest in that land which no mortal may know.

Yet pilgrims who roam through the glooming of night,
Still hail the bright beams of the dawn coming light,
And though the approach of the morning be slow,
Its hope-kindled ray seems to lessen their woe,
And thus, when the tear drop of sorrow I shed,
And bend me above the cold tomb of the dead,
A ray of the future diffuses its glow,
As I look to the land which no mortal may know.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER IN PERSIA.

THE resident of the East India Company here frequently pays visits of ceremony to the Sheik. On one of these occasions I accompanied him.

The house is much larger and finer than that of the Imaum of Muscat, and a much greater affectation of pomp and state. He has always about him a guard composed of a fine body of *Shiraz men*, who are dressed in showy robes of different colors—red, green, blue, &c. They stood drawn up in a line in one of the courts; and when the Sheik passed, they slightly bent the head. Their arms consisted of small knives or dirks, and swords with Damascus blades. These men are got from the Prince of Shiraz; the Sheik, like other tyrants, being distrustful of his own subjects.

The place of audience was a species of open room or *veranda*, the floor of which was covered with costly Persian rugs or carpets, worth several hundred pounds; and, with the usual mixture of Oriental meanness, the curtains were composed of common-coarse sail-cloth, and the chairs such as you would meet with in a third-rate tavern or coffee-house.

His Highness's dress was very splendid, being composed of the costliest shawls, and silks lined with rare furs. The conversation was carried on in Arabic and Hindostanee, and turned on general subjects. Captain W—— wished him joy of a present he had that day received from the King of Persia, the arrival of which had been proclaimed by salutes of cannon and the display of flags. The Sheik gave a sly laugh, "*and sheepishly shook his head.*" The truth is, such presents are by no means coveted by the *grandees* of Persia. The person who receives a royal gift is expected to make a return of at least double the value. Old *Abbas Mirza* is very liberal in these kinds of presents, but in nothing else.

The Sheik looked faint and languid,

and Captain W—— recommended him to let blood. He agreed with him as to the propriety of the measure, but said, that being *Friday*, it would be unlucky to do it, it being the current belief of Mussulmen, that if a man were to let blood on that day, he would bleed to death. He smiled sarcastically while he said this, as if he considered it all in his eye. He seemed a very gentlemanly intelligent man, and asked us a great many questions, principally about our agriculture, and the formation of our farm implements.

We got no sherbet, but were twice presented with *calleons*, the Sheik's one being ornamented with gold and precious stones.

A grim-looking fellow passing by, he told us with a smile that he was his principal executioner. He was the most horrible-looking monster I have ever beheld. His hair was matted, and hung down over his dirty face, the expression of which was a most diabolical combination of cruelty, impudence, and cunning, forming altogether a capital study for a picture of the night-mare.

The Sheik shook hands with us when we rose to go away. During the audience we kept our hats on. We went and returned on horseback, the resident throwing small pieces of silver, according to usage, to the poor, who salaamed us as we passed along.

The *Bazaar*, which is pretty extensive, is covered over with bass work, and consists of one principal lane or street, off which, at intervals, smaller ones branch. The shops are small compartments, resembling, in shape and manner of building, the catacombs of a wine vault. They are about three feet above the level of the street, and are about six or seven feet long, and four or five in breadth. Here are sold all sorts of provisions and fruits, fresh and preserved; bone-framed looking-glasses from Russia, and ornamented ink-cases from Shi-

raz, besides every kind of merchandise peculiar to the country.

In one corner the clanking of hammers announces an armorer, or maker of calceons. In another sits a person with a small heap of rupees and pices before him, and a pair of scales, which proclaim him a money changer, while the timid and spaniel-like glance of his downcast eye proclaims him one of the degraded children of Abraham.

In passing through, you are not pestered with the importunate cry of "*what do you lack, what do you lack?*" If you inquire about an article, it is shown you in silence; and if it does not suit, you are permitted to depart without higgling or trouble. There are always crowds of idle loungers and busy bodies, who gather round when you examine a piece of goods, and are generally very liberal with their advice and opinion on the subject. Sometimes they advise you to purchase; at others, they dispute with the merchant, who seldom deigns to notice either their praise or animadversion, but sits quietly playing with his beads, or puffing at his calceon.

There are a good many antiques, chiefly from the ruins of Babylon and Persepolis, to be purchased here, consisting of coins, rings of silver and gold, amulets or charms, and cornelian seals, with figures of men, animals, &c. cut on them, some very finely executed. They are chiefly sold by Armenians and Jews. You cannot depend upon the authenticity of the

coins, as numbers of them are *manufactured*, for the behoof of the *virtuosi*, so skilfully, that it would require an adept to detect the imposture. The cut seals, however, you may depend upon being genuine. These antiques are generally sold at an exorbitant rate, but few are of general value or interest.

At the city of Shiraz a considerable quantity of wine is manufactured annually, chiefly by Armenians, and, though strictly prohibited by the *Koran*, is drunk in private by the majority of the Persians. A considerable penalty, however, is attached to the sale of it, which is made a convenient engine of oppression on the part of the governors, who find a good fat rich Armenian a very palatable fowl for the plucking. The wine is of all qualities; though the grapes from which it is made are perhaps among the finest in the world. They have not the art of turning them to proper account; more than half being wasted from their ignorance of the proper method of manufacture. The wine is very liable to sour, easily loses its flavor, and very seldom improves by keeping. I do not think it on the whole at all equal to the best of our currant wine. It is sold at about the rate of fifteen or sixteen shillings the dozen.

The Mahomedans express the utmost detestation of it in *public*. Some boatmen, who were taking a quantity of casks off to a ship, while I was here, put back instantly, and relanded their cargo when they discovered what it was.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse of Nile-water-green satin, with two narrow flounces of white, above a moderately broad hem; the flounces set at some distance from each other. The pelisse fastens down the front of the skirt by satin rosettes, and the body is made plain with *fichu*-robings, edged with white

lace, a double ruff of which encircles the throat. The sleeves are à l'*imbécile*, with lace ruffles. The hat of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with blond beneath and above the brim, and on the crown; with *bouquets* of pink exotic flowers, and their green foliage.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of buff-colored Indian taf-fety, with a broad Vandyked flounce round the border of the skirt; the points edged by green satin, brocaded with spots of scarlet. The body made plain, with a very wide paladin collar round the tucker part: from the front of this collar depend two points, fastening under the sash, and forming a kind of stomacher, the ends of which are concealed under a sash of Egyptian tartan, tied before, with a short bow and long ends. The sleeves are *à l'imbécile*, terminating at the wrist by a pointed cuff, edged by blond. The dress-hat is of the very lightest shade of celestial blue satin, spotted with scarlet; and is trimmed with white brocaded gauze ribbon, with a white *esprit* on each side.

MORNING DRESS.

A large, wrapping, *peignoir*-pelisse over a dress made of a similar material of some woollen tissue of a very fine texture, such as Lyonesse crape, or double Merino: the ground is of a yellow tint, approaching to that of *oiseau de paradis*, but not quite so bright, and is figured over in a pattern of flowers, of various colors. A large pelerine cape of the same depends below the elbows; from whence appear sleeves of the dress underneath, fitting close to the arm, terminating at the wrists by a broad black velvet cuff. A pelerine cape of black velvet falls over the cape of the *peignoir*. The hair is arranged *à la Madonna*, with a cap of fine lace, in the cornette style, but not fastened under the chin.

THE GATHERER.

“Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home.”

RUSSIAN PRISONS.

IN Moscow, in 1828, I visited the great prison. It is a large and circular building, enclosing a space sufficient for the exercise of the prisoner, and has a bath, to which, on every Monday and Thursday, a certain number of the prisoners are allowed to resort. The interior arrangement was not what I had anticipated, for whoever has visited the public establishments in Russia, will readily admit that more regularity and more cleanliness exist, than in any other country in the world; but in this prison I never remember to have seen more filth, or to have perceived worse perfumes in my life. The interior of each ward has two long planks, one on each side of the room, and running the whole length of it, on which the prisoners sleep, enveloped in a sheep skin, and huddled close together. I remember being astonished at the numbers enclosed in one ward, where no distinction was made between the felon, and the culprit for minor of-

fences. It was in the largest and best-filled ward, that while we were asking the cause of detention of some young vagabonds, a man past eighty years of age prostrated himself before the governor, and kissed the hem of his *shube*. His hair was as white as snow, his eyes dimmed nearly to blindness, which, assisted by the palsy, marked him as rapidly approaching his end. “Surely,” said I, this man can be hardly worth confining, for death will soon rid the empire of the hoary sinner; pray, what may be the crime for which he is detained?” —“This man,” said the governor, (with particular emphasis,) “this man has *lost his passport*!” I had often heard that no greater reproach could be used by one man to another than to say “You are a fellow without a passport.” But little did I think that the want of one subjected a man to a long confinement with half the felons in the country. This poor man had been confined two months, and had every prospect of remaining two

months more; he being old and useless, his master made no inquiries concerning his absence, and in all probability the poor old unfortunate man will die in the prison.

EXTREME TENUITY.

The thinnest substance ever observed is the aqueous film of the soap bubble previous to its bursting; yet it is capable of reflecting a faint image of a candle or of the sun. Hence its thickness must correspond with what Sir Isaac Newton calls the *beginning of black*, which appears in water at a thickness of the 1-750,000th part of an inch.

CAUTION TO THIEVES.

A chemist of Geneva has constructed a table of safety. Whoever attempts to possess himself of the money contained therein, without being in the secret, finds himself seized by an iron hand; a loud and noisy music, which plays for five minutes, announces the forcible detention of the captive; and, as soon as it has ceased to play, a battery of six pistols closes the career of the thief, unless seasonable assistance arrives to save his life.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

A seventy-four gun ship is building at Van Dieman's Land, with teak timber from Trincomalee, and, strange to relate, India rubber is now generally used in sheathing vessels, by straining a thin coat over the surface. India rubber cotton is also used as an impervious covering, wherever such is requisite; and the use of both will shortly be extended to England.

ORIENTAL MSS.

Some very curious Oriental manuscripts have been brought to St. Petersburg by M. Berggren, a Swedish traveller, who collected them in Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Egypt, during the years 1820, 1821, and 1823. Among them is the Secret Law of the Druses, one of the most important Oriental manuscripts

ever discovered, and which M. Berggren, assisted by Professor Senkovsky, intends to publish at St. Petersburg, with a French translation. He is also about to publish a French and Arabic Dictionary, which will be exceedingly useful to all Europeans travelling in the East.

LITERARY NOTICES.

IN Mr. Murray's new list of announcements we are attracted by some interesting works: for example—*Consolations in Travel*; or, the *Last Days of a Philosopher*, by Sir Humphry Davy.—A *Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles*.—The *Book of Psalms*, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with *Explanatory Notes*, by W. French, D.D. Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and G. Skinner, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.—A *Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati*, native of Ferrara, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabics, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and since acted as interpreter to European travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa.—The *Life of Julius Cæsar*, by the author of the *Life of Alexander the Great*.—On *Financial Reform*, by Sir Henry Parnell.—The *Kirby Letters*; a Family Tour from Yorkshire to Penzance.—*Principles of Geology*, by C. Lyell, F.R.S.—and The *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, comprising a great part of his early Correspondence, by Dr. Paris.

The *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, in two volumes, is nearly ready for publication, from the pen of Mrs. Thompson, the popular author of the *Life of Wolsey*, and *Memoirs of Henry VIII.* and his *Times*.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication a poem entitled *The Island Bride*, with an illustration by Martin.

IN THE PRESS.—*Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters*, with Autographs, by Mr. Leigh Cliffe.—*Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches*, by the Rev. R. Warner, F.A.S.L.—*Folio Illustrations of Indian Zoology*, from the Collection of Major-General Hardwicke, selected and arranged by S. E. Gray.—The *Poetry of the Magyars*, with an Account of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania, by Dr. Bowring.

Cottons & Barnard, 184 Washington Street, Boston, have in the press, and will shortly publish, "The Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, a History of the Lyre, and other Poems. By L. E. L. Author of the *Improvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, and the *Golden Violet*."

SPIRIT

OF THE

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A SKETCH FROM THE SCOTTISH BAR.

MR. JEFFREY.

THERE is an amusing passage in one of the comedies of Aristophanes, where the foolish old Strepsiades is brought in by some disciples of the Grecian philosopher, exclaiming impatiently, "Open the door, gentlemen, open the door, and show me immediately the great Socrates!" Feelings of similar anxiety animated me, during a recent sojourn at the northern metropolis, to see, and judge for myself of one of the most celebrated men of modern times; of one whose fame as a critic and a politician is so extensively diffused throughout Great Britain—who has exerted so powerful and permanent an influence on the literature of the age,—who is, in short, gazed on with admiration, as the very star of whiggism—I mean Mr. Jeffrey. I had for years been familiar with the writings of this distinguished individual, and in common with thousands of others, often trembled beneath the fulminations, and exulted in the victories, of this far-famed autocrat; and I could not, but with feelings of awe, approach the very Olympus of the Jupiter Tonans. I did not, in short, lose the opportunity of contemplating Mr. Jeffrey, under another than the usual aspect. I carefully considered his character and demeanor as a public speaker, curious to see whether his tongue was as powerful as his pen—whether he was equally great as a popular advocate, and an "Edinburgh

Reviewer." The result of my observations, I have thought, might be interesting and acceptable to the reader.

Next to the Great known Unknown, Mr. Jeffrey is, undoubtedly, the most prominent and admired character in Scotland. In Edinburgh, he is, in a manner, idolized. Walter Scott is his countrymen's ornament; Francis Jeffrey, their champion,—their tower of strength. He is their oracle, both of politics and literature; the theme of universal and untiring encomium. I had not mingled long in Edinburgh society, before I began to express an ardent curiosity to see and hear Mr. Jeffrey in the courts. My inquiries were answered by a reference to the Parliament House, with an intimation that, at eleven o'clock, on a certain day, he was expected to speak in a cause involving the liberty of the press. To the appointed place I repaired, a full half hour before the opening of the court, and had leisure to contemplate the stirring scenes of the Outer House—a long, noisy, legal promenade, filled with all grades of the profession. While I was gazing thoughtfully on the bee-like throng around me, the ringing of a bell announced that the Jury Judge had taken his seat. There was a general rush towards the door of the Jury Court, which I approached in the rear of the throng, just in time to be—too late. Whispers of "Jeffrey's up,"

were tantalizingly exciting—for I could squeeze in no more than half my left foot and one arm, and after remaining in this interesting position for some twenty minutes, I was compelled to return with my curiosity unsatisfied, and await some future opportunity. That soon presented itself in the late important trial of Cooper *versus* the Marquis of Bute. Jeffrey was retained by the noble defendant, and was expected to make a powerful and splendid effort to save a hopeless cause. In my way to the Parliament House, I pictured to myself the person of Mr. Jeffrey, according to the ideas of a man which one cannot help forming from a frequent perusal of his writings. He is, certainly, a tall, thin man—I thought, —somewhat elderly, with a rich Italian countenance, an eye full of brilliance and acuteness, an expanded forehead, a head thinly covered with black hair. There will be, I amused myself with conjecturing, both conscious power and dignity in his bearing, with some tendency to hauteur. Such was the portrait occupying my fancy—and similar ideas, I am convinced, are entertained of his person by nine tenths of those who have never seen him. On entering the Jury Court, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam was seated on the bench, and Mr. Robertson was opening the plaintiff's case. A little behind him sate the Great Unknown, with his slovenly black gown, his huge walking-stick, and a pile of MSS. before him; and on his right sate Jeffrey! I do not think I removed my eyes from him for nearly half an hour. But how shall I in words adequately picture him, whom every artist, from Sir Henry Raeburn downwards, has uniformly failed in representing? Sir Henry exerted his utmost skill, but to no purpose: he produced a work, beautiful for its coloring and proportion; but the spirit and life and character of the original were wanting; it was not Jeffrey. The first thing that struck me as peculiar in Mr. Jeffrey's appearance was, the absence of a wig.

On inquiry, I found that, for some reason or other, he has uniformly refused to wear one. The figure of Mr. Jeffrey was far different from the *beau ideal* I had so long cherished. Let the reader fancy himself standing in front of a gentleman busily employed in writing; of short stature—say, five feet and an odd inch or two—dressed in a plain suit of black, his slight figure enveloped in a black gown, hanging negligently over his shoulders; over and above all, wearing a pair of heavy tortoise-shell spectacles; and he will have a tolerably accurate notion of Mr. Jeffrey, as he sits day after day in the Jury Court at Edinburgh. To descend, however, a little more to particulars. As to his forehead, although some have characterised it as “superbly intellectual,” I confess I could not discover in it anything remarkable. Considering that the head is small, the forehead is certainly full and well developed, especially in those parts which the phrenologists have been pleased to allot to ideality; but as a forehead, it cannot be called either very lofty, or very capacious. When he looks up, it is furrowed all over with anxious wrinkles. His hair, short and thick, and once black, is now of an iron-grey color, and unaffectedly combed forward towards each temple, while the crown of the head is rather bald. His complexion is dark; and his features small, regular, and, when viewed in profile, rather handsome: his dark eyes are very brilliant and penetrating. Mr. Jeffrey's countenance is evidently that of a thinking man, and is never destitute of expression. That expression, however, did not appear to me to be power—such as frowns in the rougher lineaments of Mr. Brougham—but acuteness, energy, and vivacity. If I am not mistaken, there appeared, also, a settled expression of nervous irritability, or dissatisfaction, brooding over his features. On the present occasion, he was sedulously employed in taking notes of the facts and evidence of the case, not at all discomposd by all the noise around

him. When I reflected that I was gazing on *Jeffrey*, in that slender, quiet, unassuming individual, apparently inferior in consequence to all his bustling brethren, I could scarcely persuade myself that my eyes were contemplating so far-famed a literary autocrat ; or that so much power, so much bitter and searching sarcasm, so much refined subtlety, so much brilliant wit, in a word, so much versatility of parts, could, to use a homely English phrase, be packed in so small a compass.

Although the leading counsel of the noble defendant, and pitted against the formidable Solicitor General, Mr. *Jeffrey* did not manifest any symptoms of anxiety. He did not cease writing, except for one moment, when he suddenly rose and put a question, which exceedingly discomfited a very fluent witness. He then resumed his pen ; and continued so apparently indifferent to what was going on, that I began a second time to curse my ill luck in being disappointed, when I was assured by one of the counsel, that "*Jeffrey* would be up in a few moments." The Solicitor General had been on his legs for about an hour, answering several objections which had been started by one of the opposite counsel. As soon, however, as Mr. *Jeffrey* perceived him drawing to a conclusion, he collected his papers, which lay scattered on every side of him, and began to chew hastily some small lozenges, with which his left waistcoat pocket is always filled. After swallowing a cup of coffee, he moved on towards the jury, and stood within a yard or two of the foreman : I stood between the two. Taking off his spectacles, he put them into a case, slowly and deliberately, and commenced speaking with the most perfect ease and nonchalance : he might have been addressing a friend at dinner. There is something very attractive in his voice and manner of speaking. His lively and intelligent eye glances freely around him, and his motions, though few, are graceful and natural. The only thing that appear-

ed to detract from his perfect agreeableness (one has a right to be fastidious about such men as *Jeffrey*) was a certain mincing and over-refined Anglicism of intonation and phraseology, which seemed too artificial to be pleasing. He uniformly pronounces, for instance, the vowel *i*, with the quick and sharp sound of the English word *eye*, as in the word *idea* : "*I can't conceive*," is his favorite expression. For some time he spoke with rather a pensive and thoughtful air, which seemed to me extremely prepossessing, as indicating a consciousness of the difficult struggle he was commencing, and that he was marshalling into array all his resources. He kindles as he proceeds, slowly but perceptibly, into a less and less subdued vivacity and animation : nothing, however, of boisterousness of voice, no ungainly attitudes or motions, are ever to be detected in Mr. *Jeffrey*, even in the moments of highest excitement. There is perceptible throughout, the power, precision, and calmness of the thoroughly practised intellectual gladiator. I had heard much of his extraordinary fluency, but, truly, the half of it was not told me. Though I have listened to celebrated speakers in my time, I never heard any that rivalled the delightful fluency of *Jeffrey* ; reminding one, at every step, of the mellifluous line of Horace,

"*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*"

Though every sentence he uttered was worded with sufficient accuracy, and rounded with sufficient polish, to appear admirable in print ; though at one time his declamation was chaste and elegant, occasionally glowing with the richest flowers of rhetoric, and then, manly, bold, and spirit-stirring,—now the honey of dulcet sentiment turned into the gall of bitter irony and fierce invective ; though, throughout, his phraseology was choice and appropriate ; yet the eloquent speaker never once faltered or hesitated during a speech of three hours and a half—never appeared the least confused, em-

barrassed, or exhausted. I soon saw how much I had erred in thinking him indifferent to the interests of his client, by his apparent remissness during the earlier stages of the trial. The exquisite adroitness with which he strung together whatever had fallen from the opposite side capable of being tortured into a discrepancy or contradiction—the acuteness with which he detected and exposed the most artful fallacies—the calm, confident, and masterly style in which he contrived to make “the worse appear the better side,” and plucked all the weaknesses of his own case from the recollection of the jurors, to replace them with those of his adversaries; all this convinced me, that he had concentrated the whole powers of his mind on whatever had transpired during the trial, and afforded an apt illustration of the beautiful language of the late Mr. Canning, when speaking of a first rate ship of war,—“Though apparently passive and motionless, yet silently concentrating the force to be put forward on an adequate occasion.” I never before hung on the lips of a public speaker with such delightful suspense, unwearied for the long space of three hours and a half: his tones are so various, his allusions so extensive—in a word, his resources so inexhaustible, that he is never monotonous or tedious.

How I pitied the poor jurors! The Solicitor General had marshalled on his side a strong phalanx of law, so that when he sat down, each looked on Jeffrey as a man in the forlorn hope, with not a leg to stand on. Their faces were turned towards him with an air of listless expectancy, approaching to indifference; but as the speaker proceeded, I could perceive their features quickening into excitement and uneasiness, as though indicating a suspicion that they had jumped rather too quickly to a conclusion. Jeffrey perceived his advantage, but did not suffer it to hurry him. He kept his keen eye fixed on that of the foreman, and continued speaking with such a calm and convincing air

as seemed to ensure conviction. He called for a cup of coffee, and on its being brought, took it into his hand, stirred it with the utmost indifference and sang-froid, and continued sipping a little at short intervals. He looked as if he were at breakfast in his own study. Strangers, attornies, jury, advocates, and the judge, all gazing on him with fixed earnestness, and he sipping and speaking, and speaking and sipping, as if he were dictating at home to an amanuensis. The Solicitor General looked at the Judge, and he at the Solicitor again, and they smiled. About an hour afterwards, Jeffrey perceived the latter drinking out of a tea-cup. “Is that tea, or coffee, Mr. Solicitor General?” he inquired, pausing a moment—“if it’s coffee, I’ll thank you for a cup, for mine is done.” This certainly appeared rather artificial. He would occasionally fold his arms on his breast, and say, “Now, gentlemen of the Jury, let us pause for a moment or two, to look about us, and see where we have got to;” and then, with a few emphatic pauses, recapitulate his leading arguments, and thus keep them full in the recollection of his hearers. The facts of the case were shortly these:—“The late Lord Bute had appointed a Mr. Cooper, a theological student at Glasgow University, to be private tutor to his son, and after a few years, in compensation for his services, had presented him with a bond of annuity for life. Sometime afterwards, his Lordship procured Mr. Cooper some livings in Wales, to the amount of £300 a year; and in 1811, Mr. C. surrendered to his Lordship the bond of annuity. In 1820 he died; and the present action was brought by the father of the deceased, to claim from the present Marquis the annuity due from 1811 to 1820 inclusive. The case was tried on the two following issues: was the deceased sane or not, at the time of giving up this bond? and was the obligation extinguished by its surrender? The great point which the plaintiff’s counsel labored to establish was the insanity of Mr.

Cooper, at the time of giving up the bond; and, certainly, evidence was adduced, which was irrefragable. It was, however, wonderful to see the confidence and apparent sincerity with which Mr. Jeffrey undertook to grapple with the whole body of the obnoxious testimony, and explain away the most incontrovertible manifestations of madness, into anything but madness. He had a reason ready for everything. One circumstance adduced in strong corroboration of the alleged insanity of the plaintiff was, that he one morning leaped from his bed, with nothing on but his shirt and a night-cap, and sallied forth with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, in pursuit of a hen, which he chased thrice round the garden. This was a desperate fact, and stoutly sworn to; but our counsellor "found nothing in it indicative of madness"—and, after convulsing the court with laughter by a ludicrous caricature of this insane exploit, instructed the jury to look at it in no other point of view, than as the frolicsomeness of an eccentric young man! On one occasion, he said to the Jury, with the most impenetrable sang froid, "Gentlemen, I address you as men of *plain and simple understandings*." I observed the Jury; and each of them looked at the other with an odd air of wonder and concern, to hear themselves the subjects of such a sorry compliment! What I chiefly admired in Jeffrey was, his choiceness of expression, and singular felicity of illustration.

After all that I have said, I fear it will be thought a hazardous experiment, if I presume to present the reader with the substance of one or two loose notes which I took of many happy sallies of Mr. Jeffrey. Those who heard him well know the difficulty of the task. A further proof of Mr. Cooper's insanity was, that during his residence at Pembroke College, Cambridge, he groundlessly fancied himself the aversion of the whole University—shunned by the students and hated by the tutors—and, in con-

sequence, abruptly took his departure.

"And now, gentlemen of the Jury," continued Mr. Jeffrey, folding his arms on his breast, and standing in an easy and negligent attitude, "we come to another of the card-built castles of our opponents. Mr. Cooper, conceiving himself an object of ridicule to both students and tutors, abruptly leaves Cambridge; and is, therefore, forsooth, if we are to admit the clever casuistry of my learned friend, (Mr. Robertson,) insane. Why, gentlemen, every man who does a very absurd and unaccountable action, with his eyes open, may be called, to a certain extent, insane: that is, not of a sound, well-ordered mind. But with regard to this Mr. Cooper, I am apt to think his conclusions were not quite so chimerical and groundless, as to his being an object of curious speculation and droll remark to those around him. I will go so far as to say, that if I or Mr. Robertson were at Cambridge, and received similar treatment to that which Mr. Cooper received, we should be apt, at least I know I should, to decamp without much ceremony. It is, I say, very possible that Mr. C. might be shunned at Cambridge, and therefore feel inclined to run back to dear Scotland, and her consolations. This, I am apt to imagine, shows rather sagacity and spirit, than madness. Let it be remembered that Mr. Cooper went to Cambridge at a comparatively late period of life, when he would be no meet companion for his light-hearted juniors. And in what character did he mingle with the gay, spirited, and high-bred crowd, at an English University—with the bright tribes of Eton, Harrow, and Westminster? What did he appear to them, other than a great, gloomy, hulking Scotch Dominie, wandering about like a 'statue stepped from its pedestal to take the air,' having nothing in common with the viracious youngsters around him, but his cap and gown? And then again, when the fastidious ears of the Etonians would be shock-

ed by hearing the strains of Virgil or Horace shouted in the rich Northern brogue, and ghastly guttural intonations of Mr. Cooper, not unaccompanied, perchance, with a false quantity to add to its attractions; is there, I ask, anything extraordinary in supposing them to be amused with these and similar *gaucheries* of the raw Caledonian? Nothing more natural, I am sure, gentlemen:—the simple fact of the case is this: Mr. Cooper was very eccentric—a Scotchman—an elderly eccentric Scotchman, and his companions were very free and quizzical; the consequence was unavoidable. He was fair game for them; and not being able to stand the chase, he took to Scotland again for shelter. Now was not this the very best thing he could do?—I think it would have been a much more unequivocal symptom of insanity, had he remained at Cambridge. I cannot, therefore, but admire the ingenuity and hardihood of my learned friend, in grounding on this part of Mr. Cooper's conduct, a plea of insanity. Had I, in short, as I said before, been in Mr. Cooper's circumstances, I am sure I should have taken a similar step; but to be brought in *mad* for it, oh, it is preposterous!" I am conscious that this is but an imperfect attempt to embody in words the subtle, ethereal, and evanescent spirit of Mr. Jeffrey's wit and sarcasm. Had my reader been present at the delivery of the above passage, and witnessed the ease, readiness and spirit with which it was uttered, he would have been charmed indeed. After having been speaking for rather more than three hours and a half, Mr. Jeffrey sate down, apparently no more hurried, heated, or exhausted, than if he had been merely whispering a word or two across the table; sipped the remainder of his cup of coffee, drew on his spectacles, and recommenced writing as before. Most of the auditors left the Court; and after a sitting of six or seven hours more, the Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Though the Court did not break up till midnight,

Mr. Jeffrey was at his place the next morning to conduct another equally arduous and much more complicated case.

In Court Mr. Jeffrey is not chatty or communicative with his legal brethren; but, on the contrary, is silent and reserved. I do not recollect seeing his anxious and restless countenance once relax into a smile. He has his full share of lively sensibility, nay rather irritability, which is so frequently allied to great powers. I never saw a man more apparently free from vanity or conceit. His chief failing is an impatience in minor matters. The few opportunities I have had of observing Mr. Jeffrey more closely, convinced me of the truth of a remark made by one of his warmest admirers; that a "too restless display of talent, a too undisguised statement of all that can be said for and against a question, is, perhaps, the greatest fault that can be attributed to him." This remark applies equally to his writings and to his pleadings in Court. He appears too apt at times to sink the counsel in the reviewer; but, at the same time, he contrives to effect a corresponding change in his hearers. Whether, however, in his character of writer or speaker, it is delightful to follow his rapid and graceful movements from one sparkling sentence to another, and from one harmonious cadence to another; always lively, always ingenious, always piquant. As a lawyer, Mr. Jeffrey appears rather familiar with principles than practice; but paramount as he is in so many other characters, it is surely no heavy hardship for him to yield the palm of legal tact to others.

In company Mr. Jeffrey is, as a friend styled him, "a glorious creature." His buoyant spirits never flag, his intellectual energies never droop. He is acute, eloquent, and communicative to the last. Without being that odious thing, a professed talker, he is the life of the select circle in which he moves, the centre of attraction, the mirror of courtesy. You cannot advance anything differing

in any respect from his opinions, without being sure of a brilliant and often unanswerable reply. It is worth committing the fault, for the sake of the punishment. I cannot conceive a higher treat than to see Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Coleridge brought together, and engaged in a metaphysical struggle.

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

No man can be long in Mr. Jeffrey's company without a consciousness of being in communion with the concentrated spirit of the age. It is a man's own fault if he part from him without instruction;—without amusement, he

cannot. I have little more to add. In the above sketch I have endeavored to describe Mr. Jeffrey as he has not been described before; studiously avoiding the sickening tedium of repeating what everybody knows, namely, that Mr. Jeffrey is a writer and a politician. I am not aware of the existence of any description similar to the one I have here attempted, of Mr. Jeffrey as an *advocate*: and if I have been in some places too minute in my sketching, my only apology is anxiety to do justice to the character of one of the most distinguished individuals whom Great Britain can enrol among her many highly gifted sons.

OUR LADYE OF THE WEST PORT.—A LEGEND OF EDINBURGH.

DURING the latter years of the reign of the “Gude King James,” by which endearing appellation the people of Scotland long continued to record their opinion of Mary's ill-fated father, there dwelt in Edinburgh a wealthy merchant named Randal Charters. Like most of his brother traffickers of that day, he had visited many a far shore to introduce the luxuries of other lands, much to the pleasure of the king's lieges, and his own peculiar profit.

There is an old proverb extant, that one cannot wive and thrive in a year. This Malthusian-looking saw, Charters, however, contrived to contradict. During a short sojourn in France he fell deeply in love with one of the dark-eyed daughters of that pleasant land, and, being successful in his wooing, received as her portion a galleon-load of “Bourdeaux” wine of surpassing quality. This he disposed of, at a price as extraordinary as its flavor, to that venerable father and especial lover of good living, Walter, Abbot of Newbottle, and thus laid the broad foundation of his ample fortune. Years rolled on, and Charters grew rich and round, succeeding, in becoming rotation, to all the civic offices of the burgh, with the excep-

tion of the provostship, which in the days we speak of could only be attained by the powerful and the noble. His wife brought him only one child, a fair girl, on whose face of blended beauty the bright sunny smile of her mother-land, and the more staid and graver looks of her less favored birth-place, sate with an equal grace. His wife only lived to see her daughter approach the years of womanhood, and thenceforward Violette was to her father, wife, child, friend, servant—everything. She attended to his wants, and anticipated his desires—watched with an anxious solicitude every motion of his eye that could indicate a wish, and seemed indeed to have centred her own happiness entirely in procuring his.

Charters saw and felt the affection of his child; but it now failed in bringing tranquillity to the heart it had so often gladdened. The grief which his wife's death occasioned him became gradually converted into a settled despondency, accompanied by a morbid dislike to the affairs of life, as utterly useless—and to any indulgence of mind or body, as being dangerously sinful. This unhappy frame of mind, if not produced, was at least fostered and strengthened by the vi-

sits and conversation of Father Forrest, a Brother of the Greyfriars, a man addicted to more than ordinary austerities and self-mortification.— Under the dictation of this Greyfriar, Charters submitted to severe and often repeated fastings and disciplines. He joined in most of the religious processions, and attended rigidly to all the services of the church. He made considerable largesses to the Convent of the Greyfriars, and founded altars for the benefit of his own soul, and those of his ancestors in the churches of St. Giles and St. Cuthbert, and the Abbey of Holyrood. His house became a welcome resting-place to all sorts of wandering pilgrims, devotees, and palmers, with which Scotland then swarmed; while his crowns and Jacobuses were exchanged for a profusion of reliques of all and sundry saints and martyrs. All his endeavors, however, failed to restore that quiet sunshine of the spirit which had formerly gladdened him. On the contrary, his melancholy seemed to increase daily under the influence of the Friar, and the penances which he enjoined, until at length the unfortunate merchant shut himself up almost constantly in his chamber, where he was visible only to his religious confessor, or his emissaries.

It is not marvellous that in this state of seclusion he should have remained ignorant of one event, which he would have been perhaps the last to discover, even had he continued in full possession of his worldly faculties, and opportunities of using them.

Though Providence had denied to Randal Charters the blessing of issue male, it was not so with all his family. His elder brother, who possessed a small estate in the southern district of Perthshire, had been favored with "seven bold sons." The second of these, named after the merchant, had been selected by him as the future partner of his mercantile cares, and the eventual successor to his lucrative trade; and young Randal had accordingly left the hills of Menteath

when about fourteen years of age, for the urbane dwelling of his uncle, in the then fashionable suburb of the Cowgate. He conducted himself to the admiration of all whose approbation he cared aught about. His uncle esteemed him for the correctness of his calculations, and his dexterity in the mysteries of the leger; his aunt admired him for his devotion to the saints and to herself; and young Violette loved him dearly, without knowing or indeed caring why. Years superinduced upon the beauty of the boy the sterner graces of manhood; and with age came also the wishes and fears of that distracting, delightful period. After the death of Dame Charters, and the subsequent melancholy and seclusion of the worthy merchant, the young couple were necessarily left much together. They were besides cousins, but they soon felt symptoms of a nearer relationship. They found out one quiet sunny afternoon, while returning from a charitable mission to the Eremit of Sanct Anthony, that the passion felt by each was no ill-starred flame, destined to expire from want of feeding, but on the contrary a mutual long suppressed affection, now rapturously acknowledged, and its unalterable character confirmed by many a fond and fervid vow.

For many days the youthful pair were happy at the delightful realization of their secret hopes. Randal sighed for the hour when Violette should become, not more his own, for that she could not be, but as devoted to him in the eyes of others as she now was in his own, while at the same time he trembled lest a declaration of his love should provoke the displeasure of her father, and so separate them forever. This disclosure, however, he was resolved to make.

Violette yielded to his entreaties— for what maiden can resist the honorable wishes of him she dearly loves? and Randal, with a cheek pale as the page of his account-book, stood before the melancholy merchant, and, with a faltering tongue and hesitating

utterance, managed with some difficulty to explain his errand.

The time had been when the suit of his nephew might perchance have sounded unpleasantly in the ear of Charters, and when he would have looked among loftier men for a fitting bridegroom to his lovely heiress. That time was past. Rank he now held as nothing, and only valued wealth, as it enabled him to procure the benefit of religious prayers, and the intervention of holy saints. Besides, he valued his nephew highly, and felt assured of Violette's happiness, should it be placed under his keeping. After hearing his proposal, therefore, he gave orders for the attendance of his daughter, and having read in her downcast eye and crimson cheek the unequivocal evidence of her plighted heart, the father, motioning the pair to kneel before him, joined their hands, and, with a choking voice, blessed them as his children. He then signified that they should leave him; for the recollection of his own wedded happiness, and subsequent bereavement, came darkly over his spirit, and the bright tears trickled down his silver beard, even when he tried to smile at the happiness of his child.

Randal and his bride now looked forward to their marriage day, although with different feelings, yet with equal confidence of the certainty of its arrival,—she with a rosy modesty and amiable coquetry pleading for an extension of the time previously agreed on, which he, with a sternness of determination—which, though she upbraided, she loved him not the less for—most resolutely refused. So wrapt were they in the elysium of love's imaginings, that they perceived not the increased frequency of the Greyfriar's visits, nor the still deeper melancholy which they seemed to produce in Charters. Randal at length awoke to the conviction that Father Forrest disapproved of this approaching union, and was working on the mind of Violette's father to induce him to withdraw his consent.

Having communicated his doubts to Violette, he trembled to find from her, not only a confirmation of his fears touching the Greyfriar's purpose, but evidence how deeply it had prospered. Charters had repeatedly of late interrogated his daughter as to her love for young Randal, and the ingenuous answers which the blushing maiden gave him seemed at every renewed interrogatory to augment his sorrow.

A few days before that which had been fixed for the marriage, Charters, who had not for many weeks quitted his chambers, to the surprise of his family left his house in the company of the Greyfriar. He returned alone, and Randal, who watched his return with deep solicitude, was struck with the awe and resignation which seemed stamped on his pale countenance. As soon as he had reached his apartment, he sent for the youthful lovers. They came with trembling and foreboding hearts, and could easily read in the countenance of their father the sentence of their separation ere yet his lips had pronounced it.

He was for a few moments silent, evidently laboring under strongly contending feelings. At length he said, "My children, melancholy are the tidings I have for you both; but Heaven, alas! has willed that you can never be united."

These words fell like a death-knell on the hearts of the lovers. Violette was silent—for even in the extremity of ill the innate modesty of female virtue is invincible. But the color left her cheek and lip—her eye grew small and dim—and she would have fallen had not Randal caught her in his arms.

"Father!" exclaimed the youth passionately, "I will not lose her; nay, I cannot; is she not pledged to me by the spoken word of Randal Charters—by a promise which, once given, he has ever kept to his friend and to his foe, to his loss as well as to his gain? Oh, let not me be the first to rue the broken faith of the man whose honor is known and trusted wherever merchants meet."

"Nephew," said Charters, struggling against the emotions which convulsed him, "You say true. Never to mortal man did Randal Charters pledge his troth, and keep it not—never till now. Now, alas! he must so do, for heaven itself has so commanded. I promised thee my child, and I meant to have given thee my gold. Release me of my promise. Surrender my child, and my wealth is yours—all yours—from the argosy on the waters, to the crown in my purse."

"Uncle, wrong me not so bitterly. Gold without Violette is to me as useless as sunlight to the blind. Listen; I too will offer terms. Give me but Violette, here as she lies in my arms, and give to the sanctimonious villain who deceives you the worldly wealth he thirsteth for."

"Silence," cried Charters, interrupting him—"blaspheme not that holy man; were it not that I know the anguish of thy heart, so fall me but the words thou hast spoken were the last thou shouldst utter under my roof. Quit the apartment, and leave my daughter with me. Nay—Be-gone."

Randal knew that disobedience to his uncle's commands would only render him more unreasonable; and he therefore reluctantly obeyed. He placed the still silent Violette on a seat beside her father, and with a heart throbbing with surprise, anger, and sorrow, quitted the room. He watched the whole evening for the egress of Violette, anxious to gain her consent to the plan of flight and private marriage which his passion had dictated; but she came not forth till late, and when she did, she was accompanied by her father, who conducted her to her bed-chamber, and thus prevented any conversation between the lovers.

On the following day she kept her bed-room; and to all the reiterated messages of Randal only replied that she was well, and would meet him that night. Unable to endure the fever of the heart, which burned him up, he left the house, and wandering

to the Calton Craigs, stretched himself on the turf, and gazed in a reverie of mingled emotions on the blue waters of the Forth.

When he returned home he found that Violette and her father had left the house, but whither no one knew. After suffering the agonies of suspense for two long hours, he had the delight to see them return. He feared that Violette would again shun him as she had done throughout the day, but in this he was deceived. She suffered him to lead her to the parlor, and her father, so far from preventing their meeting, did not even follow them.

He led her into the room. Both were silent. She seated herself on the velvet stool he placed for her. Still she spoke not, but continued to gaze on him and every surrounding object with an air of unconscious abstraction, which showed the intensity of the feeling which absorbed her faculties.

"Violette, my own Violette, will you not speak to me?" said Randal.

This endearing appellation recalled the maiden's attention. She turned to him with a look of startled recognition—sent forth a wild and piercing shriek—and, throwing her arms around his neck, sunk in tears on his bosom.

"Randal,"—at length she sobbed out—"Dear Randal, we are doomed to part; all the pleasant dreams we two had formed for future happiness are indeed but dreams; visions from which we must now awake, never to dream again."

"Nay, nay, dearest, say not so; break not my heart; never will we part. This night—this very night—a gallant steed shall carry us to the Ferry; once across the Forth, we shall soon reach the merry glens of Strathearn, and there my brothers and clansmen will protect thee against all the peers, aye, and all the priests of Scotland!"

"In vain—in vain, Randal; it cannot be. I am the bride of heaven. To-morrow we part forever—you to seek in the cares and pleasures of the

world forgetfulness of me, and I, among the sisters of the Sciennes, to weep away my lonely life, unblest with one pleasant hour, save when I supplicate the saints for you."

"What!" cried Randal, breathless with amazement—"turn nun—you?—my Violette? a nun! oh! villain, villain! I see it now—the gray-cloaked ruffian. But it shall not be. I'll to the court—Lord Athole shall see me righted."

"Hush, hush," replied the maiden, placing her fair hand on her lover's lips, "you know not what you say. This is no scheme of Father Forrest; or, if it be, heaven agrees with him regarding it. Our Blessed Ladye has herself vouchsafed to appear not only to my father, but also to myself, and signified her will that I should profess myself among the sisters of the blessed Sanct Catherine."

"Nay, but Violette, how can you allow a silly dream—"

"It was no dream, Randal," replied Violette, interrupting him; "it was not in my sleep the command was given."

"How mean you? Our Lady, blessed be her name," said the youth, devoutly crossing himself, "has visibly appeared to you, and forbade our union?"

"Even so; within this hour I knelt before her, and heard her silver voice, in tones which mortal ne'er could imitate, invite me to forsake the world."

"You amaze me, Violette; how can I believe you?"

"Listen. You have doubtless heard of the holy man, John Scot, the Faster?"

"You mean the man who, being found liable in a debt, which, as he said, he did not justly owe, retired to the Sanctuary of the Abbey, and there, to prove his innocence, abstained from meat or drink for forty days together?"

"The same."

"I know him well; I saw him at the Cross, when, after having been confined by the king, in a private apartment in the Castle, for forty days without

food of any sort, he came to show himself unto the people. He was half naked, and mounting upon the steps of the Cross, pronounced an oration in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by whose aid he was enabled to fast not only for the time he had done, but for as much longer as he listed. What of him? He has long since left the country."

"He hath returned, and more honored by our Blessed Ladye than ever. Formerly she only appeared to himself, but she now vouchsafes to be visible to others at his intercession."

"Impossible!"

"'Tis true; as true as that I, Violette Charters, now speak to you. With these eyes I saw the heavenly visitant, and drank in audibly the sounds of her celestial voice."

"And she invited you by name to enter the convent of the Sciennes?"

"Alas! she did."

"And you obey?"

"Can I resist an invitation so awfully, yet so sweetly given?"

"Violette, my dear Violette, one favor at least is due to me. Let me with my own eyes see this vision; let me at least hear the words which are to shut you out from earth, and me from happiness, with my own ears."

"I consent, if my father agrees."

"I fear he will not; he is under the guidance of one who hates me as the means of hindering him of the prey he looked for. It is from you I must implore this favor."

"How can I grant it?"

"By refusing to obey the command until it is repeated in my presence. If this is no cheat, there can be no objection to this; if it be, oh, think of the misery we may escape."

Violette now promised to insist with her father on the condition which Randal had proposed, and then the unhappy pair parted for the night.

It proved a sleepless one to Randal. His mind was fearfully agitated by powerful but opposite feelings. At times his wishes induced him to believe that some deception had been practised on the senses of Charters

and his daughter, which it would be easy for him to detect and expose ; but the conviction was always momentary, and when it had subsided, he trembled to think that he might indeed be impiously opposing himself to the will of heaven expressed by the celestial being, who, if Violette were not deceived, had so condescendingly vouchsafed to manifest her glorious presence. Miracles, as is well known, have been in all ages resorted to by the Catholic priesthood as the most efficacious means of proving the truth of the doctrines they wished to inculcate, or of subduing the intellects of those they wished to govern ; and never were there more numerous or better attested marvels than those which happened during the years immediately preceding the Reformation in Scotland. Randal, who had been educated in the most entire mental submission to " the spiritualitie," as Lyndsay terms it, had an unhesitating belief in the possibility of such an interference as that he had been informed of, and it was only because the revelation ran counter to his dearest hopes that he ventured to doubt its reality.

After a night spent in these alternating feelings, in wishes of which he almost dreaded to hope a realization, and fears which he felt were impious and selfish, Randal rose with a determination to be guided by circumstances. Should the friar refuse to allow him to be present at the manifestation of the Virgin, he should conclude the miracle an imposture, and act accordingly. Should he consent, although his hopes would thereby be greatly lessened, he resolved as narrowly as possible to watch the progress of the revelation. If it indeed proved a true one, the course was clear, and he would not dare, even by a wish, to oppose the heavenly command, but console himself for the loss of his Violette by the recollection of the happiness which so favored a virgin must needs enjoy.

On the following day, the Father Forrest visited Randal according to

his custom. They were for some time together, and latterly Violette was sent for. Charters waited with a beating heart for the issue of the conference, which he rightly judged regarded his demand to accompany his uncle and cousin to the shrine of the Virgin. He was at length summoned to the apartment.

" Son," said Father Forrest, " you are, it seems, anxious to hear with your own ears the command laid by our Blessed Ladye on this virgin to forsake the world. Wherefore ? Do you not believe her report ?"

" Profoundly, Father," replied the youth, who saw at once the danger of appearing suspicious ; " but I would fain hear the heavenly voice myself, in order that its accents may forever eradicate the earthly passion which I have felt for the maiden, and that thus, so far from repining, I may myself with joy lead her to the grate of her sisters."

" He says well, Father," said the elder Charters. " It will be for his happiness. How can earthly eloquence convince like that of hers— '*Benedicta in mulieribus.*' — '*Ave Maria!*' " added he, crossing himself.

" *Ora pro nobis,*" continued the Friar ; and the devout ejaculation was repeated by all present. It was then agreed that the request of the youth should be complied with, and the Friar departed. There was a scowl of disappointment and anger settling on his pale brow as he left the apartment, which considerably revived the hopes of Randal, somewhat fallen by the consent of the Friar.

At sunset, Charters, Violette, and his nephew, took their way up the Cowgate. As they passed the Monastery of the Greyfriars, which stood in the Grass-market, Randal, quitting the party, ran hastily to the gate, and, interrogating the servitor who kept watch there if the Father Forrest were within, was answered that he had just gone out with leave of the Guardian. " Went he westward, brother ?" said Randal, hastily. This question being answered in the af-

firmative, Randal left the gate, nearly convinced that his uncle and daughter had been made the dupes of some artifice, in which, whatever it might be, Father Forrest bore his share.

When they reached the western port of the city, the keeper, who stood leaning on one side the gate, accosted the party. "Give you good e'en, Maister Charters—and you pretty Mistress Violette—and you too, young Master Randal. What! ye're a' gaeing to see Our Ladye o' the West Port, I fancy. May she be propitious to ye, gentles! May she mak you Provost, Maister Charters; and provide you, madam, wi' a befitting husband—though, now when I look again, I fancy that's done to her hand already,—and you, Maister Randal, a little mair wut, for I'm thinking ye'll get plenty o' siller." And here the man of keys indulged himself in a half audible chuckle, by no means agreeable to the merchant.

"Peace, varlet," he said angrily; "have you no respect for our Blessed Ladye?"

"Maist profound, Mr. Charters," said the gate-keeper, crossing himself, "and no ill will to her of the West Port; and reason wherefore, I likit her mither weel."

These last words were lost on Charters and his daughter, who had proceeded onwards without waiting the reply; but they sank deeply on the mind of Randal, who was now resolved at any hazard to unravel the mystery which enshrouded his hopes.

The party at length arrived at a small thatched house, which seemed, as it were, stuck to the gable of a large stone building of many stories. At the door of this house Charters knocked very softly, but it was not until repeated applications that it at last turned back, and exhibited the features of a middle-aged woman in a foreign costume. In answer to Charters, who inquired if Holy Father John were within? she spoke a few unknown words, and invited them by her gestures to enter.

A full half hour elapsed before the holy man deigned to make his appearance. He came at last; and his tall gaunt figure, and wan, wasted features, bore appalling testimony to the austerity which he had undergone. He was appareled with the holy vestures worn by priests when they officiate at the mass, and wore in addition a conical cap of yellow silk, adorned with several glittering gems.

Charters and his daughter made obeisance with the knee as the Faster entered the room; but Randal was too anxious to obtain from the features of the man a corroboration of his suspicions to observe this mark of reverence.

"*Benedicete, my children. Benedicete, Dominus vobiscum.*"

"*Et cum spiritu tuo,*" responded Charters. "We are come, most reverend father, to implore your intercession with our Blessed Ladye that she will again vouchsafe to manifest herself unto us, and declare her heavenly will regarding the maiden, my daughter."

"How," said the Faster, frowning deeply, "dare you to disobey the command already so clearly given. *Væ vobis!*"

"*Kyrie eleison,*" said Charters, beating his breast; we disbelieve not. But the youth here—the troth-plighted of my daughter—we wish that the celestial voice may charm away from his heart every earthly feeling for the maid."

"Son Charters, I love thee much; but I fear to comply with your request, lest my frequent intercession should offend her who is my guide by day, and my guard by night—who is my glory and my everlasting hope."

"Father, we will be grateful for the favor. I am wealthy, and——"

"Wealthy! Old man, of what value are your hoarded coins to me?—to me who, in the strength which is given me, am exempt from the degrading cares of humanity—from the fleshy appetites which alone make man the slave of man. In the Abbey of Holyrood, and in the castle of Maid-

ens—in the chambers of the Vatican and of St. Mark, and in the loathsome dungeons of the tower of London, I have proved my exemption from the infirmities of nature. Of what value is your wealth to him whose life has been, and will be spent in solitary wanderings among the Heathen disciples of Mahomed—the robbers of the Great Desert and of the Red Sea, and the cruel murderers who now trample down and oppress the lovely land ?”

“ I meant not, holy father—”

“ If I would preserve the favor of my divine mistress, I must not so much as handle money. Think you she can forget for what her blessed son was sold to shame and death ? Speak not of your gold.”

“ I meant it not for your use, father ; but she who honors you above all men knows better than I do the tears which it might dry up, and the broken hearts which it might heal.”

“ You say well, son ; I misunderstood you. Follow me then to the humble apartment which has been made more glorious than the most splendid room of king or kaiser, by the presence of her who is—*Benedicta in mulieribus*.”

“ *Ave Maria !*” sighed the merchant.

“ First, however, despoil yourselves of all metals ; for they are offensive to her we seek for.”

The merchant and Randal obeyed this mandate. The old man deposited a well filled purse and massy seal ring. Randal also laid his purse upon the table ; but entertaining a strong doubt of ever again seeing what was thus left to the discretion of the Faster and his attendants, he concealed in his bosom a dagger, and a posy ring given to him by Violette.

“ Now, unloose your shoes and follow me,” said the Faster.

The whole party having complied with this request, followed the favorite of the Virgin into an inner apartment. It seemed to be fitted up in the manner of a chapel, but the light afforded by two solitary candles did not admit of the furnishings being ve-

ry distinctly visible. After being a few moments in the room, however, Randal perceived that the two candles were placed on an altar, which was surrounded by several others unlighted, and on which were placed chalices and censers similar to those used in the celebration of mass. At the back of this altar there hung from the roof a veil of some dark-colored material, and the apartment itself was furnished round with hangings of the same kind. A few feet in front of the altar a wooden railing, also painted black, stretched across the room, thus preventing the votaries from approaching too near the object of their adoration.

“ Kneel, my children, now,” said the Faster, “ and aid by your prayers the supplications which I am about to make for you.”

He then entered within the railing, taking care to close the door behind him. The party knelt as directed—Violette and her father, with their eyes directed to the ground, and Randal, with his intently engaged in watching the operations of the Faster.

That personage continued kneeling before the altar for some time ; and although he spoke in an under tone, Randal could gather enough to convince him that it was the offertory to the Virgin which he was now repeating. All at once, and as it seemed instantaneously, the rooms were filled with a brilliant refulgence, the lights that surrounded the altar were illumed, the veil which had hung behind the altar removed, and, to the amazement—nay, the consternation of Randal—he saw, as it were, suspended in mid air, the figure of a woman. She was exceedingly beautiful, of a mild benignant looking cast of countenance, her hair being shaded over her fair brow, in the manner of the Madonna. She was dressed in garments of the purest and most dazzling whiteness, with the exception of a celestial blue scarf which floated from her neck. Randal was staggered—reason for a while yielded to the illusion of sense, and he was bending down his head in contrition and resignation, when there

issued from her lips, in a tone of uncommon sweetness, the following words :—"Violette, my daughter, why have you refused to listen to my words? Why have you allowed the love of the youth who kneels beside you to obscure in your heart the love of me?" Violette groaned bitterly as she heard these words, and the old man, beating his bosom, bemoaned himself audibly. Not so Randal. The voice had arrested his descending look; he saw the red lips parting as she spake, and perceived also the motion of her tongue and teeth. There needed no more to convince him that what he saw was mortal,—and in the energy of desperation, he plucked the concealed dagger from his bosom, and, making the back of the kneeling Faster his first stepping-stone, he was in a moment on the altar, with his left hand on the throat of the pretended Virgin. Brandishing in her eyes the dagger which he held in his right hand, he exclaimed, "False, impious minion, confess thy blasphemy or die!" The maiden, for such indeed she was, shrieked out, "Mercy, mercy, and I will confess all." Violette and her father started to their feet, and the former almost fainted from agitation as she observed the menacing attitude of her lover, and the imploring situation of his companion. The Faster disappeared.

Randal now leaped from the altar, and, handing down the girl, opened the door, and leading in Charters and his Violette, convinced them, by the evidence of their own touch, of the cheat which had been practised on them. The old man was so enraged at the discovery, that he was with difficulty restrained from striking the maiden.

"Who are you?" said Randal.

"Alas, Sir, I am only Mary Scot, the daughter of John Scot, the Faster."

"Was it him who induced you to cheat the people with this impious representation of our Blessed Ladye?"

"Assuredly it was. When we returned from abroad, my father joined himself to Father Doughty, who

works miracles at Loretto. I was employed by them as a cure-woman."

"What occupation may that be?" exclaimed Charters.

"Why, when Doughty wished to work a miracle, I fell sick, took strong fits, became dumb, blind, or paralytic, and then, after the ceremony was gone through, skilfully recovered. This was to Doughty a source of great gain; but my father and he quarrelled about dividing it, and so they parted. He then came to this place and instructed me to do as ye have seen. Pray ye, hurt me not. I sinned not willingly, for my father threatened to take me abroad and sell me to the heathen Turks if I refused to do as he commanded."

"I will let you free scaithless," said Randal, "if you will tell us who taught you the words you said to this young lady."

Here the girl changed color, and, looking uneasily around the room, Randal instantly conceived the nature of her feeling, and, seizing one of the lights, went round the apartment pricking the hangings with his dagger. At last a cry of terror justified his suspicion, and, tearing open the curtain, he dragged into the light Father Forrest, the Greyfriar!

"Speak, girl! was not this the man who instructed you in your lesson?"

"It was he," said the girl, trembling.

Charters looked for a few moments unbelievably as he saw the person of his spiritual guide detected in this den of impiety and imposture, but the downcast looks of the Friar too plainly corroborated the assertion of his accomplice.

"Can you tell," said he, "for what purpose, harlot, this scheme of blasphemy was needful?"

"He expected, when the Lady Violette should have become a nun, to prevail on you to give up your wealth for charitable purposes under his direction."

"Ha! the double villain—but the wretch is not worth a word. Come, my children, let us leave this cursed

place, ere the walls fall down in vengeance on the heads of these impostors."

Randal now conducted his bride, who still seemed only partially to understand the nature and consequences of what had happened, to the apartment they had first visited. It was empty, and the gold which the credulity of Charters had induced him to leave there, was, as might have been expected, removed, as were also the testimonials of the Faster's abstinence and pilgrimages. They hurried out of the house, heedless of the cries, which indicated that the counterfeit virgin was undergoing corporeal discipline, no doubt at the hands of the vindictive Friar, for the misfortune which had occurred.

Within a few days of this remarkable visit to our Ladye of the West Port, the anxious fears of Randal were forever quieted by the possession of the fair Violette; and the happiness of the new married pair was soon completed by the recovery of their father from the melancholy phrenzy which had so long oppressed him. He became once more the cheerful busy man he had been, and long before he had succumbed, full of years and honor, to the hand of death, he had the satisfaction of seeing Randal succeed to all the civic situations which he himself had brooked, and the happy father of a gallant brood, destined in their turns to defend the liberties and enjoy the privileges of the "Gude Town."

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE flush of Spring was on the rustling woods,
And, like a sportive child, the balmy May
Came smiling forth amidst her earliest flowers,
When, with a faltering pace and saddened brow,
I passed from scenes endeared by infancy,
To battle on the stormy sea of life.
Tears were upon my cheek; for I had left
My native dwelling, with its antique walls,—
And aged hands had rested on my head,—
And tongues, whose feeble accents were not given
To welcome my return, had bid me speed,
And prayed the might of Heaven to shield my course.
I paused awhile beside the rustic bridge,
Which threw its mouldering arch across the stream,
My noontide haunt, beside whose limpid wave,—
Contrasting with the hawthorn's buds of pearl,—
The hazel drooped its dank and humid boughs,
And, chequering the moss with clusters blue,
The slender speedwell flourished;—calm in light
The waters murmured onward, here and there
A moment furrowed by the insect's mirth;
A softened incense came upon the breeze—
The fragrant violet's breath; and on my ears
The merry bells rang out their joyous tones,
In well-known music from that house of prayer,
Whose turrets ivy-wreathed, and glittering vanes,
Arose above the distant forest's boughs.
I turned aside. The scenes of perished years,—
Remembered visions of the time when life
Is but a waking dream,—and that deep sense
Of beauty from the homeliest spot when left,
Though latent, or but feebly known before,—
Had passed across my mind;—but with them rose
The golden promises of youth and hope;
Thoughts of the hour when Fame should send me back
With honor from her thronged arena's space,
High deeds achieved, and danger's guerdon won,
To rest within the sacred pale of home.

It was a gorgeous eve ;—the first faint tint
 Of Autumn scattered o'er the stately elms,
 Whose leaves yet trembled in the slanting light ;
 And, on the western firmament, the glow
 Which canopies the ocean-couch of day.
 Again I stood beside that ancient bridge,
 And gazed in silence on the darkening flood.
 Peace, as of old, was dwelling there : the voice
 Of children, clamorous in thoughtless mirth,
 And the lone robin's chirp, from fading brakes,
 Spoke with a sound of welcome. On I passed ;
 But from my vacant dwelling none came forth
 To bid me enter. Weeds and rankling grass,
 The darnel, and the purple thistle's crest,
 Waved in the courts, whose hollow echoes told
 Of desolation, long and undisturbed.
 I wandered forth. The hum of busy life,
 And smiling faces, and familiar words,
 Were round me ; but from those assembled groups
 No voice of friendship rose : they knew me not,
 Themselves unrecognised. I stood alone,
 Amidst a peopled desert, sick at heart—
 The hope of years in one short hour made vain.
 I paused before a dim and sculptured porch,
 Whence came the organ's solemn harmonies,—
 A low, angelic strain, which seemed on earth
 Breathed by the tongues of heaven, to soothe despair
 And hush repining. Mournfully above
 Still waved the banner ; and the iris stain,
 On time-worn arch and sombre monument,
 Fell with fantastic hue. I entered in :
 There were the pillars gray, and warlike forms—
 My childhood's wonder—and the quiet niche
 Where first my infant lips were taught to pray.
 But round the walls were unremembered tombs,—
 Pale records of mortality,—which bore
 The names of those I sought. Apart from all,
 A humble stone revealed the resting place
 Of youth and beauty,—once the cynosure
 To which my hopes were led ; the blooming stay
 Beside a parent's age—the unconscious theme
 Which fired a hundred tongues : a drooping flower—
 An urn—a severed chain, disclosed the rest.
 Restore me to those distant climes again,
 The fragrant regions of the boundless East,
 Where waves the palm its dark luxuriance,
 And bends beside the stream the fleet gazelle !
 The pathless desert, and the blast of death ;
 The storm, the withering license of disease,
 And, worse than all, the lawless wrath of man ;—
 Even these were better than the sight of haunts
 Which mock the weary spirit's communings
 With one reply of grief : and, found at length,
 But speak of ties dissolved, and friendships past,
 And peace which life is powerless to renew.

SURVEY OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

THE following is Mr. Lloyd's account of the levellings carried on across the isthmus of Panama, to ascertain the relative height of the Pacific Ocean at Panama, and of the Atlantic at the mouth of the river Chagres.

The author having received from General Bolivar a special commission to survey the isthmus of Panama, with the view of ascertaining the most eligible line of communication between the two seas, arrived at Panama in March, 1828. Here he was

joined by Captain Falmarc, a Swedish officer of engineers in the Columbian service. Anxious to lose no time in the prosecution of their objects, they proceeded on the 5th of May to commence their operations; resolving not to be deterred by the difficulties likely to arise from the rainy season, which had just set in, from personal privations, and even from the dangers to which they might expose their health. Their line of survey commenced at Panama, and was continued along the old road to Porto Velo, till it came to the bed of the Chagres, a river which falls into the Gulf of Mexico. The greatest height passed over in this line was 633.32 feet above the level of high water at Panama. Their constitutions were now beginning to suffer from the continued exposure to rain; and they therefore determined, after building a secure station on the banks of the Chagres, to defer all future operations till the ensuing year, when the dry season should commence. On the 7th of February, 1829, they resumed their labors, carrying on their levels from a point of the river below their former station, and 152.55 feet above high water mark at Panama, along the course of the river to a place distant about twelve miles from its mouth, called La Braja, where the water in dry seasons is very brackish, and from which there is no perceptible current to the sea.

The result of this survey fixes the mean height of the Pacific at Panama at 352 feet above the Atlantic at Chagres. Between the extremes of elevation and depression of the general tides in the Pacific at Panama, there is a difference of 27.44 feet; but the mean difference at the usual spring tides is 21.22. At Chagres this difference is only 1.16 feet, and is the same at all seasons of the year. Hence it follows, that at high water, the time of which is nearly the same on both sides of the isthmus, the Pacific is raised at mean tides 10.61 feet, and the Atlantic 0.58 feet, above their respective mean levels, giving to the former an elevation

above the latter of 13.55 feet. At low water, both seas being below their respective mean levels, by the same quantities as before stated, the Pacific will be lower than the Atlantic by 6.51 feet; so that thus, in the course of every interval from one high tide to the succeeding one, the level of the Pacific is at first higher, then equal, and afterwards lower than the Atlantic; and then again passing back by the same steps in regaining its former elevation as the tide returns.

The great chain of mountains which extends from the Andes in South America, to the Mexican and Rocky Mountains in North America, is not, as is generally supposed, absolutely continuous through the isthmus connecting these two continents; for the northern cordillera, on the eastern side of the province of Veragua, breaks into detached mountains of considerable height, having steep and rugged sides. To these succeed numerous conical mountains rising from plains and savannahs, and seldom exceeding from 300 to 500 feet in height. Between Chagres on the Atlantic side, and Cherrera on the Pacific, the conical mountains are less numerous, and are separated by extensive plains, with only a few occasional insulated hills, of inferior extent and elevation. Thus it happens, that at the narrowest part of the isthmus a break occurs in the mountain chain, which, in almost every other part, is uninterrupted from its northern to its southern extremities; a circumstance which marks the spot peculiarly adapted for the establishment of a communication across. The author has laid down on his map two lines for a railroad, both commencing at a point near the junction of the river Trinidad with the Chagres, and crossing the intervening plain; the one to Cherrera, the other to Panama. The latter line, although the longer of the two, would have the advantage of terminating in a considerable city. The banks of the river Trinidad are represented by the author as being well suited for wharves, especially in the neighborhood of the

spot he recommends as the commencement of the rail-road. But as the mouth of the Chagres is impeded by a bar, he suggests the expediency of forming a communication with the adjacent bay of Limon, which in its

present state affords excellent anchorage, and which, by making certain improvements in it, pointed out in the paper, might, at a small expense, be rendered one of the most commodious and safe harbors in the world.

ON THE GENIUS OF MICHAEL BRUCE, KIRKE WHITE, AND POLLOK.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
While to the gale low murmuring through the glade,
He tempers sweet his sprightly warbling lay.—BEATTIE.

So fine his morals, so sublime his views,
His life was almost equal'd by his muse.—SAVAGE'S *Wanderer*.

Who would not sing for Lycidas ?—He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.—MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

VARIOUS writers have attempted, but all of them unsuccessfully, to bring the term genius within the pale of logical definition. The qualities, or combination of qualities, of mind it denotes, are of too subtle a character to be reached by the crucible of the grammarian or etymologist. While its power and effects, like those of the electric fluid, are too strikingly manifested not to impress the most vulgar mind, it is itself, as the cause, too inscrutable to admit of analysis. The uncertainty of its movements, and the waywardness of its light, tend also to destroy every datum for tracing its direction, or predicting its effect. The impression produced being then our only measure of its character and power, the estimate formed by various individuals, must in no small degree be dependent on their different degrees of feeling and susceptibility. There are, besides, other circumstances, which are apt to be overlooked in judging particularly of the genius of the poet, that often lead us insensibly either unduly to depress or elevate the standard of his excellence. There is a general tendency in the critic, for instance, to look at objects exhibiting *different* kinds of excellence in their structure with the same quick and intuitive glance, and while he will thus receive some favorable impression of grandeur or sublimity,

he may receive none at all of the nicer shades and delineations of beauty. "*Ut pictura, poesis erit*"—some pictures ought to be looked at from a remote, others from a nearer distance ; and, to extend the idea of Horace, the beauties of the one kind would just as little be appreciable at a distance, as the coloring of the other would stand a nearer scrutiny. If we may be allowed the illustration, we are also too apt, in judging of genius, totally to disregard the hemisphere in which it has appeared, and the character of the atmosphere through which its emanations pass, as favorable, or otherwise, for making them lustrous to the eye. In other words, the mental temperament and moral character of the poet, by the more equable feelings of harmonizing passions with which they harmonize, contribute in a great measure to lend his works the nicer shades, or the more prominent coloring of nature. The complexion of his temperament must thus be that of his works.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram ;
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, et angit.

Hence it is, that a poet of more placid feeling, and moral subjection in his emotions, can seldom produce as great an effect on the public mind, whatever abstractly may be the distinctive character of his poetical faculties, as the poet of uncured pas-

sion and eccentricity. One species of poetry, from the very nature of the feelings it embodies, as concerning the domestic and social affections, with which all think they are fully conversant—however fascinating they may appear in all the ramifications of their beauty to the eye of taste, can seldom produce any instantaneous general effect. We need not say how much, on the other hand, the workings and fury of highly excited passions constrain the gaze of the most cursory reader. The riveted interest produced by the works of some of our first poets is accordingly so directly dependent on their personal history, and so nicely blended with our sympathy and commiseration, that we could scarcely conceive their portraits to have any independent existence,—but always regard them as the faint shadowings of the unlicensed passion, or cankered melancholy of the soul “preying upon itself,” from which they proceed. There is no congeniality in the feelings, which these two classes of poets excite. While the poet of amiable feeling and chastened virtue would paint the tender attractions and placid enjoyments of domestic life and affections, he of “melancholy mood and scorched soul” would hang up, in fearful relief, the more terrible perturbations of passion;—the notes of the one “to the still sad music of humanity” might make us pause for a moment to mark their pathos and tenderness—the other, having no ear for such strains, striking a chord of deeper tone and less of earthly sound—

“Would wake the native fountains of the soul
that slept before.”

The one, like the zephyr, would exhilarate the flowery verdure and scenery of the heart—the other, to use an apt similitude, would, like the storm, “lay bare the rich depths of the human soul.” In the one we might behold the glare of the comet, on which all would gaze—in the other we might only see the beautiful tints and tender hues of evening, which few perhaps would mark.

We have made the above remarks because we conceive that they will be of service to us in illustrating the beauties of those writers whose names stand at the head of our article—particularly of Michael Bruce and Kirke White, whose poetry embodies the nicer and more tender emotions. We have classed them together for no other reason, than that prosecuting the same career of study, they cherished the same virtuous sentiments and ambition; and that they were similar to one another, if not exactly in the extent of their minds, in the complexion which the purity and moral subordination of their minds gave to their poetry; and alas! unfortunately, too much alike in that early blight which fell prematurely on their just expanding energies. It is not matter of wonder, that they left behind them no masterly pictures of the fierce and powerful passions, which the principles that regulated their lives never permitted them to nourish; and here it may be remarked, that it is too true, that however much the domination of such passions has contributed to deprave the poet, they have been often of service in the cultivation and extension of poetry. It was the spleen that Churchill's reception at Oxford kindled in his breast that instilled into the *Rosciad* much of its gall and venom; and it was the slighted indifference of Johnson that gave life and emboldment to the “insolent and loud Pomposo.” Had Savage's birth been other than it was, or had his temper been under better control, we might never have had his powerful delineation of misery and loneliness in his poem to Countess Macclesfield. The dark, distorted, and unnatural hue of mind that distinguished the “wond'rous boy,” gave a lurid shade of despair to his thoughts, too singular not to attract a deep feeling of sympathy—a feeling which the congeniality of his subsequent fate worked up to another little short of awe; and so the hidden volcano in Byron's mind required little more than the new flame which the Edinburgh Re-

viewers kindled, to make it burst forth and send terrific devastation on the moral world; and it was the identity of the passions of the poet, with those of his hero, that transfixed universal sympathy as well as wonderment in his Pilgrimage. We make these allusions without the smallest intention of provoking comparisons, but with the view of illustrating so far our principle. Michael Bruce felt all the coldness of unmerited obscurity and neglect; but instead of fomenting, he quelled the rising distemper. Kirke White winced and saddened under the treatment his maiden volume received from some superficial critic of the *Monthly Review*—never suspecting, as we are told, the fallibility of the tribe; but instead of festering the sore by his passion, his philosophy taught him to extract the poison and heal the wound. Thus, instead of lending their genius to darken the already too much shrouded powers of the mind, or to disguise by its lustre the already too enticing phantoms of vice, their genius was, in every sense of the word, the handmaid of their virtue. It is, therefore, in depicting the virtuous ties and honorable endearments of social life, the lamentable progress of vice and depravity in the world, and the vanity of every feeling hostile to human perfection, that their genius smiles, or frowns. We make no farther observations on the tendency of this character of their poetry, to affect the display of poetical power. In regard to abstract excellence, it is often, however, more difficult to conjure up the nicer sympathies, or to paint the bolder outlines of the landscape. But as there is a moral as well as natural beauty, so there is also a moral sublimity to which these authors sometimes reach. At all events, whatever awe is inspired by the stimulative and bold outlines of others, there is a fascination in that production where the beautiful in nature is made subservient to the illustration of moral beauty in the world; and, what is of more importance, while the eye gazes on the

genius it displays, it will insensibly extract something of the softness and tenderness of the coloring.

Of the genius of Michael Bruce (notwithstanding that Hazlitt includes him in an intolerant criticism, in which he denounces in a body the whole almost of the minor poets of our country, some of whom, if he has read, he can never have appreciated) we entertain no mean estimate from the little he has left behind him. His *Lochleven*,

Of Lomond and Levina, when he sung,
is one of those little gems of poetry over which we could again and again muse with delight. There is nothing in it to stimulate or excite the mind; but there is a pathos and tenderness well fitted to soothe it down into a gentle and half-pensive repose. He wanders quite at home among the Arcadian scenes of nature; but while he paints with great liveliness the beauties of rural scenery, and the affections of humble life, he so throws into the portraiture one shade of darkness in their mutability and fleeting nature, that its charm is complete. The terminating lines in the following description of the village illustrate well, we think, this leading feature in the poetry of Bruce:—

Fair from his hands behold the village rise
In rural pride 'mong intermingled trees,
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamor'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high curling to the clouds.
The street resounds with labor's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green
Young blooming boys and girls, with golden
hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,—
The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
Their gray-haired grandsires, sitting in the
sun
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy!

The picture of the cottage is good, and the portrait of its peasant "reverend with the locks of age;" but Levina, the Naiad of the vale,

His age's hope—the apple of his eye,
is one of the fairest creations we have met with—

Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May ;
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd all beauteous with the robes of heaven,
And breathing summer breezes, from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow-
ers—

Thus beautiful she look'd.

The nice perception of natural beauty is a prominent feature of Bruce's mind; and hence, alluding to the real heart-stirring and genial influence of rural quiet and harmony, he says,

———— even the mendicant,
Bow-bent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

The idea, we think, is exquisite.

Bruce's more detached productions are perhaps inferior; but some of them contain thoughts of much beauty, such as his "Monody on Daphnis," in imitation of Milton,

———— who to the lyre
Wail'd his lost Lycidas by wood and rill,

and his "Elegy on Spring." The beautiful emanations of tenderness to be found in the latter we need not recal to the minds of our readers, written, as it was, at a time when he gave a farewell glance to the cheering landscape on which he knew he was soon to shut his eyes.

Bruce is perhaps neither to be noted for much judgment, originality, or refined taste. His heart was warm and his feelings tender. His mind dwelt as it were in a particular region; but his susceptibility, natural and moral, enabled him there to treasure up every passing shade e'er it vanished. His fancy was thus sportive, but never daring in its flight.

Of Henry Kirke White's poetical genius, it was cast in a similar, but perhaps in a deeper, though less beautiful mould. If he has not left behind him any such picture of beauty as Lochleven—of tenderness as Daphnis—he has more than equalled the sad and pensive coloring of the *Elegy on Spring*. While there was a similarity in their feelings and affections, White oftener served the cause of virtue, rather by exhibiting the deformity of its counterpart, than con-

juring up its own native beauty. The lyre in both their hands was attuned in nice symphony with the notes of the "sweet complaining Gray;" but White, in the breaks of the narrative, introduced many an episode to cure the evils which he sung. His mind was truly benevolent, in the widest sense of the word, and affected his writings more than he himself was aware. How pathetically he says,

And oft the tear-drop fills my eye,
And yet in truth I know not why
Or wherefore I am sad.

It was his sympathy that prompted him continually to gaze on the sorrows of humanity. This characteristic frame of spirit is well illustrated by the reason he gives on one occasion for his pensiveness—that the continual recurrence of images of suffering at every turning of life, (such as the picture he gives us of the depraved soldier, and his starved and helpless children) is enough to make such sadness wisdom. Let those who love to be esteemed eccentric for the "moody abstraction" of their minds, woo such a melancholy as this, that verges not into a cankered misanthropy, but prompts to deeds of charity. Like the dark clouds of the sky in the still waters of the deep, we will, whatever else may be distinctly visible, descry this saddened, but tender cast of thought in his poetry. In his Clifton Grove, and even in his lighter periodical contributions, it will be found. As was the case with Bruce, the conviction of his declining health and faculties accompanied him like his shadow. It might be interesting for the reader to compare the feelings of each in their similar situations, as embodied in the *Elegy on Spring*, and the *Ode to Consumption and Time*. What a dark hue the absorbing feeling gives to the following plaintive lines of White:—

And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody, I think e'er long
When I no more can hear, these woods will
speak,
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,

And I do ponder, with most strange delight,
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

And again, when he says—

Soon shall I sink

As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London—some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries—and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten.

One of the most touching stanzas of
Childe Harold will be found to embody
his very phrase, and something of
the idea which White conjures up,
when he says—

And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death.

And his expression in his Lines to a
Friend,

When all was new, and *life was in its spring*,
will recall another leading idea in
these immortal lines which Byron's
genius consecrated to that fate his
own had in such powerful language
foretold. How truly verified have the
following lines been in the history of
Genius! The laurel is oftener indeed
found to decorate the tomb, than to
encircle the brow, of the poet.

But ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping woe and disappointment keen,
Repining penury and sorrow sour,
And self-consuming spleen—
And these are Genius' favorites.

The above quotations, perhaps, favorably exhibit the strength and power
of his imagination. The following
lines from Time are better calculated
to illustrate his didactic and reflective
powers.

Oh! I could walk

A weary journey to the farthest verge
Of this big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind.

Sometimes White's versification
may be called unequal and harsh;
but his language is always simple and
appropriate. He never seems to sacrifice
his idea to his verse, or impair
its power by compressing it within artificial
bounds, like too many of the
square-and-compass meters of words
of the present day; and hence, his
figures and images come fresh from his
fancy and his heart. We have more

than once alluded to the influence of
moral sentiment on the imagination;
and we did so, among other reasons,
because we think it almost impossible
to speak of White's imagination distinct
from his moral sensibilities. In
his writings are found, co-operating in
mutual harmony, benevolence and purity
of heart, with power and sportiveness
of fancy. Other men have excelled
him in the perfection of either,
but few have equalled him in the
happy union of both. In some, the
one may have but given the baser metallic
dross, however brightly the
other may have burnished it. In him
the one gave the golden ore, which the
other only fashioned into shape. The
one might enable a Frankenstein to
form his image of clay, and, it may
be, to endow it with vitality and powers
of motion; but it is only the
other that could furnish the Promethean
fire from heaven, to inspire it
with the affections of humanity.

The poetry and talents of Pollok,
we feel, demand a more lengthened
criticism than we could compress
within the limits of our present notice,
especially as we are more jealous
of ourselves in speaking of them.
The general impression and effect produced
on our minds by the "Course
of Time," were too vivid and powerful
to permit us paying much attention
to the comparative minor beauties of
unity and consistency of parts. We
never were introduced to an author,
coming before us nameless and unknown,
that so soon, or rather by his first
utterance, conquered for himself our
admiration. A critic has justly
characterised this poem as the work
of a man "who has kept himself shy
from literature for a first and great
attempt;"—for the success of this first
and great, and—we write it with
sorrow—*last* attempt, we appeal
not to newspaper laudation, prostituted
as it often is, but to the entrancement
and rapture of many a mind that
has been borne aloft on the towering
and variegated wing of the poet's
fancy, and has marked in the scenery
around it a new height and

depth given to sublimity, and a more delicate shade to the tintings of beauty. "The Course of Time" is perhaps not in all respects a production on which to ground an accurate and definite criticism of a poet's character and powers. The subject is of itself well calculated to elevate the poet. The sacred and inviolate character of the revealed Course of Time of itself must circumscribe his invention; and the descriptions of the glory and grandeur of heaven, and the sickly vanities of the world, to be found in the sacred writings, are too pathological of themselves not to have furnished him with the noblest of images, and, therefore, so far to have anticipated or led his fancy. Within such prescribed bounds the poet accordingly confines himself, and on such resources he frequently draws. Let, therefore, the reader lay hold of some of his more terrestrial episodes, and he will be still more convinced than ever, that, if Pollok's subject imparts some of its natural sublimity to his verse, his verse can elevate a meaner subject to its level. The sublimity of the Course of Time, as a whole, is only equalled by the tenderness and pathos of some of its more passing portraits, such as the description of the lover—the of the mother,

"While round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisp'd her name,
As living jewels dropt unstained from heaven,"

and many other gems of beauty familiar to the recollection of our readers, and on which we need not here dilate. Suffice it at present to say, that if we were disposed to be hypercritical, we would blame the author for often impairing the noble individuality and towering strength of some of his images, by the support which

he means to find for them in other illustrations, attractive in themselves, but only cumbersome in their juxtaposition. But we may possibly recur to the subject, and at a time when the minor pieces of the gifted poet may be before the public.

In the meantime, our readers will not blame us for recalling to them the beauties of some of our minor poets, such as those of Bruce or White, (though we doubt not some may think we have overrated them); especially as the poetry of the day, with all its enticing prettiness, is greatly verging to the opposite extreme from that for which they were distinguished, seldom, in the words of Pollok, leading "the ear of *thought* a captive to its song." We cannot conclude without indulging an expression of sorrow for their premature fate. Does the very sensibility to emotion in many a promising spirit conduce to undermine its corporeal organization? Does the overflowing of the heart and the affections sometimes quench the vital animation of the body? So the poet truly and pensively says,

"The good die first,
While those whose hearts are dry as summer's
dust
Burn to the socket."

It is consolatory, however, to think, that posterity has awarded to their obscure virtues and genius, the cordial tear of sympathy, and merited meed of admiration. Let the man of genius who has ever courted the opinion of his fellows, by ministering to their more questionable and debasing emotions, gaze with envy on the untarnished column of Pollok's fame, or even on the humble, but perhaps more enduring, reputation of Bruce or White.

KING JAMES V. AND THE FLOWER OF LESLY GREEN.

WHEN sighs were hushed and tears were dried
For Flodden's fatal day,
Where "forest flowers" in blooming pride
Were hapless swept away;

When Caledonia's youthful king
Assumed the reins of power,—
He found domestic troubles spring—
Dark gathering tempests lour:

And ranking wounds, he could not heal,
His youthful bosom wrung;
In royal splendor doomed to feel
What Shakspeare after sung.

For James exclaimed, with aching eyes,
"O happy lowly clown;
On sleepless couch uneasy lies
The head that wears a crown."

Intrigue, cabal, and keen debate,
Of vexed him on the throne;
Till he, renouncing pomp and state,
Would wander forth alone.

With youthful passions warm and strong,
It soothed his ardent mind
To mingle with the rustic throng,
Of manners unrefined.

Now like a pedlar with his pack
He took his devious road;
Secure that none could know his track,
He careless, forward strode.

It was the merry month of May,
The cloudless sky serene;
The meadows smiled with flowrets gay,
Woods waved in living green.

He saw the lambs sport on the hill,
Hares gambol o'er the dew;
He heard the sky-lark's matin shrill,
Aloft in ether blue.

The ploughman whistled on the plain,
As blithe the harrow boy;
With bird and beast and rural swain,
Was nought but love and joy.

The evening sun on Lomond's height
Shed his departing gleam,
When James sought quarters for the night
By Leven's winding stream.

It was to him a classic scene
His ancestor had sung;
To Christ's kirk on fair Lesly Green,
The royal harp was strung.

John Gray brewed brisk and nappy ale,
His wife had savory cheer;
Age loved to listen to his tale,
And quaff his mantling beer.

For those who could good fare defy,
They had a daughter fair,
Whose rosy cheek and sparkling eye
Led fond admirers there.

With high and low the toast had been,
Betwixt the Forth and Tay,
The beauteous Flower of Lesly Green,
"The lovely Mary Gray."

James heard of her with fond delight,
And, eager to admire,
Took up his quarters for the night
Beside her father's fire.

The landlord with the pedlar sate,
And told his tale and laughed;
They passed the time in rural chat,
And foaming tankards quaffed.

The supper was by Mary set,
Whose sparkling bright black eye,
When it by chance the pedlar's met,
Seemed lightning from the sky.

Her form was fine, her face was fair,
Her manners frank and free;
The royal guest forgot his care,
And sate with sprightly glee.

But still on Mary fondly glanced;—
The maiden blushed and smiled;
The pedlar's heart with rapture danced,
By flattering hope beguiled.

A silver brooch he gave the maid
To grace her bosom fair;
The treasures of his pack displayed
In trinkets rich and rare.

She took the gift, and curtsying low,
With modest grace retired,
While on her cheek a mantling glow
The royal bosom fired.

And from her blush the king believed
He should her favor win;
But hope his glowing heart deceived,
For Mary came not in.

Retired to bed he ruthless rolled,
Musing on Mary's charms,
Till dreaming fancy made him fold
A phantom in his arms.

He rose at morn, gazed on the lass,
And hope resumed her gleam,
When he saw lovely Mary pass
Alone to Leven's stream.

For, sooth to say, this princely youth
Had passions wild and strong;
And though his heart respected truth,
'Twas now intent on wrong.

"Shall I," he said, "of power possessed,
Behold this rustic fair—
Gaze, sigh, and with her love unblessed,
Now leave her in despair?"

"It must not be—my skill I'll try
This maiden's heart to gain;
If love can lure, or gold can buy,
I shall not sigh in vain.

"For ne'er have I in regal bower,
'Mong lords and ladies gay,
Beheld so fair, so sweet a flower,
As lovely Mary Gray."

In Lesly woods the May-dew hung
Like pearls on shrub and tree;
In dim-wood glen the blackbird sung,
The linnets on the lea.

The rising sun had Lomond kiss'd
With golden orient glow ;
But dark and dense the hazy mist
Hung on the vales below.

The pedlar had pursued his prey
Adown the bank so steep,
To where the Leven winds its way
With waters clear and deep.

It was a most romantic scene,
Where gray rocks oozing wept,
And where, beside a flowery green,
The stream in silence crept.

Some yards above the waters gushed,
And formed a wimpling linn,
And o'er the craggy rocks they rushed
With softly murmuring din.

Close by the green a cliff arose,
Where blooming wild-flowers sprung,
- Where scented birch and blossomed sloes
Their shady branches hung.

The sky-lark warbled blithe above,
Aloft in viewless air,
While Mary tuned her lay of love,
Which led the pedlar there.

With stealing steps his post he took
Among the bushes green,
And in a closely sheltered nook,
Could see and not be seen.

He saw the maiden barefoot skip,
And brush the morning dew,
Light as a fawn beheld her skip,
Her labors to renew.

How burned his heart with fond delight,
When, in the rippling wave,
She dipt her feet so small and white,
Her ankles slim to lave !

He saw the fair her linen spread,
So thin, so pure, and clean,
The daisies, tipped with blushing red,
Were through its texture seen.

For daily to the stream she sped,
With labors of the loom,
Destined to deck her bridal bed,
And busk her gay bridegroom.

And as she looked, love's hallowed flame
Flashed brighter in her eye,
And o'er her dimpling cheek there came
A blush of richer dye.

Upon a knoll amidst the mist
She sate in rural pride,
The pedlar came, and ere she wist,
Was seated by her side.

Though Mary was a modest maid,
She was no prude severe,
Nor timid girl, of man afraid,
To fly like hunted deer.

She knew her face had power to charm ;
Though guileless, she was gay,
And deemed that she could meet no harm
To hear what he would say.

He was a handsome man and young,
With manly form and air,
With glances fond and flattering tongue,
Well skilled to win the fair.

We need not tell what arts he plied,
His smiles and speeches bland,
Or how with wistful looks he sighed,
And fondly pressed her hand.

He swore she was a nymph divine,
And made sweet Mary smile ;
And then he tried with trinkets fine
The maiden to beguile.

He proffered her a rich gold ring,
And promised gaudy dress ;
And sought with looks of languishing,
Her glowing lip to press.

" I know you, love ; your eye last night
Glanced on a country clown ;
But you have charms that would delight
The king who wears the crown.

" Why should you here with rustics join,
In homely russet gray ;
Grant me your love, and you shall shine
In robes of rich array.

" As you are fair, be kind and free,
Here, in a lonely glen ;
The favors you may grant to me,
There's none to see or ken."

Thus spoke the king, with glances sweet ;
But blandishments were vain,
For Mary started to her feet,
With looks of proud disdain.

" I see," she cried, " your fleecing art,
And cunning, serpent smile ;
That seek a simple maiden's heart
From Colin to beguile.

" Though but a clown and country lad,
His heart is leal and true,
And should he hear what you have said,
Full sairly ye might rue.

" Your gaudy glittering toys I scorn,
Your goud as lightly prize ;
And you, for what you've said this morn,
With heart and soul despise.

" I would not be, were you the king,
Your light and leman quean ;
That bauble in your face I fling,
You gave to me yestreen."

The wild-fire flashing from her eye,
Still heightened all her charms ;
James cried, " You must not, shall not fly,"
And clasped her in his arms.

She struggled hard—he held her fast,
But tried her wrath to still ;
A wild and wildering look she cast
And screamed both loud and shrill.

Swift from a bush her Colin sprung,
Like tiger from his lair ;
And to the earth the pedlar flung,
Before the frightened fair.

James started lightly to his feet,
The insult to repel ;
And rushed, his manly foe to meet,
Whose courage pleased him well.

But Colin with his brawny arm
Soon plunged him in the pool,
And cried, "young man, you're rather
warm,
Lie there till passion cool !"

His Mary up the bank he led,
Now to his heart more dear ;
Then pausing, smiled, and softly said,
"You wist not I was near.

"I saw the pedlar seek your track,
And followed to the green,
Where in a bush, behind your back,
I heard you both unseen."

They fondly kissed—he pressed her
hand,
And, looking from the height,
Beheld the royal pedlar stand,
A vanquished dripping wight.

* * * *

Now fervid summer's scorching beam
No longer rules the day ;
Mild Autumn sheds her softer gleam
O'er fields in rich array.

With liberal hand gay Plenty flings
Ripe fruits and yellow corn ;
With labor's laugh glad echo rings,
To hail the harvest morn.

And now the cheerful toil is o'er,
The harvest gathered in :
But pleasure yet has joys in store,
And gladness to begin.

Young Mary's cheek, in virgin pride,
Displays a brighter bloom ;
For she is now a blushing bride—
Colin her gay bridegroom.

The morning sun on Largo Law
Has shed his earliest beam ;
The blithest morn she ever saw
Shines bright on Leven stream.

And Industry, at morning's prime,
Her busy labor plies ;
And curling smoke, before its time,
Is seen to seek the skies.

What though the woods are brown and
sere,
And fields are bleak and bare ?

Each youthful face a smile can wear,
And age forget its care.

Maid, wife, and widow, old and young,
Put on their best array ;
And gladness flows from every tongue,
To hail the happy day.

At noon they lead the blooming bride
To Hymen's hallowed fane,
And there the nuptial knot is tied,
A soft and silken chain.

A group more rural, gay, and fair,
In Scotland ne'er was seen,
Than those that day who banished care
From Lesly's bonny green.

But there was one among the train,
A youth in manly bloom,
Who eyed the bride with glances fain,
But scowled on the bridegroom.

It was the pedlar—Colin knew,
And marked his kindling eye,
As he on Mary gazed, and threw
Soft looks and glances shy.

The pedlar started up to dance,
When all around was glee,
And to the bride, with amorous glance,
Said, "You must dance with me."

Her yielding hand he fondly took,
And led her o'er the floor,
Cast on her many a secret look,
And kissed her o'er and o'er.

The bridegroom now, in haughty tone,
Said, with a frown severe,
"You are a stranger, sir ; begone !
You have no business here !"

"Yes, I have business—but for you
Your bride would have been mine ;
'Twas cowardice, and treachery too,
That ever made her thine.

"I do not wish to boast or brawl,
And treachery I despise ;
Come forth and wrestle for a fall,
Your bride the victor's prize."

"I will not set my Mary's heart
A prize for strength or skill,
But I'm no coward—ere we part
I'll wrestle for good will.

"If I am victor, take your flight,
Your egress shall be free ;
If your's the triumph, you to-night
Sup with my bride and me."

"Your offer's fair," the pedlar cries ;
"I to the terms agree ;"
While hope spoke in his sparkling eyes
The triumph yet to be.

On Lesly Green the parties meet,
Each of a manly frame ;
Their hearts are proud, their limbs are fleet,
Both eager for the game.

The pair shake hands—then face to face
They join with clasping arms :
Close as the lover's fond embrace
When folding beauty's charms.

Earl Rothes entered on the green,
Just as the fight begun ;
But ere he reached the crowded scene
The victory was won.

For Colin with a Cornish hug
Had laid the pedlar low ;
And with a full and flowing jug
Strode o'er his prostrate foe.

"Your hand, my lord," the pedlar cries ;
"That ploughman's arms are steel ;"
And one and all in dumb surprise
Beheld his lordship kneel.

"My honored liege, my sovereign king,
What sacrilegious hand
Thus on the ground has dared to fling
The ruler of our land ?"

"Fair play, my lord, and frank good will,
Produced what now you see ;
It was a bit of strength and skill
"Twixt this bridegroom and me.

"He is a manly-minded youth,
His bride is Lesly's flower ;
Her face is fair, her heart is truth,
And she shall have her dower.

"Colin, your hand—forget, forgive,
No longer we contend ;
I am your king—and while I live
You shall not want a friend.

"You recollect the flowery glen
And misty summer morn ;
But I must see your bride again,
Who could my kindness scorn."

The tale was told in Mary's ear
Before the monarch came ;
And glowing hope and chilling fear
Alternate thrilled her frame.

The sweet confusion in her look
James thought a pleasant joke ;
Her trembling hand he smiling took,
And thus with kindness spoke.

"A broad field close by Leven's side
I hold in endless feu ;
And for your dowry as a bride
I give the same to you.

"The annual fee, to kiss the king,
If he his right demand ;
And his receipt a gay gold ring
To her who holds the land.

"I sign and seal the charter now,
Earl Rothes witness be
That Colin's bride I thus endow ;
Come, Mary, pay the fee."

She modestly the king embraced,
Blushing on bended knee ;
His ruby ring her finger graced,
And Colin smiled to see.

If e'er again James claimed the fee,
Tradition does not say ;
But long and oft he talked with glee
Of lovely Mary Gray.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mrs. Winson had finished the sad story of the unhappy Fatima, we naturally fell into a conversation concerning the other mysterious young lady and gentleman who had come to her house in the same clandestine manner, and had left it so suddenly, without explanation. For some time she appeared a little averse to enter upon the subject ; but when I happened to say, I should be none surprised if the lady proved to be the lost daughter of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne, she gave me a significant nod and a smile.

"Deed," said she, "ye have made a true guess ; but I promised no to speak of it ; for now all, by the help

of my agency, is put to rights, and to-morrow the whole party are to return to Mr. Melbourne's country-seat, to hold a celebration of the marriage, as becomes their fortune. A good laugh has been raised at the expense of Miss for her romancing, though it is allowed on all hands that she showed both a right pride and delicacy in concealing from her husband the sorrow and remorse she suffered from the indiscretion she had committed, owing to the esteem in which she held his affection. However, as both the old folk and the young are anxious that as little should be heard about the matter as possible, we'll make a passover of this case, and I'll relate to you

some comical doings I had with a Mr. Kenneth Macquirkie, who was recommended to my house by Mr. Melbourne, some years ago.

“ This Kenneth Macquirkie, Esq. W. S., as he put upon his cards, (which W. S. signifies a writer to the signet, some sort of a lawyer in Edinburgh,) was doer for a tawny bairn of a planter, who, like Mr. Flowerfield, was one of Mr. Melbourne’s West Indy correspondents. This bairn had a mulatto mother, who left a good gathering by will in full to her, but which it was thought would make it necessary to put her into the Court of Chancery, or, what was the same thing, make her a dreeping roast to Mr. Macquirkie. Now, ye see, as I had an inkling of this, and had, moreover, heard that he was to be allowed a sappy fee for coming to London, I thought it was but reasonable to deal with him accordingly, the more especially as he had engaged the first floor, and was to have cooking done for him at home—the which is a covenant of works that, turned to a proper use, should be advantageous and comfortable to the keeper of a lodging-house. But oh ! such a trouble as I had with that man at the settling of our weekly bills on the Monday morning ! for he was of a short memory, and a brittle temper, and, over and above, he was as greedy as a trap, and as gair as a smiddy vice. But, as I had been well recommended to him, and he had, moreover, some reason to wish to stand in a favorable light with Mr. Melbourne, he was fain to bear, though he couldna thole without complaining.

“ One night he had been at the playhouse of Covent Garden with a friend that he brought home with him to eat a lobster, and drink porter, and talk of playactors and authors, in the Edinburgh fashion ; for in all the time that I have kept a lodging-house, I never have met with folk so beside themselves about genius, and promise, and the freshness of young talents, as the Edinburgh lawyers. Indeed, it’s most extraordinar to hear them, and

wonderful how men of the law should have time to think of such phantasmagory. As a mathematical lodger and friend of mine, from Cambridge, once said, ‘ I wonder,’ said he, ‘ how it is, that men of cases and precedents, quotations and instances, can afford to learn such mythologies ; but the effect is seen on their business—they are constantly coming to London appealing against the sentences of their judges, and are as often sent back to make a revision—a proof,’ said he, ‘ how little general knowledge is of an advantage in legalities.’

“ Well, this Macquirkie, as ye may discern, being a most troublesome man, the lobster was gotten for him, and the pot of porter, and he and his friend began to crack the shell, and to speak about the pathos of a playacting lady that they had that night seen ; and it turned out that one lobster was an insufficient supper for the two, so Babby was desired to get them another, and being desired to get another, and not finding one that she thought big enough, she brought two. Hereupon, on the Monday following, arose a most kittle question. Mr. Macquirkie contested the charge on my bill, saying he had given orders for only one lobster that would serve two.

“ As he was a dinnering-at-home customer, I submitted to let the affair pass for that time. But, shortly after, he would have a dinner for two friends, and, accordingly, I was duly authorized to make all proper preparation. You may be sure I got him one of the best of dinners ; but when the bill came to be presented, it’s an impossibility to describe how he stormed ; for he thought, being, like the Edinburghers, ignorant of our politer ways of the world here in the South, that I would just have made a charge per head for the three, like a coffeehouse-keeper ; but that wasna my trade ; so, notwithstanding his tempest, I just charged him dish and dish, with a reasonable consideration for extra trouble, not forgetting the contested lobster. Oh, but an Edinburgh’ W. S. is a most severe customer !

But at last I got the right way of managing Mr. Macquirkie ; for whenever he made an objection to what he called an overcharge, I subdued him by saying, that it was wonderful how such a genteel people as usually came from the Athens of the North, as they called Auld Reekie, should make a controversy about candle-ends and

cheese-parings, as if they had been habituated to live at home in a straitened circumstance.

"Having thus got into the right way of managing him, he grew so pliable, that I might have twisted him round my finger, and in the end did me a world of good, as I shall presently tell you."

CHAPTER XII.

"About the time Mr. Macquirkie went home," continued Mrs. Winsom, "there arose in a certain town in the west of Scotland, called Blackbirch, an inordinate passion for begetting acts of Parliament. What he had to do in the business it would ill become me to pretend to expound ; but that he was art and part in the mystery I was well assured was plain to be seen and clear to be understood. In short, he was fee'd to become a counsellor to the bailies and other bodies of the town, besides the feuars and subfeuars.

"Among other things, it seems in talking law with them over their tod-dy, he set forth, among other great discoveries he had made in London, the vast comfort and economy he had enjoyed in my house, with the skilful manner in which he managed me. From this it came to pass that the Blackbirch folk, having bethought themselves of a necessity of getting a new act of Parliament, sent one of their Bailies for that purpose to London, and he brought with him a most civilized two lines from Mr. Macquirkie to me, commending him in a most special manner to my attentions. Thus I became, as it were, standing Landlady, as you shall hear, to the Blackbirch folk. For the Bailie, after some priggging, took my first floor for a month ; and he was not well in, when I was constrained, in a sense, to take in a delegate from the malecontents who were opposed to the Bailie's Bill.

"The way of it was this. The Bailie, like all other magistrates, was greatly versed in the knowledge of human nature, as he told me himself,

winking cunningly at the same time, to let me know that he was a man of the world ; and then he began to give me a hint anent the great business which had brought him to London, and of the bad spirits who had risen in opposition to the just and necessary measure, which he and his colleagues had undertaken for the good of the town, and all that was dear to it.

"I hope ye'll no think I was so forward as to offer my advice to a Bailie—a Blackbirch Bailie, too—although I could not discern, even after he had explained the whole matter to me, wherefore it was that the feuars and subfeuars of the town, together with the magistrates and town council, were so eager to make themselves statutes.

"But when the delegate explained to me his view of the subject, it seemed quite manifest that the Bailie and his party were conspiring to impose little less than the yoke of an arbitrary government on the necks of the poor defenceless inhabitants of the unfortunate town of Blackbirch. Then he enlarged on the freedom of trade, and proved to my satisfaction that certain things which the bill was intended to put down, such as the crying of London candy, was a lawful calling, and that if it were put down by constraint of law, what would thrifty families do with all their old brass, cracked crystal, and broken buckles ? In short, as it were in despite of my understanding, I was seduced to take the popularity side, and to do all that I could to help the cause of the delegate, though he was but a parlor-floor lodger, and the Bailie was paying for

the drawing-rooms two guineas and a half a-week,—a rent, ye'll allow, was moderate, considering that a whole town was paying it.

"Well, to make short of a long story, the Bailie and the delegate, after divers days of going out in the morning couthy friends, and coming back at night from the House of Commons argolbargling like tigers, it came to pass that the Bill, as the Bailie's measure was called, was read a second time. I thought, when I heard so, of the great patience of Parliament, for it was a book almost as big as a Family Bible, and to read it through in one night, after having spent a night at it before, was most extraordinary.

"Truly the Bailie on that night was a jocose man, triumphing and shouting as if he had overcome the Philistines. But his transportations, like every other worldly felicity, were, worthy man, of short duration; for it seems there was a thing they called a committee, that took hold of his Bill and tore it all to pieces, as the delegate told me himself, with much sobriety. He did not clap his hands and make a joyful noise like the Bailie, but spoke of his conquest like a man of sense, as all the Blackbirch folk show themselves to be, and in naething mair than their great love for law and interlocutors.

"By this time, ye see, I had been deep in their councils; and seeing the Bailie, by what the Committee had done, dejected, I began to take pity upon him, and to devise a possibility of a reconciliation with his adversary, who, though a popularity man, had a smeddum of satiricalness that increased with his prospect of gaining his ends, and was very afflicting, I must allow, to the Bailie. But in what way that reconciliation was to be brought to a come-to-pass cost me no little thought. I had, however, discerned, that often in their controversies they spoke of Port Punchtown, and I saw that, however disastrous their opinions were on all other subjects, they perfectly agreed that it was a place that ought not to be—especially as it was swal-

lowing up their trade, the people thereof being much cleverer in all matters of maritime business than those of Blackbirch. To be sure, neither the Bailie nor the delegate ever acknowledged the fact of this superiority, but, on the contrary, cordially agreed that the inhabitants of Port Punchtown to a man were the riddlings of mankind, and not fit to tie the latch of a shoe in Blackbirch.

"Having meditated in the watches of the night on all I had heard them say, next morning I said to my friend the delegate, that it was a great pity to waste his town's money for such fasherie as the Bailie's Bill, and that it would be far better, seeing there was an obligation on every true-hearted Blackbircher to put his heef on the neck of that presumptuous place, Port Punchtown, to contrive a way of extinguishing it forever. I never saw a man better pleased in my life than he was to hear me. But as I have told you, he was of a composed and controlled nature, and did not expose his inward satisfaction with any inordinate outward demonstration. However, I had inoculated him, and at night he brought home with him Mr. Tedious, his law man; and shortly after, the Bailie being in, they rang the bell and requested me—for I answered it—to ask him to come down and take a glass of toddy with them. I saw by their countenances that they were baith big with something;—so, when I had delivered the message, curiosity got the better of decorum, as it will sometimes do with other ladies as well as landladies, and I went into the bedroom, and put my ear to the keyhole, to hear their high treason against the devoted town of Port Punchtown.

"Mr. Tedious began by condoling with the gentleman on the unfortunate effects of their controversies; telling them, that the Bill had come out of the Committee a monument of insufficiency, and warily he worked till he brought the rival town upon the carpet.

"'It's a town,' said he, 'against which nature has manifestly set her

face. It would long since have perished and been utterly undone, but for that energy and enterprising spirit which the inhabitants possess in so superior a degree.'

"Both the Bailie and the delegate protested, in a vehement manner, against this doctrine of superiority; and the Bailie assured Mr. Tedious, that if Port Punchtown had not been a pet of the city of that name, it was naturally a place that no Blackbirch gentleman, in his greatest indignation against its upsetting, would condescend even to insult.

"The delegate explained, in his calm and methodical manner, that the world was quite wrong in supposing that Port Punchtown was a place of any respectability at all. As for the superiority of the inhabitants, they have not the capacity to make even a Bailie, but must just take any bogle that their parent city thinks fit to send them.

"Here the lawyer interposed, remarking, that it must be allowed they had, in their projects of improvements, made their town a rankling thorn in the side of Blackbirch.

"This the Bailie and the delegate denied.

"Be that, however, as it may,' said the lawyer, 'the clear policy of Blackbirch is, to put an extinguisher on her rival.'

"'Rival!' exclaimed the others; 'she is none to Blackbirch.'

"Then," said Mrs. Winsom for herself, "I was just frying to hear such nothingness of an argument, and would fain have broken in upon them, when Mr. Tedious, giving a clap with his hands, cried, 'Gentlemen, I'll tell you what: it being admitted on all sides that the Blackbirch people must either have a law-plea or a bill in Parliament, I would recommend that your dissensions should be suspended, and that you should unite in some great undertaking, either of the one kind or the other, to prove that you have a power when you choose to show it. Now this bill, which, between your two parties, has cost the town already

more than £1200, even were it carried as proposed, would not have given you any advantage over your rival.'

"'Not rival!' exclaimed the Bailie and the delegate; 'we won't admit that.'

"'I would therefore advise that, next session, you apply for an act to enable your town to improve the harbor and town of Punchtown. How beautifully your disinterestedness could be set forth in your application to Parliament!'

"'Improve Port Punchtown!' exclaimed the Bailie and the delegate in an agony.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Tedious, emphatically, 'by bill. But when the bill shall have become an act, there will be no need to act on it. Thus you will have it in your power to stab your rival in the vitals.'

"'And could we not, then,' said the Bailie, 'choke up the channel of the river with an old ship?'

"I could hear," said Mrs. Winsom, "the lawyer rubbing his hands fidgety fain, as he cried, 'By that means you will have both a contested bill, and a capital lawsuit.'"

She then proceeded to tell me, that before the gentlemen left her house for Scotland, the whole business was arranged; and that out of this happy expedient for the overthrow of Port Punchtown grew such felicitous unanimity in the town of Blackbirch, as has seldom been equalled, never surpassed. At the next election of the magistrates, the delegate was chosen by the Whig interest to be the compeer of the Bailie, who represented the Tories; and it was mentioned in the newspapers, that such was the joy of the feuars and subfeuars on the union of parties in the town, that the two magistrates, in long procession, followed by all the feuars and subfeuars two and two, walked hand in hand on the day of that unanimous election, singing, "Together let us range the fields;" the bellman on the right, and the town-drummer on the left, proclaiming their praises.

Here I might have set worthy Mrs.

Winsom right as to these particulars ; the town of Blackbirch is not yet in but on consideration, I thought the that state of blessed unanimity, I am least said is soonest mended—for if sure it ought to be.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

No. II.

TANNAHILL.

WHENEVER the Scottish poets are mentioned in conversation, you never fail to hear plenty about Burns—of his wayward lot—his neglect by his countrymen—his poverty, and other evils ; but how seldom is anything said of Tannahill, who, as a song-writer at least, hardly yields to Burns himself. I do not mean to enter into any critical disquisition or analysis to prove the excellence of his lyrics. This is done *nightly* to your hand in the cottage and in the street—by the domestic peasant and the wandering ballad singer. This is true popularity—popularity which the didactic cold-blooded critic can neither add to nor diminish.

There is but scanty material for the biographer in the chequered span of our poet's existence ; little more than a summary of the annals of Chatterton, Otway, and Savage. Poor Tannahill was, from first to last, the neglected child of poverty and despondency ; of humble, I may add mean rank in life. His merit, great as it confessedly was, could never raise him above it ; and while his works were read with admiration in the drawing-room and the hovel, while crowded theatres and concert-rooms were ringing with his applause, the unfortunate poet was "dreeing the bitter wierd" of cold supercilious neglect—more bitter by far to a proudly sensitive mind than the sharp biting tooth of poverty itself.

The *manner* of his death is well known, though I believe the immediate cause is not. He fell a victim to his extreme and uncommon sensibility. Being at a public meeting, where he was almost altogether a stranger, some young men who were near him

began to talk slightly and with ridicule of those works in which he fondly hoped he would live long after his bones had been resolved into their kindred dust. He went home in an agony of soul not to be conceived or described ; and having looked out some of his favorite manuscripts, he read them over, and dashed them into the flames. He never smiled nor held up his head afterwards. He wandered about among the most gloomy and sequestered solitudes ; for the busy hum of society, and the more cheerful aspects of nature, are agony to a bruised and retiring spirit. It preyed upon his mind that the light reckless criticism he had heard was the general opinion of the world regarding his productions. Life became an insupportable burden after his fond day-dreams of renown were dispelled ; and, a few days afterwards, he was found drowned not far from his native town of Paisley.

HOME'S OPINION OF BURNS.

When Burns was first rising into notice, John Home was asked his opinion of him. "I think," said the dramatist, "I think that the reputation that man has obtained is a disgrace to the country. People will soon get ashamed of the childish novelty : the *toy* of the day will soon be thrown aside, and ere long he will sink into deserved insignificance and oblivion."

"WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T."

Sometime towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, a worthy citizen of Glasgow was returning home about midnight. Whether he had been "beguiling the weary time" with libations of punch, or whether

this favorite and far-famed beverage had then come into fashion, the legend (to the misfortune of posterity) sayeth not. Just as he was groping his way by the walls which bound the Cathedral churchyard, so nobly described in *Rob Roy*, his attention was arrested by a strange and uncouth combination of sound coming from the other side. Having contrived to scale the parapet, he descried by the clear moonlight a scene which almost baffles the power of description. On an old tomb, decorated with the usual paraphernalia of cross bones, death heads, and chubby dimpling cheeked angels, there sate a figure which he at once recognised as the visible form of the prince of the air, having an enormous pair of sable bagpipes. On a sudden his highness struck up the well-known tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't;" at which, all of a sudden, the earth of a new-made grave began to heave and yawn like an earthquake,

and out stepped, "in clammy charnel guise," a notorious sinner, who had been interred two or three days before. The fiend played till the gloomy gothic walls shook again, and the corse danced with an activity which a *Vestris* or *De Egville* might envy, and displaying attitudes worthy of the study of that prince of posture-masters, *Ducrow*.

This was too much for even the nerves of a punch-drinker to bear; and our terrified citizen, so soon as he could draw breath, took to his heels, and slackened not his pace till he was far out of ken of the hellish concert.

But, what is not a little extraordinary, the wild story met with such unqualified belief that the magistracy of Glasgow, by public proclamation, prohibited any of the lieges from whistling or singing the devoted air which *Mahoun* had chosen for his eccentric revels.

THE PILLORY.

I NEVER was in the pillory but once, which I must ever consider a misfortune. For looking at all things as I do, with a philosophical and inquiring eye, and courting experience for the sake of my fellow creatures, I cannot but lament the short and imperfect opportunity I enjoyed of filling that elevated situation, which so few men are destined to occupy. It is a sort of *Egg-Premiership*; a place above your fellows, but a place in which your hands are tied. You are not without the established political vice, for you are not absolved from turning.

Let me give a brief description of the short irregular glimpse I had of men and things, while I was in *Pillory Power*. I was raised to it, as many men are to high stations, by my errors. I merely made a mistake of some sort or other in an answer in *Chancery*, not injurious to my interests, and lo! the Recorder of London, with a suavity of manner peculiar to himself,

announced to me my intended promotion; and in due time I was installed into office.

It was a fine day for the pillory; that is to say, it rained in torrents. Those only who have had boarding and lodging like mine, can estimate the comfort of having washing into the bargain.

It was about noon when I was placed, like a statue, upon my wooden pedestal; an hour probably chosen out of consideration to the innocent little urchins then let out of school, for they are a race notoriously fond of shying, pitching, jerking, pelting, flinging, slinging—in short, professors of throwing in all its branches. The public officer presented me first with a north front, and there I was—"God save the mark!"—like a cock at *Shrovetide*, or, a lay-figure in a *Shooting Gallery*!

The storm commenced. Stones began to spit—mud to mizzle—cab-

bage stalks thickened into a shower. Now and then came a dead kitten—sometimes a living cur; anon an egg would hit me on the eye, an offence I was obliged to wink at. There is a strange appetite in human kind for pelting a human creature. A travelling China-man actually threw away twopence to have a pitch at me with a pipkin; a Billingsgate huxter treated me with a few herrings, not by any means too stale to be purchased in St. Giles's; while the weekly halfpence of the schoolboys went towards the support of a Costermonger and his Donkey, who supplied them with eggs fit for throwing, and for nothing else. I confess this last description of missiles, if missiles they might be called that never miss'd, annoyed me more than all the rest; however, there was no remedy. There I was forced to stand, taking up my livery, and a vile livery it was; or, as the wag expressed it, "being made free of the Pelt-mongers."

It was time to appeal to my resources. I had read somewhere of an Italian, who, by dint of mental abstraction, had rendered himself unconscious of the rack, and while the executioners were tugging, wrenching, twisting, dislocating, and breaking joints, sinews, and bones, was perchance in fancy only performing his diurnal Gymnastics, or undergoing an inimicable Shampooing. The pillory was a milder instrument than the rack, and I had naturally a lively imagination; it seemed plausible, therefore, that I might make shift to be pelted in my absence. To attain a scene as remote as possible from pain, I selected one of absolute pleasure for the experiment; no other, in truth, than that Persian Paradise, the Garden of Gul, at the Feast of Roses. Flapping the wings of Fancy with all

my might, I was speedily in those Bowers of Bliss, and at high romps with Houri and Peri,—

"Flinging roses at each other."

But, alas for mental abstraction! The very first bud hit me with stone-like vehemence; my next rose, of the cabbage kind, breathed only a rank cabbage fragrance; and in another moment the claws of a flying cat scratched me back into myself; and there I was again, in full pelt in the pillory.

My first fifteen minutes, the only quarter I met with, had now elapsed, and my face was turned towards the East. The first object my one eye fell upon was a heap of Macadamization, and I confess I never thought of calculating the number of stones in such a hillock, till I saw the mob preparing to cast them up.

I expected to be lithographed on the spot! Instinct suggested to me that the only way to save my life was by dying; so dropping my head and hands, and closing my last eye with a terrific groan, I expired for the present. The *ruse* took effect. Supposing me to be defunct, the mob refused to kill me. Shouts of "Murder! Shame! Shame! No Pillory!" burst from all quarters. The Pipkin-monger abused the Fishwoman, who rated the Schoolboys; they in turn fell foul of the Costermonger, who was hissing and groaning at the whole assembly; and finally, a philanthropic Constable took the whole group into custody. In the mean time I was taken down, laid with a sack over me in a cart, and driven off to an Hospital, my body seeming a very proper present to St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's, but my clothes fit for nothing but *Guy's*.

LIGHT AND VISION.

THE truths now positively ascertained with respect to the nature of light and vision, are perhaps those in the wide field of human inquiry which, acting on ordinary apprehension, most forcibly place the individual as it were in the presence of Creative Intelligence, and awaken the most elevated thoughts of which the human mind is capable. Had there been no light in the universe, all its other perfections had existed in vain. Men placed on earth would have been as human exiles with their eyes put out, abandoned on an unknown shore, of climate and productions totally new to them; every movement might be to destruction, for their perceptions would be limited by the length of their arms, and of their fearful groping steps; and the wretched beings, separating when impelled by hunger to search for food, would probably scatter to meet no more. But the material of light exists, pervading all space; and certain impressions made upon it in one place rapidly spread over the universe, the progressive impression being called a ray or beam of light. The beams of light, then, from all other parts coming to every individual, may be regarded as supplementary arms or feelers belonging to the individual, and which reach to the end of the universe; so that each person, instead of being as a blind point in space, becomes nearly omnipresent. Then these limbs or feelers have no weight, they are never in the way, they impede nothing, and they are only known to exist when their use is required! But this miracle of light would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy to perceive the light, viz. of the eye; in which there is the round cornea of such perfect transparence, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, (and elsewhere it had been useless);

then exactly behind this, the beautiful curtain the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of light; and exactly behind this again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which only complex structure in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures or images of the objects in front,—the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than as it is, the whole eye had been useless, and light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, further, we find that the precious organ the eye is placed, not as if by accident, somewhat near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul; and, again, not so that to alter its direction the whole person must turn, but in the head, which, on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles which, as the will directs, turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep round the horizon, or take in the whole heavenly concave. Then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow as a cushion to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then is there the soft and pliant eyelid, with its beauteous fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath. Still further, instead of there being only one so precious an organ, there are two, lest one, by accident, should be destroyed; but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act to-

gether as only one more perfect : then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying, and the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is, by the actions of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind which can suppose or admit that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design; and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident; or that the millions of millions in past ages were all but accidents, and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident—must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education. As a concluding reflection with respect to vision, we may remark, that all the provisions above considered have mere utility in view—for any one of

them wanting, would leave a necessary link in the chain of creation wanting : but if there had been white light only, susceptible of different degrees of intensity and shade, the merely useful purposes of vision would have been answered about as perfectly as with all the colors of the rainbow—which truth is instanced in the facts, that many persons do not distinguish colors, and that it imports not whether a person view objects in the morning, or at mid-day, or at even-tide, or through plane glass or colored glass. While, therefore, the existence of light generally, and of the eye, speaks of Creative Power and Intelligence, the existence of colors, or of that lovely variety of hues exhibited in flowers, in the plumage of birds, in the endless aspects of the earth and heavens; in a word, in the whole resplendent clothing of nature,—because appearing expressly planned as a source of delight to animated beings, speaks of Creative Benevolence, and may well excite in us towards the Being in whom these attributes concentrate, the feelings associated in our minds during this earthly scene, with the endearing appellation of “Father.”

RADIATION OF HEAT.

THERE is a remarkable difference in one respect between the heat of the sun and that radiated from any other source, viz. that the first passes through air, glass, water, and transparent bodies generally, very readily, while the latter, although not obstructed by air, is almost totally intercepted or absorbed in passing through any of the other substances named. In our drawing-rooms it is common to have ornamented glass fire-screens, which, while they allow the light to pass, defend the face from the heat : but all persons know that the heat of the sun beams, as well as their light, enters our green-houses through the glass which covers them. A glass screen, interposed between the concave mirrors in the apparatus above described,

destroys almost entirely the effect of the heated body in one focus, on the thermometer in the other, and the trifling effect really produced has appeared to some to be owing to the heat first absorbed by the screen on one of its sides, and then radiated from the other. This conclusion seemed to be supported by the fact that screens of metal or of glass, covered with lamp black, paper, &c., allow transmission nearly in proportion to their several absorptive and radiant powers. More careful experiments, however, have been held to prove that a small portion of the heat is suddenly radiated through the glass. A glass mirror reflects the light of a fire, but at first retains all the heat, and only radiates it afterwards as a hot body.

The doctrines of radiant heat make us aware of the importance of having vessels of polished metal for containing liquids or anything which we desire to keep warm; hence tea and coffee-pots, dishes for soup, &c. should be polished. As a black earthen teapot loses heat by radiation nearly in proportion to the number 100, while one of silver or other polished metal loses only as 12, there will be a corresponding difference in their aptitude for extracting the virtues of any substance infused in them. Pipes for the conveyance of steam or hot air, if left naked, should be of polished metal; but after arriving at the place where they have to give out their heat, their surface should be blackened and rough. A coat of polished mail is not a cold covering. A mirror intended to reflect heat should be of highly polished metal; and such is the interior of a screen placed behind roasting meat. A fireman's mask is usually covered with tin-foil. It is of advantage that the bottom of a tea-kettle or other cooking vessel be black, because the bottom has to absorb heat, but the top should be polished, because it has to confine.

The interesting phenomenon of dew was not at all understood until lately, since the laws of radiant heat have been investigated. At sun-rise in particular states of the sky, every blade of grass and leaflet is found, not wetted, as if by a shower, but studded with a row of distinct globules most transparent and beautiful, bending it down by their weight, and falling like pearls when the blade is shaken. These are formed in the course of the night by a gradual deposition on bodies rendered by radiation colder than the air around them, of the moisture which rises invisibly from water surfaces into the air during the heat of the day. In a clear night the objects on the surface of the earth radiate heat upwards through the

air which impedes not, while there is nothing nearer than the stars to return the radiation; they consequently soon become colder, and if the air around has its usual load of moisture, part of this will be deposited on them, exactly as the invisible moisture in the air of a room is deposited on a cold bottle of wine when first brought from the cellar. Air itself seems not to lose heat by radiation. A thermometer placed upon the earth any time after sun-set until sunrise next morning, generally stands considerably lower than another suspended in the air a few feet above it; owing to the radiation of heat upwards from the earth, while the air remains nearly in the same state. During the day, while the sun shines, the earth is much warmer than the air. The reason why the dew falls, or forms so much more copiously upon the soft spongy surface of leaves and flowers, where it is wanted, than on the hard surface of stones and sand, where it would be of no use, is the difference of their radiating powers. There is no state of the atmosphere in which artificial dew may not be made to form on a body, by sufficiently cooling it, and the degree of heat at which it begins to appear is called the dew point, and is an important particular in the meteorological report of the day. In cloudy nights heat is radiated back from the clouds, and the earth below not being so much cooled, the dew is scanty or deficient. On the contrary, when uninformed persons would least expect the dew, viz. in warm very clear nights, and perhaps when the beautiful moon invites to walking, and music adds its charm, as in some of the evenings of autumn with the harvest moon and harvest occupations—then is the dew more abundant, and the danger greater to delicate persons of taking harm by walking among the grass.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

AURORA BOREALIS IN NORWAY.

WE were often out at night, says M. Everest, admiring the aurora borealis. It was seldom bright, but its faintness was always beautiful. Sometimes only a small piece of it appeared among the clouds, on a dark and gloomy night, so pure and so pale, that we might have imagined it something like Mercy and Truth shining on a world of sin. But on the 18th of November it shone forth in full glory. There is a kind of light yellow cloud, which is in England vulgarly known by the name of horse-tails, and is in truth an assemblage of long flakes, or tresses, thrown about in all directions. Imagine a number of these, of a pale color, like moonlight, and irregularly wreathed together, so as to form a band across the heavens, like the arch of a rainbow, with the centre of the arch to the westward of the pole-star. Such it appeared to us when we first came out. The majestic meteor gradually expanded itself, for in spite of a sharp wind against it, it was steadily approaching the zenith, and having gained its point, rested there awhile. The bright canopy was awfully near above our heads, and we were inclosed in its broad effulgent arms. New streaks of light continually kindled as the old ones faded. Sometimes one of the tresses would whirl, as though it were the fold of a dragon's tail; then again it lost its waved appearance, and showed only a number of straight vertical stripes, like a rain of fire; then there was a sudden unfolding, as of a great fan, or scroll, which displayed all the colors of the rainbow; then a hurried indistinct motion of the shapes of light, which we compared to a mysterious dance of spirits.

SCOTCH GOOD NATURE.

The Irish, it is said, are remarkable for doing things by contraries.

By the following paragraph, which we extract from an Edinburgh paper, it would appear that the Scotch share that quality with the Hibernians.

"A man attempted the feat of drowning himself in the canal, near by the hangman's house, on Friday, *but was saved the trouble by some people who were passing.*"

This was really a good natured interference on the part of the people passing. It is an invidious and ungracious thing for a man to drown himself; and the people kindly undertook to save him from that disagreeable responsibility, by throwing him into the canal, *volens volens*. The only wonder is, that as they were so near the hangman's house, they did not, for the sake of variety, hang the fellow.

ELEVATION OF SPIDERS IN THE AIR.

In June last, Dr. Virey communicated to the Academie des Sciences an observation made by him on the ascent of small spiders in the air. The author first adverted to the difficulty of accounting for the extension of spiders' webs or threads from one side of a brook to the other, or between trees placed at considerable distances from each other. It has been supposed that the spiders throw out their glutinous threads to a distance, to attach them to a determinate point; but such a supposition is quite inadmissible, especially when the distance is great. M. Virey observed spiders of different species, chiefly, however, of the *Eperia diadema*, which had the faculty of rising in the air in a closed room, without the aid of currents of wind. They ascended without assistance to whatever place they pleased, leaving a thread attached to the place from which they set out. The author accounted for the ascending motion of these minute aeronauts by the motion of their four

pairs of feet acting together as oars or small wings, so as to produce an aerial natation, or a kind of flight.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The only sure way to become naturalists, in the most pleasing sense of the term, is to observe the habits of the plants and animals that we see around us, not so much with a view of finding out what is uncommon, as of being well acquainted with that which is of every day occurrence. Nor is this a task of difficulty, or one of dull routine. Every change of elevation or exposure is accompanied by a variation both in plants and animals; and every season and week, nay, almost every day, brings something new; so that while the book of nature is more accessible, and more easily read than the books of the library, it is at the same time more varied. In whatever place, or at whatever time one may be disposed to take a walk—in the most sublime scenes or on the bleakest wastes—on arid downs or by the margins of rivers or lakes—inland, or by the sea-shore—in the wild or on the cultivated ground; and in all kinds of weather and all seasons of the year, nature is open to our inquiry. The sky over us, the earth beneath our feet, the scenery around, the animals that gambol in the open spaces, those that hide themselves in coverts, the birds that twitter on the wing, sing in the grove, ride upon the wave, or float along the sky, with the fishes that tenant the waters, the insects that make the summer air alive—all that God has made is to us for knowledge and pleasure, and usefulness and health; and when we have studied and known the wonders of his workmanship, we have made one important step toward the adoration of His omnipotence, and obedience to His will.

SECRET WRITING.

Mr. Allsop describes, in a letter to the Technical Repository, a mode of secret writing which he has long used for making private notes and memo-

randums. It is simply to substitute the preceding or succeeding letter for the one used. Thus, for the letter *a* substitute *b*; for *b*, *c*, and so on. The following is a specimen:—

Sir, Among the numberless inventions adopted for secret.

Sir, Bnpoh uif ovncfsmft jowfo-ujpot bepqufe gps tfsdfu.

Always addressing and concluding the letter in the usual manner to prevent discovery, or giving a key to the cipher.—In our humble estimation, the inventor of this style of writing should have kept it to himself; for, the moment it is *known*, where is its utility?

ELECTRICITY OF THE WINDS.

In the Mediterranean, Mr. Black ascertained by numerous observations, that winds or currents of vapor of some continuance from an extent of sea, are negatively charged with electricity; while those from the land, especially from hilly countries, are relatively in a positive condition. When opposite winds, such as north and south, are differently charged with electricity, and meet, a transfer of the electric matter is always the consequence.

Not a newspaper of any kind is admitted into Venice, without undergoing the inspection of the police, and paying 10 centimes impost. No English newspaper is ever seen in Venice, and the English sojourning there are obliged to content themselves with an occasional glance at Galignani, which is often detained a week at the post-office before delivery.

LITERARY NOTICES.

List of New Books.—Loudon's Magazine of Natural History—Essays on Political Economy—Morrison's Outlines of Mental Diseases—Fosby's Vocabulary of East Anglia—Tattam and Young's Egyptian Dictionary—Tales of the Classics—Mayo's Lessons on Objects—Jones' Lectures on the Apocalypse—Bertha's Visit—Dell's Evening Amusements—Dillon's Discovery of the Fate of La Pérouse, Wilson's Memoirs of De Foe—The Rivals, by the author of the Coilegians—Biber's Lectures on Education—Economy of the Hands and Feet.

among the numberless
inventions adopted for
SECRET



Pendleton's Lithog. Boston.

BRIDAL DRESS — WALKING DRESS.

For Cottons' Atheneum

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1830. [VOL. 3, No. 11.

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

THE literary history of Great Britain may be portioned into three great eras—the Elizabethan—that of Queen Anne—and that of George the Fourth.

Out of a variety of heterogeneous materials, the English character began to assume a fixed national type, and its language, which was formerly a barbarous fluctuating compound, to have a standard of its own. The great bringer-about of this latter important enterprise was Geoffrey Chaucer, justly characterised as the morning star of English poetry. It is astonishing what this great man accomplished. Amid a life of political daring and danger, he not only laid the great foundations for a language, which was afterwards to be peculiar to his country, but upon them his genius reared a glorious superstructure. His writings are not more remarkable for their high intrinsic value, than for their extent; and to such a pitch of improvement did his accurate judgment and fine ear carry the English tongue, that, even in our own day, with slight differences of spelling and accentuation, many passages in his poetry read as mellifluously as ever. Gower and Lydgate did something to hedge in the premises which Chaucer had wrested from the Sahara of fluctuation; but it was not till the latter years of Henry the Eighth that our national literature began to assume that aspect of majestic power which

fixed its impress forever on the world, in the writings of Bacon and Shakspeare.

In this original grand era—we must comprehend Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor, the grand apostles of the English church, men of transcendent talent and accomplishment. The latter was, indeed, the Coleridge of his day; with as lofty a range of imaginative illustration, and as penetrating a sense of psychological truth. His mind seemed stored with inexhaustible riches; and he poured forth its treasures with a lavish prodigality over every subject that happened to come within the range of his illustration. The drama, however, seemed to be the grand focus in which the overflowing genius of the nation concentrated itself. Shirley, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, were each master spirits, impregnated with creative energy and power; and, individually, enough to have lent a tone to the literature of an age. All these stars were, nevertheless, shining in the firmament together; some in the zenith of their intellectual manhood, some only emerging in beauty from the horizon of youth, and some declining in the reverend glory of old age. Bacon and Shakspeare, in their transcendent magnificence, “dwelt apart,” and drew after them “a third part of the heavens.” In the *Novum Organum*, the great discoverer of the in-

ductive philosophy left a monument of intellectual strength to all posterity ; and the Bard of Avon, scarcely wistful that he had achieved anything at all remarkable, had eclipsed in his dramas not only all the boasted triumphs of antiquity, but left all coming ages in despair of rivalling his excellences.

Truly it might be said that there "were giants in the earth in those days ;" and, by comparison, the ordinary achievements of the human mind sink into pigmy insignificance. Take it all in all, it was, if we extend it down to comprehend Milton, the most brilliant intellectual epoch in the history of the world. It is that which of all others has left its memory most deeply imprinted on the minds of posterity. It is the oftenest in our thoughts and in our mouths ; furnishes us with the most consummately finished delineations of human society and manners ; and exhibits the most completely to our view our moral construction and tendencies. In it the relations of things were more equitably adjusted, and by a more scrutinising analysis of the springs which actuate human conduct. The genius of that period threw a new flush of verdure over the face of creation. The waters became more blue and limpid—the mountains more abrupt and sublime—and the forests more fresh and green in the songs of Shakspeare ; while, in the terse reasonings of Bacon, man's nature became more thoroughly understood, and was more beautifully illustrated.

The fact was, that a great impulse had been given to the national mind, which wise legislation was rapidly elevating from semi-barbarism into refinement. England was gaining a name among the nations, and a great one ; becoming more powerful in her resources within herself, and more formidable to her enemies without. Her ships were penetrating to the ends of the earth, and, in her name, discovering and taking possession of mighty continents. Her merchants were amassing the wealth of princes, and

in her island situation she was beginning to find herself beyond the immediate reach of hostile aggression. Successful war, and the extension of commerce, had given a stimulus to industry ; labor found employment ; and that prosperity which might formerly be said to be individual, was becoming national. The reign of enterprise and exertion was established ; and the thousand-and-one wheels of virtuous endeavor set in motion.

Notwithstanding all this, luxurious refinement was, contrasted with our own times, the lot of comparatively few. Cultivation of the mind was an object as yet of mere secondary importance ; and learning, properly so speaking, was almost exclusively confined to the schools, after having been expelled from the monasteries by their extinction. Among the great body of the people, industry had reached little higher than the bare supply of physical wants ; and it was in only rare cases that the son commenced his career in life, endowed with the advantages which might accrue from ancestral hoarding. To read and to write were no common endowments ; and ladies who could repeat the "Lord's Prayer," thought themselves beyond the dominion of witchcraft. As for an author, he was a prodigy, a *rara avis*, a black swan, a phoenix. If it be true—and we see no proper grounds for doubting the fact—that the empire of knowledge was gradually extending itself through the body of the people, till the days of Pope, Swift, and Addison, and that they yet found such ample grounds for satirising the ignorance of the multitude, we may be able to form some idea of what must have been the tone of public feeling, and the degree of general enlightenment, amid the bulk of the nation in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Bacon could, of course, be comprehended only by the more subtle and refined spirits. His speculations were of a kind—(save in his little book of essays)—not very likely to arrest general attention ; or, had they done so, of

operating with immediate profit on the manners and habits of the multitude. To Shakspeare and his compeers, was owing the intellectual glory that more immediately dawned over the surface of society, illuminating the dark, and refining the ignorant. The theatre was a place requiring no preparatory study. Before the public eye were exhibited spectacles, illustrative of virtue and vice—examples for their imitation or abhorrence—scenes to draw forth their indignation or their tears.

Nor can we be over-liberal in estimating the effects, when we consider who was the magician that was to perform this act of divine enchantment, which—(as Orpheus of old was fabled to have drawn after him even inanimate things)—was to kindle the dormant energies of the human soul, to inspirit the noble, and humanize the savage! It was Shakspeare—the prodigy of nature—the being who was “beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame.” In his historical characters he reflected the past; and in many of his portraitures we have pictures of the existing manners of his own time. Who can doubt that, among the latter, were Justice Shallow, Sir Hugh Evans, Slender, Dame Quickly, Anne Page, and many others of his personæ. Indeed, it is observable, that, in delineating some of them, he stooped to the reigning taste of the age—a penalty which all authors are obliged to pay in a greater or less degree, if they aspire to popular favor; and to this may be traced much of the false wit, and low comic dialogue, which have justly been considered the greatest spots of obscuration on the disc of our greatest intellectual luminary.

But when Shakspeare ascended from the low realities of existing life, and his imagination was allowed not only to select its materials, but fashion them in its own mould, then shone forth the prince of dramatic poets; and combinations were formed, which, for consistency with the fundamental principles of mind, for grandeur and eleva-

tion, for profound pathos, for originality and complete unity, have no parallels among the creations of human genius. Such were his Othello—his Lear—his Hamlet—his Macbeth—his Desdemona—and his Juliet; and next to these may be placed his more strictly historical characters, Cæsar—Coriolanus—and Richard the Third. In the individual portraitures of the whole of these, we have originality of conception combined with the most consummate discrimination, not only of the latent springs of action, but the strictest separations in the external manifestations of the passions. This is indeed extraordinary, and ever, as we more deeply scrutinize, becomes the more palpable, and the more wonderful; but when, superadded to this intimate knowledge of metaphysics, we take into consideration his eye for natural beauty, and the boundless admiration which the contemplation of its varying aspects never fails to call forth from him, we are lost in astonishment at the universality of his genius—that genius “which exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.” For the world in which we move, and live, and have our being, was too circumscribed for his capacious soul. He called in to his aid the superstitions of his own, and of past ages. He made the sheeted dead “squeak and gibber on the Roman streets,” in augury of the fatal ideas of March, and of the blood which was to be poured at the base of Pompey’s statue. The beldames,

“So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not as of earth, and yet are on’t,”
meet Macbeth on the blasted heath, amid the conflict of the elements, and prophesy, in sybilline words, his future destiny. The monstrous Caliban, and the celestial Ariel, are conjoined in the Tempest, as if merely to show how the majesty of his genius could sport with the most incongruous materials. Nay, in very wantonness, he gives Bottom the Weaver an ass’s head, and makes him “partial to thistles and bottled hay;” while around him are let loose the revelries

of the fairy court, and our commonplace world becomes an *imperium in imperio*. Turn from these to "the insulted majesty of Denmark," to the kingly spirit, loosened for an hour in the night-season from its purgatorial fires, "to revisit the glimpses of the moon"—to Richard, in the remorse of his soul, clutching at his sword in his dreams—to the imaginative vision of Clarence—and then we must be made aware that Shakspeare was indeed "a master of fence, cunning at all weapons;" that his province was equally in the minute and pleasing, and in the terrific and vast; that, when dealing with human agencies, he could probe to the bottom of the soul of man; and that, when he gave wings to his imagination, he could become, as it were, a denizen of the world of spirits.

Public taste was supported at the lofty standard to which the almost superhuman exertions of the great dramatist had raised it, by the appearance of Milton. The genius of these two mighty men was, however, essentially distinct, and apart from each other. Shakspeare was conversant with man and his passions in all their varying aspects;—with the heroic—the pious—the hypocritic—the selfish—the knavish—and the mean. He had no pride: he threw himself unreservedly into all their several situations; and, for the time, judged with their judgments—thought with their thoughts—and felt with their feelings. His adage was "*homo sum nec aliquid humanum a me alienum puto*."—It was far otherwise with the author of Paradise Lost. He went about in the crowd, wrapt up in the mantle of his own aspirations. As Wordsworth beautifully says of him,

"His soul was like a star—and dwelt apart."

His genius was not dramatic; and, in Comus, we find not flesh and blood, but shadowy abstractions. We have personifications of the virtues, and

"Airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Nor does he mourn the death of his friend, as one who had been his youthful companion, and trode with him the fields of merry England, where, as Southey says,

"The daisy bends, the yellow kingcup shines,
In the pleasant month of May."

No—he is mourned for as Lycidas—a classical swain, adorned with all the virtues and excellences which a Maro or an Ovid would have loved to celebrate. The winds and the waves are called upon to lament him, and the flowers to shed their blossoms over his grave.

The memory of Milton was a storehouse of classical allusion, and the scope of his illustration is consequently more extended than that of any writer either before or since. Indeed, it would have required a vast capacity of genius alone to float the bulk of materials that pressed upon his mind. Satan's staff is likened "to the pine upon Norwegian hills"—the garden of Eden is compared to "the vale of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers—herself a fairer flower—by gloomy Dis was gathered"—and Satan, struggling in his impotent fury, brings to his mind "Ulysses between the Sicilian whirlpools."

Spenser luxuriated in a world of his own invention. He has little or no reference to the age in which he lived; and had he written in our own times, he would have perhaps chosen a path very little different from the one he has chalked out for himself. The only part of his writings wherein he has made any show of depicting life and manners, is his Pastorals; yet his Lubins and Colin Clouts are neither the Arcadians of England nor of any other country. They are conjurations from Cloudland—pass before us with their crooks, and flocks, and garlands—and "coming like shadows, so depart."

Among our older writers, the brightest instance of genius, with judgment, was given in Chaucer—the most prominent example of genius, with taste, in Milton. Shakspeare possessed all these requisites in an

equal degree, and superadded other excellences of his own.

Chaucer has exhibited, in his description of the Wife of Bath, the Clerke of Oxenforde, and the Jolly Miller, with "the wart upon his nose," in his Procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims, a nicer, and more acute, and more natural discernment of objects submitted, or supposed to be submitted, to the actual senses, than Milton could have done. His figures have all the scenic distinctness of a real pageant. But his narratives, from this necessary descent to minutæ, are consequently often tedious and wearisome, not from the meagreness, but the redundancy of their imagery. The value of Chaucer's poetry consists chiefly, like that of a portrait, in the strict resemblance it bears to the original, in the similarity of outline, and the accuracy of the coloring. He reads the real passions of men in their outward expression. He describes the landscapes of nature as they pass under his eye, and trusts to their own beauty as their best recommendation. They require no comment; he finds it enough faithfully to delineate, and scrupulously to portray them.

With Milton the case is widely different. His enchanted forest in *Comus*, and his garden of Eden in *Paradise Lost*, he had not only to describe,

but to create. He riots in an ideal and fictitious world, among beings of his own imagining; through regions which eye hath not seen, and where foot of traveller hath "never brushed away the early dew." He listens to sounds, which ear hath not heard; now 'tis "most musical, most melancholy," and now it is "an angel's song, which bids the heavens be mute." Where there are none to guide, he leads; and where there is nought to imitate, he imagines. His eye was "that inward eye," which Wordsworth says "is the bliss of solitude;" and when, like his own Sampson, he stood among mankind in blindness,

"Dark, dark, dark, irrecoverably dark,
Total eclipse, without all hope of day,"

the gaze of his spirit traversed the whole intellectual world, from the most purified of celestial beings, down to the most debased—from Michael and Abdiel, to him who, even in his fall, seemed scarcely "less than Archangel ruined." But the genuine Milton appeals less vividly to our imaginations when holding converse with Adam and Eve in the quiet Eden of this world, than when his genius rouses itself to the combat, amid the turbulence of celestial regions, when

"Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel
undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit."

BRIDAL OF DEATH.

It was in the evening of a very beautiful summer day that two young persons wandered together by the banks of the river Evan, a few miles above its junction with the Clyde. They had often met there before, but never on any occasion so interesting as the present. It was to undergo the pangs of a separation, certainly for a long period, and not improbably forever. The countenances of both lovers (for such they were) wore the hue of an expressive sorrow, but there was likewise a deeper melancholy than even such a leave-taking could produce

There was something beyond the mere pain of parting for a season; something which did not spring solely from that sudden occasion, but was deeply and sadly rooted in the heart. It was plain that they loved, but that some evil influence hung over their heads, which threatened to blight their affections, and place wider bars between them than any distance, however great. To part with those in whom our feelings are centred is melancholy, even when the voice of hope whispers that we may yet see them under happier circumstances:

but when the future is dark and inauspicious, and there is no prospect of ever seeing each other face to face, human imagination cannot depict a state of mind more fearfully withered and desolate.

Such was the case with the two lovers: they had met to take what they might well consider their final farewell. Before they thought of parting, the sun had long gone down, and the moon lighted up with a flood of glory that beautiful strath through which the Evan, sheltered with bowers of overhanging elm and alder, was now rippling along. Time had never passed so rapidly over them, and the three hours they had been together seemed but as many minutes.

"Eliza," said the young man, "we part, and we may never meet again. The broad Atlantic must soon roll between us. I have now only one request to make, and it is this: Wear the ring I present you with for my sake. When you look upon it, think you are my affianced bride. Oh! Eliza, when you look upon it, *think on me*; and if ever the messenger of misfortune tells you I am no more, wear it as the token of one who loved you better than life."

"No, William," said she, returning him the ring, which he had put upon her finger, "keep that pledge till another time. The day may yet come when you will be able to bestow it under happier auspices—when our countenances shall shine with smiles instead of being darkened by sorrow, and when you may call me something else than your affianced bride. Keep it till my father's anger is washed away, when our bridal may be solemnized with his free consent. Keep it till then; for that happy day shall assuredly arrive, if we are blessed with life. Then, William, present the token to me and claim my promise. As sure as the eye of Eternity is upon us, it shall be fulfilled. Beneath the rocks that gird this mysterious solitude—beneath that moon which lightens up so beautifully the glen of Evan—in the presence of whatever

unseen forms behold us, and hear us, I pledge my vow, and it shall be fulfilled!"

No limit can be placed on the language of love; and perhaps on the present occasion the young couple indulged in it to a degree of extravagance. With them, however, it was sincere, and came from hearts overflowing with the tide of affection. Love is the poetry of human life. When it springs forth in native purity, it diffuses itself over the mind like sunshine over the face of nature, and clothes the most naked and barren thoughts with impassioned beauty. It is the music of existence, and has its gay and its melancholy tones. When it comes across the soul, all the other faculties thrill under its influence, as the rocks and mountains quivered to the harp of Orpheus; and its saddest and most subduing spirit had fallen on the two lovers when they bade each other adieu. One speechless embrace, in which their souls seemed dissolving into one, and they tore themselves asunder. He followed her with his eyes as she wound her way among the trees which led from the stream to her father's house. He thought he could hear sobs as from a broken heart. He knew they must come from her; and when he reflected that they were uttered on his account, he thought his spirit would have sunk within him.

Nor was Elizabeth Melville unworthy of such affection, for besides being one of the prettiest girls in the middle ward of Lanarkshire, she possessed a sweetness of disposition which made her universally beloved. But it was not her lot to experience the soft blandishment of maternal kindness. She lost her mother in childhood, and was left to the care of her other parent, who, save his affection for her, had no redeeming quality: he was morose and sullen to an incredible degree. He inherited considerable property, but this circumstance, which is generally sure to attract society to the possessor, however depraved his character, was unavailing

with him. His house stood among its little grove of elm, a lonely monument of desertion, and he walked forth and returned, apparently as widowed of friends as he was of his consort. So withering was his glance, so repulsive his manner, that no one would solicit his acquaintanceship, and long before he had passed into the vale of years, he found himself in some measure a stranger in the world. This circumstance, however, far from inducing him to shake off his moroseness, only rendered it the more vehement : far from inspiring him with the love of society, it only made him shun it the more. Had he been childless and alone, it would perhaps have been impossible for any human being to be more completely unhappy ; but his beautiful daughter inhabited the same mansion, and amply repaid him for every other pleasure which the world denied. He was sullen and harsh to others, but comparatively gentle to her. He was naturally sordid, but to his child he became in some measure generous, and money, although the ruling passion of his soul, was willingly sacrificed at this fair altar of paternal idolatry. He had her taught every accomplishment befitting her genius and rank in life ; among other things music, of which he was passionately fond—and with this she would compose him in the winter evenings, as David with his harp lulled to calm the perturbed spirits of the King of Israel.

About the fifteenth year of Elizabeth's age, a change took place, and his mansion no longer wore the deserted aspect that had hitherto characterised it. The fame of Miss Melville's beauty spread far and wide ; and the circumstance of her total retirement in so lonely a quarter, and with so singular a companion, gave these reports a kind of romantic interest. By degrees his acquaintance began to be courted by the young gentry around ; his house to be visited by those who before had seldom or never crossed its threshold, and even those who were little disposed to stoop to his caprice, became wonderfully

accommodating. The unction of flattery being skillfully applied, he smoothed over his ruggedness as much as his unhappy nature would admit, and so far got the better of his former manner, that every one began to think him a much better man than he had ever appeared to be. His daughter at this time was a lovely girl. Notwithstanding the seclusion of her life, she was none of the demure sentimental damsels so often met with, but a brisk rompish creature, full of mirthful enjoyment. The life she led had a perpetual tendency to repress the exuberance of her animal spirits ; but in spite of every trammel they were perpetually bursting forth, and even drawing smiles from the severe countenance of her father. When seclusion could not restrain this delightful flow of heart, it is needless to say that the freer intercourse with society which she now enjoyed operated directly in its favor, and rendered it more brilliantly fascinating. The spirit of happiness seemed to beam in her countenance, and two dark brown eyes, shining beneath full-arched and graceful eyebrows, sparkled with life and intelligence. Her brow was open and lofty ; her hair, of the deepest black, hung in graceful ringlets over her temples, and her complexion possessed much of the warmth and Italian hue which glows in the pictures of Titian. She was not tall, but of that middle size which, after all, is perhaps the most attractive in woman. Then her shape, it was proportion itself ; and when she laughed, two rows of beautiful pearl were revealed beneath the shelter of lips of the most melting and seductive richness. Every one who knew her thought it miraculous that she should be the child of such a father. But though her temper was brisk and airy, she had at the same time a depth of character which no one could imagine her to possess. When in any situation which called it forth, she exhibited the workings of a profound feeling, and could throw off the manners of a fanciful girl to assume those of an intel-

ligent woman. None ever wept more sincerely at a tale of distress than she ; none ever went more frequently to the relief of poverty and distress, or had their names more affectionately sustained on the wings of gratitude. In the language of our divine Shakspeare, " she had an eye for pity, and a hand open as day for heaven-born charity."

No wonder that her father's house began to be more crowded than usual, with such an attraction within it : no wonder that his visitors were contented to humor him, to laugh at his witless jokes, and put up with his peculiarities of temper. His stories might be good enough in their way, but while his new friends seemed to listen to them with all possible deference, their eyes were turned another way, and their hearts responded to other strings. He was surrounded not with his own friends, but with the lovers of his daughter.

But of all the suitors of Elizabeth, there was one alone on whom her affections became unalterably fixed, and this was William Leslie. He was indeed a noble character—not that he was merely handsome in his appearance and of elegant manners, but he had a frankness, and at the same time a modesty of deportment, which brightened his other qualifications, and constituted him, in the strictest sense of the word, a gentleman. He was about four years older than Miss Melville, and regarded her with a love which, to the exclusion of all the other competitors, she as fondly returned. Elizabeth felt all the rapture of a first affection ; and had the disposition of her father been different, her happiness would have been complete. But her lover's circumstances, though on the whole easy, were far inferior to those of several of his rivals. Such an event she knew would weigh strongly with Mr. Melville, and felt a conviction, that his immediate resentment would follow any supposed intimacy between her and the only man she ever loved. This, however, could not root out the passion which had taken ground in her

heart, nor quench the Promethean fire which burned there. By a secret sympathy she felt that her happiness was centred in Leslie—and every obstacle that was thrown in their way, but riveted them more strongly together.

When a woman is deeply in love, what will she not do to gain her object ? Elizabeth's heart was naturally open, and never till now did she stoop to anything like disingenuousness. She found herself compelled to practise a justifiable deception on her father, by treating William with an affected coldness, and bestowing all her smiles upon her wealthier, and consequently with him, more favored admirers. But love cannot be concealed. The sigh which stole from her bosom—the flush that suffused her cheek—the swimming softness of her eyes, as they glided almost unconsciously on William—the confusion and eloquent silence which prevailed, spoke volumes. By such tokens Mr. Melville discovered his daughter's feelings ; and his sullen temper, like a volcano which had long been at rest, broke forth with redoubled fury. He forbade Leslie his house, and threatened Elizabeth with his perpetual displeasure if she ever saw him more. The command went like lightning to her heart ; it was the first time she had ever felt calamity. The fabric of bliss she had so fondly reared fell in an instant to the ground ; her visions of happiness floated away like a summer cloud, and she found herself overwhelmed with unutterable despair.

This was a sad blow to the fond-hearted girl, but perhaps it might have been borne, had not another event shortly after occurred to complete her misfortunes. This was the unavoidable departure of William for Jamaica, to look after his affairs, which had been unfortunately impaired in that island. While he remained at home, hope had not entirely forsaken her. She conceived, although she knew not upon what grounds, that they might yet be brought together ; and at any rate, enjoyed the satisfaction of think-

ing that she still inhabited the same country, and was never far away from her lover. But this last event gave the finishing stroke to all her prospects; and from that moment when they bade adieu on the banks of the Evan, happiness departed from her bosom. She had wrought up her mind to a pitch of unusual firmness at this meeting, and she had gone through it with apparent energy. When, however, the extraordinary excitement had worn away, and the mind subsided into its usual channel, it became unable to sustain the slow and sure workings of the settled grief which followed. The poison of care was strewed over her spirit, and destroyed it utterly. Nor was there any quarter to which she could fly for consolation. Hope, the star to which the wretched ever turn, shed no ray upon her.

When the waters of life are withdrawn, the flower soon perishes, and the body does not long survive the ravages of a broken heart. So it was with Elizabeth; she had drained the bitter cup of affliction, and its baneful influence was soon manifest. The bright sparkling of her eyes disappeared; they became dim, heavy, and anxious. Her complexion faded into a pallid hue, and her cheeks became wan and sunken. The symmetry of her form, and that exquisite proportion which delighted all eyes, began to be lost. Instead of the firm, yet brisk and airy step which attended all her movements, she trembled at every pace, and degenerated into a mere shadow of what she had been. Cough, the heavy eye, the hectic flush, and the blanched lip, succeeded in their turns. In a very short period of time the once beautiful Elizabeth Melville showed all the appalling signs of a fatal consumption.

Her bodily malady was visible to all: her father alone knew the cause, and felt remorse for his harshness. His repentance was too late: destruction had done its worst. He longed with intense anxiety for the return of Leslie to arrest its progress. He did

at length arrive, after an absence of twelve months, but his approach could not snatch his mistress from the grave which was opening to receive her.

When Elizabeth was warned of this event, she fainted away. Then a flush rose upon her pale countenance like a beam on the valley of death—a smile crossed her lips, and her heart palpitated with a transient rapture. For a moment she was happy; but when she contemplated her emaciated form—the ravages which illness had made there, and the short path which lay between her and Eternity, her happiness as speedily departed. But what were William's feelings on beholding this sad spectacle! In the pride of youthful beauty, an angel of loveliness he had left her, but he found her a shadow disrobed of all her charms, save that immortal beauty inspired by religion and love, over which disease has no command. His heart was blasted at the sight; his eyes swam with a sudden giddiness. He fell insensibly at her feet, and dreamed that what he beheld was only a vision; but he awoke to find it a sad reality. Elizabeth stretched forth her hand to him.

"Do not weep for me, William; I shall leave you only for a season. I am going to a country where the bride shall not mourn the absence of the bridegroom, nor the bridegroom the departure of the bride. Farewell, dearest, best beloved! Think often on Elizabeth Melville when she is away. Think how she lived and died for you; but mourn her not, for she is happy."

The unfortunate young man could only sob in a burst of agony: he seemed more overcome with emotion than his dying mistress. He pressed her slender hand to his lips, and bedewed it with tears. At last, the irrepressible tide of affection found vent in words. "Eliza," said he, "you remember the banks of the Evan, where you vowed to be mine, and where you told me that this ring was to be the token which should

make us one. I now claim your promise, and before we are separated on earth, let it be fulfilled at the hands of the man of God." As she looked at the ring, her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity; but when she remembered the time, the place, and the occasion at which it was first offered her, she wept bitterly. William placed it on her finger, kissed her, and said, "You are mine—mine forever." But as she turned down her hand, the ring fell off; the emaciated finger could not fill up its small circle. Elizabeth observed this, and shook her head: William remarked it also, and called to his recollection how lovely and full of health she was a year before—how frail now and worn out, when the ring which then fitted well dropped from her finger.

The friends of both tried to dis-

suade them from the melancholy union which they contemplated, but their minds were made up, and they were married by the parish minister. It was a sad sight to witness the pale consumptive form of Elizabeth robed in the bridal garments; but whoever looked on the pensive melancholy of that still lovely face, could see an expression more than earthly, and a spirit of hope and virtue that aspired beyond the tomb. An evanescent flush came across her countenance as she joined hands with her lover; it was the last she ever wore. She died eight days after the marriage—nor did William Leslie long survive her; for under a cloud of the deepest sorrow, he went out again to the West Indies; and fell a victim to the yellow fever, three weeks after his arrival.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

I FORGET now the cause, which, for some time after the Blackbirch affair, interrupted my *tête-à-têtes* with Mrs. Winsom, or, as her handmaid Babby called them, our crim. cons.; but the renewal, as I well recollect, took place on a Sunday evening. I had been the night before at the Opera to hear Catalani for the first time, who was then in all the plenitude of song and beauty. Having invited Mrs. Winsom to make tea for me, after some disquisition concerning the performance, she began:—

"Experience has taught me that the lodging trade, like the generality of commercing, is not always of the same profitableness. So it came to pass in the course of time that my apartments were no to be let to the progenitors of the AA or the PP; that is to say, artists, authors, or actors, commonly called painters, poets, and players; and for a good and solid

reason, as I shall make manifest to your hearing.

"Artists, though needing but small attendance, and being of a frugal nature, are yet of such ill-redd-up dispositions, that it is often no in the power of soap and water, besom or brush, to make a satisfactory restoration after them, without the help of a char-woman—and she costs money.

"I once had a short-sighted, pre-junct, pernicketty bodie of a miniatour maker, who staid with me only three months; but it took such a length o' time to make a clearance o' his residues, that, besides the positive outlay for the white-washer and char-woman, I lost, before the rooms were again ready, a Glasgow magistrate, with a punch-bowl belly, whose very face, to any lodging-house, was as the sight of a dripping roast—for he was a dining-at-home customer.

"As for authors, ont of them, for

troublesomeness, is equal to two artists; and I verily think, that, according to the rule of three, if two poets be equal to one player, the whole nine Muses could not be worse than a single she-play-actor.

"For making a litter of paper, the authors are just tremendous; and then they are never ready for their meals, for they are of the kind that live at home, but have either a line to finish, or a sentence to conclude, at the very time the dishes are going to the table. Moreover, they are naturally crisp in their temper, and cannot abide to be told anything in a hurry, even when the case is necessitous; and they sit up to the dead hours of the night, and often frightening sober lodgers from the country with the dread of robbers, as they walk about romancing or mumbling their reasonless rhymes. In short, they are 'dividuals of a precarious humor, and neither profit nor pleasure is to be won at their hands.

"Then the players—Gude! put never another of thae things till me, especially of the feminine gender! But the vocalists are the worst of all. About five years since, I was so misfortunate as to let my first floor to a leddy-player, who was reckoned very prime at Drury-lane Theter. Never was a creature in this world so void of understanding; she had hands and fingers too, that must be allowed, but they were as useless as the siclike of a heathen goddess, cut out in a marble statue—saving that she could jingle parley-voos on a piano-forte. Oh! such a drawing-room as she did keep! It was an anarchy and confusion—a French revolution compared to the shop-board with nine tailors sitting on it making clothes for three bridals and six burials that are to happen the morn's morning. And she had a guinea-pig whittering about her petticoats; a lap-dog would have been Christianity compared to such an abomination.

"'Miss Cymbal,' said I to her one day, 'I wonder how you can demean yourself with such an uncircumcised

thing. It's no right of you—It's a beast of prey, Miss Cymbal, and ought not to be allowed to live in a land of law and gospel.'

"'My beloved Porkettino!' said she, lifting it up—and she kissed it—as I am a living woman, she kissed it! The pig-faced leddy, from all I have heard of her, would never have done the like of that."

Here I deemed it advisable to arrest the garrulity of the worthy old lady, for by this time I had discovered, that when once set a-going on any topic affording scope for simile or illustration, she was apt to run a little too long, particularly when morals or manners were concerned.

"And what became of Miss Cymbal?" said I.

"What became of her! I'm just ashamed to tell—It's enough to sanctify concubinage as holier than wedlock! She was married to an auld lord that's fond o' fiddling, and she now gallants about the streets in her own carriage, as if she was a natural dignitary with a pedigree."

"But do you know what sort of wife she makes?"

"Wife! what could you expect of a woman that made a beloved of a grumphy! To be sure it was a small one, but that did not make the fault any less—as I told her. However, as I was going to tell you, from that time I could not look on her with complacency; and so I resolved to see her back to the door on the first convenient opportunity. But that did not come to pass quite so soon as I had hoped it would do, and I was obligated to thole with her for more than five weeks, when one night, instead of coming home from the theter, she whisked awa', with a hey-cockelorum, to the house of my Lord L—. I must, however, do her justice in one particularity; next morning, when both Babby and me were boiling with a resolution to ding the door in her face if she showed herself at it, my Lord's own gentleman came to make an apology, which he did in a most well-bred

manner, presenting me with a marriage favor, which, besides a very large slice of very excellent seed cake, and a knot of silver-ribbon, consisted of a fifty-pound note to clear her bill—I assure you it was one of the sappiest settlements I have ever had.”

I was a good deal amused with this account of Miss Cymbal, and

said to Mrs. Winsom, that, besides her general objections to authors, she had doubtless met with some one of the remarkable among them.

“I think every one was more remarkable than another,” said she—“But if ye’ll allow me, as the tea is by this time well masket, I’ll pour you out a cup.”

CHAPTER XIV.

While we were engaged with our tea, some of Mrs. Winsom’s friends happened to call, which obliged her to retire with them to her own apartment; and I had no opportunity, for several nights, of resuming the conversation. But at last, a favorable evening, the weather being very wet, came round, and as I had no temptation to go abroad, I sent her the customary invitation.

I had, during the forenoon, been visiting the improvements on the Bedford estate, at Russell Square; and opened the sitting by telling her where I was, and what I had seen.

“Yes,” said she, “though London is London, and aye likely to be, at least for our time, yet being a world within itself, it is, to a surety, subject to world-like changes. Ye cannot well say in what it alters, but after a time ye can see where a change has taken place, just as I observed to Mrs. Carroway, when I went with her for the second time to Margate.

“‘The rocks,’ she observed, ‘everybody of a right frame of mind may tell, without a text of Scripture, are everlasting, and bear testimony to the nothingness of human life.’ But I proved to her, though they were, in a sense, unchangeable, still they were ever changing, showing to her, in divers places, how things were worn and mouldered away, while the generality of the cliffs were seemingly still the same; among others, a projectile of the works on which her nephew had carved our names only two years before; it was quite gone, obliterated, and no more.

“But, as I was saying, London being of the nature of a perpetual world, undergoes alterations in a way that, without making a visible change, is still a change. It came to pass that, one summer, the winter having been adjourned from June to October, for the convenience of Parliament, my rooms were evacuated for a longer space of time than had ever happened before, from the time of Mr. Winsom’s departal, insomuch, that I was beginning to dread a total desertion—for the French Revolution was then rampaging like a drunken man with a drawn sword; and I had nightly fears anent dethronements, and the casting forth of every man of substance, so that lodgers should come no more.

“Well, you see, there being a dearth of lodgers, and rent and taxes dreadful, I made a resolve in my own mind no to be so overly particular when the season was over; and thus it came to pass that, one Saturday, a most respectable-looking elderly gentlewoman came in a coach to the door. She had seen the bill on the window, and liking, as she was pleased to say, the appearance of my house, she had stopped to inquire, and was glad that I responded she could be accommodated.

“‘I’ll take the first floor,’ said she, for all were empty, ‘without taking the trouble to look at any of the other apartments.’

“I was greatly ta’en in with this leddy, for she was motherly in her looks; her dress foretold she was a gentlewoman, and her

countenance that she was by ordinary.

"I got for her, as ye may believe, a comfortable cup of tea, for she had come from off a long journey. She tasted it, and said it was excellent—and indeed it was a fine tea; but I could observe, while making it for her, that her heart often filled full, and was ready to burst, and that the tears shot into her eyes from some hidden source of sorrow.

"When she had composed and refreshed herself, she observed that the day was far spent, and said, with a sore sigh, 'It is too late this evening!' She then returned into her bedchamber, leaving me to wonder what she could mean by saying, 'It is too late this evening.'

"Her room was below mine, for I slept that night in the second floor to keep the bed aired, which I regularly do when my rooms are empty; and all the live-long night I could hear she was restless, often moaning to herself, as with the anguish of a great agony.

"By the break of day she was up, and gone forth without giving a single direction about her breakfast, which, you will allow, was leaving me in a perplexity; and she did not return till the heel of the evening, which did not look well; and yet I could not say wherefore, as she was plainly a most decent matron, and had signs of a substantiality about her that were, to me, as good as securities for her bill.

"I could discern, however, that she had not been abroad gathering honey, for, though her countenance was composed, it was of a constrained composure, more of fortitude than calmness, and she was absent of mind, thanking me kindly—more so than need have been—for my civility.

"I saw she was troubled, and marvelled what could be the cause; but she was of a powerful endurance—that was evident; and I had not courage to inquire into her misery.

"On the morrow it was with her as the yesterday; she was up, out, and gone at a most premature hour; and I was all day in a consternation con-

cerning three particulars—whence had she come, what was her grief, and where did she go? But conjecture gave no satisfaction.

"Day after day the same thing was as regular a come-to-pass as the rising and the setting of the sun. But when she had been my inmate eight days, she came not back till very late at night—a Saturday night: a fearful night that was! Seven lamps in Cavendish Square were blown out of their places on their posts; a chimney-pot in Henrietta Street fractured the skull of an aged watchman; and in Portland Place arose a yell of fire frightful to hear. In such a night that mysterious lady, whose name was unrevealed, came home from Newgate. The Sessions were over.

"She said to me nothing of where she had so often been; but on this occasion her countenance was a darkened wonder. It was sad, but with a sadness in which there was no melancholy; her eyes were uplift and religious, and very piteous to behold; still she appeared serene, but it was manifest her heart was weeping—weeping blood. I let her in myself at the street door, and lighted her up stairs without speaking—her look smote me, so that I could not speak. As I set down the candle on the table till I could light her own, I found strength at last to say, 'I fear, madam, you have met with a sore trial?'

"'Yes,' said she, 'but it is now over.' She then requested me to get her a glass of wine and a crust of bread; and when I had done so, and she had tasted the wine, she desired me to send for Mr. Hatchment the undertaker, from the next street; which I did, and he came immediately.

"After they had been a season by themselves, I went into the room to inquire in what I could be serviceable, and found her weeping very bitterly. Mr. Hatchment had received his orders, and had then gone away; Babby opened the door to him as he went out, and she told me he was like a man that had seen a consternation.

"After the passion of her grief had in some measure abated, she said she hoped I would have no objection to receive the remains of a relation of hers—She could say no more, her sorrow returned with such violence. Judge what I felt; but I sympathized with her, and assured her I would do all I could to serve her.

"The next day being Sabbath, she moved not from her room till the gloaming, when she sent for a coach, and said she would not return before daylight. When she did return, there was a great change upon her. Her countenance was of a sedate solemnity, her tears were dried up, and there was more of melancholy and less of despair about her.

"All Monday she was hidden in her darkened room above; and there was such a dread—we could not tell the cause—on Babby and me, that we spoke to one another in whispers, and walked about the house on our tiptoes, as if the corpse was already come.

"Soon after dark Mr. Hatchment arrived, and the door being opened, he said, 'It is coming,' and presently a hackney-coach stopped at the door, and out of it was brought a plain coffin, and the coach was sent off.

"Mr. Hatchment's men bore the coffin into the parlor, and placed it on my big table, which was set out on purpose; and shortly after two other men came with a fine coffin, covered with crimson velvet, and adorned with gold ornaments, into which the beggarly box of criminality was set and screwed up;—at the same time a grand hearse came to the door.

"As the men were moving the pageant of mystery to the hearse, an old gentleman came in at the open door, pushed the grand coffin aside, and demanded to see the lady; at that moment a shrill scream from her told him where she was. He said but three words to Mr. Hatchment, and hastened up stairs, crying in a wild and pathetic voice,—'It is pardonable in a mother,—but must not be!'

Mr. Hatchment hurried off the hearse with its dismal load; and in the course of a few minutes after, a footman with a fine carriage came to the door, into which the old gentleman handed the lady, and took his place beside her, giving me a twenty-pound note, which was, I own, very handsome. But really it was a mysterious affair, and I was more than a month before I got the better of it."

THE DIVER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral
grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of Ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth
of old,
Midst wrecks where the brave have
striven;
—The Deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bars hast riven.

A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting toil and lone!
Though the treasure-grots for thee may
shine,
To all besides unknown.

A weary life!—but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou art passing fast from the strife away
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read;
—Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in Beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who shall think on *thee*?

None!—as it gleams from the queen-like
head,
Not one midst throngs will say,

"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale, quivering ray."

Woe! for the wealth so dearly bought!
—And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought,
O wrestler with the sea?

Down to the gulphs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn;

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is pour'd;
Learning deep sounds, that make the
lyre
A spirit in each chord!

But oh! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,

That throws at last, o'er desert-years,
A darkly-glorious dower!

As flower-seeds far by the wild wind
spread,
So precious thoughts are strew'd;
—The soul, whence those high gifts are
shed,
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is
sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gush'd with every word?

None! none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies with thee;
—Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark
shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

PROSPERO VOLTERRA—A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

It was nearly midnight as Prospero Volterra, the only son of a Roman noble of that name, slowly returned through the Strada Felice to the palace of his father. The evening was still and peaceful in the extreme. That soft and tender moonlight, which is unknown in northern latitudes, lay slumbering on the majestic ruins scattered around, veiling yet beautifying the mouldering ivy-clad remains of greatness passed away. Everything around breathed of solitude, silence, and the consciousness of deep repose. If a sound did exist, it was but the passing whisper of the night-wind among the leaves, or the gentle murmur of the distant Tiber—sounds which only deepen the very silence they seem intended to disturb.

On a mind so pure and uncontaminated by the blighting influences of worldly knowledge and experience as young Prospero's, the usual effect of scenes and sounds like these is a delicate melancholy, a pensive fulness of emotion, during which the soul, as if emerging from the body, and mingling with the spirit of universal tenderness and beauty by which it is surrounded, becomes for a time totally lost to the exercise of selfish or individual feeling. Such had often been

their effect on the mind of Prospero, who, from his secluded manner of life, solitary habits, and warmth of imagination, had imbibed a more than common sympathy with the external beauties of nature.

On the present occasion, however, very different was their effect. A nameless dread of impending evil took the place of all pleasurable sensation. A consciousness that misfortune and suffering were behind and about to overtake him, pervaded his understanding, while at the same time he felt totally ignorant of what he had to fear or shun. This state of mind is perhaps of all others the most oppressive and insupportable. Evil is before us. We are conscious of its presence; but, like the seer of old, we cannot "discern the form thereof." We yearn in vain to discover its nature and extent; till so horrible at length become the suspense and terror by which we are oppressed, that we would gladly purchase, even at the price of severe but defined calamity, relief from that harrowing shadowy apprehension with which we cannot grapple, and from which we cannot fly.

Having in vain endeavored to reason away the feeling which afflicted

him, Prospero, as we said, was slowly retracing his steps towards his home, imagining that within its sacred precincts he might perchance be safe from the intrusion of these evil thoughts. He was still, however, at some distance from the portico, when a slight sudden tap upon his shoulder arrested his farther progress. On turning round he perceived a serving-man, whose rich apparel and general appearance at once bespoke him the follower of some wealthy master.

"Signor," said he, bowing profoundly, "I am commanded to inform you, that unless you feel too much exhausted by your evening's walk, a certain lady wishes much to see you."

This is by no means an unusual salutation in the streets of Rome; and, young as he was, Prospero had sometimes received such; but then they were usually made by men poor and meanly dressed, the depraved messengers of some needy courtesan. That it was none of these unhappy beings who now invited him, he was at once assured from the appearance of the messenger.

He next suspected that the invitation might proceed from some cowardly foe, who took this method of luring him to a spot fitted, from its solitude, for the purpose of assassination. But that suspicion also instantly passed away. His previously agitated state of mind, too, induced him to believe that something extraordinary was about to befall him; and, though his presentiment had been that the coming event would be fraught with evil, yet a burning desire to know the worst, accompanied by a rooted conviction that it was beyond his power to avoid its consequences, rather increased than diminished the desire which he felt to meet this fair *incognito*. He therefore signified to the servant his willingness to follow him. The latter instantly wheeled about, and proceeded at a smart pace, followed by Prospero, through several of the most unfrequented streets of that quarter. At length their walk

terminated at the gate of an ancient dilapidated palazzo, which Prospero did not recollect of having ever previously seen. The court was clothed with verdure, and the nettle and hemlock towered luxuriantly around the walls. Crossing this by a pathway somewhat less grassy than the rest of the court, they ascended a magnificent flight of marble steps, on the landing-place of which stood many vases and statues of surpassing workmanship and value, but which seemed to have undergone their full share of the dilapidation which time or violence had inflicted on all around. They then passed along a corridor, furnished with the same costly and seemingly-despised materials, and at length arrived at a half opened door, through the aperture of which light streamed from the interior.

"Enter, Signor," said his conductor.

It was a lofty, magnificent looking apartment, and had been superbly furnished; but the frescos, paintings, and gilding of the room and of the furniture, were now sadly faded, and in melancholy keeping with the neglect which he had observed without. Prospero perceived, however, that his bodily comforts had not been altogether unattended to. The faggots blazed cheerfully on the hearth, and a profusion of fruit and wine was ready placed upon the table. He had scarcely time, however, to notice all this, when the door of the apartment was re-opened, and a lady entered. Her figure was tall and majestic; her gestures dignified and graceful; but, alas! though time had spared the brightness of her eye and the elasticity of her form, he had not withheld his withering influence from her face. Her lip had lost that exuberant and soul-satisfying fulness which belongs to youth alone; and even the unpractised eye of Prospero could at once discover the artificial nature of that rosy brilliancy which glowed upon her thin and sunken cheeks.

If Prospero felt disappointment at the appearance of the lady, she, on

her part, testified more than dislike at his. She no sooner saw him, than, starting back, she screamed aloud, and covering her eyes with both her hands, seemed as if anxious to shut out some hateful and appalling vision. Prospero stood for a moment silent and confused at this unexpected reception. Immediately recollecting himself, however, he was about to explain the reason of his visit, but was speedily interrupted by a second wonder.

From a door which communicated with an inner apartment there came forth another female—a young and beautiful maiden—who, though more than girl, had not as yet assumed the garb of womanhood. It was evident from the negligent appearance of her dress, that her presence had not been expected at the interview, and the embroidery which she still held in her hand, and the fear which was visible in her terrified inquiring look, showed that it was the wild shriek of her elder companion alone which had occasioned her present entrance.

“It is nothing, Violante, my love,” said the lady as she saw her approach; “a mere mistake. I sent Stephano for old Nicolo the lawyer, and the stupid blunderer has brought this young Signor in his place.”

Prospero knew this was false. Lawyers were not sent for to ladies’ mansions at midnight; and besides, Stephano was a fellow of much more discernment than to be capable of mistaking a young and handsome cavalier for an old time-stricken lawyer. But whether true or false, was now to him of no moment. His eye was riveted, and every feeling engrossed, by the fair, timid-looking girl who now stood before him. Her simple and unstudied garb formed a striking contrast to the superb and gorgeous trappings of her companion; and the gaze, fraught with sweet wonder, which she directed to him, when pointed out by her companion, was no less opposed to the look of aversion with which he had been regarded by the latter.

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It was of course impossible for him to dispute the account of the matter which had been given by the lady, and he therefore apologized for his intrusion, congratulated himself most gallantly on the happy mistake which had introduced him to the acquaintance of ladies so every way delightful, and finally concluded by entreating them that they would convince him of their entire forgiveness, by allowing him to enjoy their society;—announcing himself at the same time as the only son of the Prince Carlo Volterra. A dark shadow, as he imagined, passed across the brow of the elder lady, as he repeated the name of his father, but this, if indeed it ever existed, died instantly away. She very politely granted his request, informing him that she herself was the Countess de Musocco, the widow of a Venetian nobleman, and that her companion, Violante, was an orphan lady placed under her protection.—Strange to say, Prospero felt happy when he understood that Violante was not the daughter of the Countess, of whom, though he could assign no reason for it, he felt distrustful and afraid.

He now departed, but not until he had again received permission to repeat his visit. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that of this permission he availed himself to its utmost extent. His visits grew gradually more and more frequent, until at length they became as regular as sunrise. With their frequency their duration also imperceptibly increased; till at last, whatever might be the hour of his arrival (and that was commonly as early a one as the laws of etiquette would permit) Prospero never left the dwelling of the Countess till the night had far advanced.

During this period, the conduct of that lady was perfectly inexplicable. It was evident that she felt for him a rooted antipathy, which even all her art could not enable her entirely to conceal. She shunned his conversation, and even his presence. He never approached her, but in a moment she found some frivolous excuse for

changing her seat. She never answered him but in a hurried and subdued tone; and Prospero had more than once observed that, being as she thought unseen, she regarded him with looks of the most rooted hatred. The society, however, of the fair Violante was too captivating, and soon became too necessary to his very existence, to permit his resenting this conduct of her guardian towards him as he would otherwise have done. He did not even dare to notice it, fearful lest any dispute with her might result in his dismissal from their society.

What rendered the conduct of the Countess still more mysterious was, that while through dislike she shunned the company of the youth herself, she was evidently anxious that Violante should regard him with feelings of a very different nature. Every obstacle was removed that might prevent their free and uninterrupted communings, everything done which could tend to ripen the friendship, which the young ones already felt for each other, into warm and mutual love.

And it did so ripen. Day by day, as imperceptibly, but as surely as the rose ripens into beauty under the influence of sun and shower, their pure and uncontaminated feelings expanded into warm, generous, uncalculating and self-devoted affection. Never did Prospero return, even after the short absence of a night, but he discovered an increase of loveliness—a more perfect development of passion in her, whom he now regarded as the one sole thing that earth possessed worthy of his affection. In short, he loved—was loved, and there wanted but the possession of the object whom he loved, to render him, as he imagined, perfectly happy. Nor was this long denied him.

One evening, while he sat alone with Violante, breathing out and listening to those sweet overflowings of passion, which, like the wild wailings of the *Æolian* harp, no art can produce, nor convey their effect to such as have not felt the influence of their magic sounds, he painted, with all the

vividness and beauty of youthful passionate hope, the felicity with which their mutual affection was to color their future days. She mournfully interrupted him, by reminding him of the exalted rank which he held in society; of the right which his father had to be consulted as to the object of his choice, and of her own destitute and ignoble condition.

“Think you, Prospero, that your father, the Prince Volterra, will ever consent to see a nameless girl like me installed in the apartments of that proud palace which have often been decorated for the daughters of royalty? No, no! I have often told you that I know not my parents, that I never knew them. I am solely dependent on the bounty of one, who, if she knows the secret, has solemnly sworn only to communicate it to me when I shall be married. How would the prince your father feel?—how even you, if when this discovery is made I recognize in some low-born peasant, or needy artizan, my long lost parent? How would your heart revolt, how would your affections wither, when you saw me—your wife—the lady of the Prince Volterra—honoring with respect, obedience, and love, individuals so humble as those I have supposed! And yet such feelings I undoubtedly shall entertain towards them, be they the lowest and most destitute paupers that now exist in Italy.”

“Violante,” replied Prospero, “with me these adventitious circumstances weigh nothing. I will be equally ready with you to respect your parents, however low their rank, when you shall have discovered them. He has not seen and known you as I have; he is not aware of those redeeming excellences which you possess, as if to compensate the want of rank and fortune. He will not therefore be so easily won to consent. And yet, even him I do not despair of reconciling to our union. I will introduce you to him—allow him by his own observation to discover the hidden beauties of your heart and

mind; and then, on some auspicious day, when his love and admiration have been thoroughly excited, will gently divulge the truth. Aided by you, I am certain of prevailing."

At this moment the rustling of silk attracted the attention of Prospero, and, hastily turning round, he perceived the Countess. She was steadfastly regarding Violante and himself; and there shone in her eye that same strange mixture of delight and hatred, which, on former occasions, had so much offended and alarmed him. As on these, however, it instantly disappeared on recognition. She advanced with a bland, gracious smile, and addressed them:

"I have heard, my children, your mutual declarations of affection. I know that ye love each other dearly. Possessing these feelings, why should you not be united? Why defer a week, a day, to render your happiness complete, and independent of the contingencies of time or chance? And, indeed, it must be so. To-morrow I leave Rome for a distant land, and Violante must either be left under the protection of a husband, or must follow me. I cannot leave her, save under the care of one who loves her as well as I do."

"Dearest lady," exclaimed Prospero, delighted to meet with an auxiliary where he had most feared to find a foe, "persuade dear Violante to be mine to-night, and you will earn my eternal thanks. I cannot, must not lose her."

"Procure you but a priest," was the reply, "and this very night shall make her yours."

Prospero instantly started up, and, reading in the suffused eyes of Violante no very insuperable objections to this completion of his happiness, left the apartment, promising to return with the friar in the evening.

It is natural that in a situation like that of Prospero's, a man should reflect, but not that his reflections should be sad ones. So it was, however, now, with that ill-starred youth. Gloomy presentiments seemed to flit

before him, and when his memory exercised itself, it was only in recalling scenes of sadness. To dispel these imaginings, he began to think over every circumstance that had occurred since his first strangely formed acquaintance with Violante. That the Countess hated him he thoroughly believed—and why? He had never seen her before that night. Yet on that occasion her hatred had been even more fully manifested than on any following one. No matter—she did hate him. Was she then gratifying this hatred by marrying him to Violante? Impossible! She had not concealed from him that she was poor and of plebeian birth. She did not then intend—as she might easily have done—to deceive him into the marriage. But how could she injure but by deceiving him? In short, the affair was inexplicable, and he resolved to think no farther of it. This, however, was more easily resolved on than accomplished. The imaginings of impending evil still haunted him, and though he could in no manner define the nature or extent of the calamity, still it was from the Countess that every fancied misery seemed to flow.

In this mood he arrived at the palace of his father.

"My Lord Prospero," said the Majordomo, "his Highness the Prince has inquired for you."

"How is he, Ruperto?"

"Much worse, I fear, my Lord."

The youth immediately proceeded to the apartment of the Prince. On entering it he found his father extended on a couch, and his sunken eyes and pale hollow-looking features too truly verified the fears of his servant. As Prospero approached the couch, the Prince observed him. Stretching out his withered and clammy hand towards him, and afterwards raising himself with difficulty from his recumbent position, he signified his wish that Prospero should sit down. He obeyed.

"Prospero," said he, "the period which I have long allotted for communicating to you the sad story which

you are now about to hear, has at length arrived. I did not wish that you should know it long before my death, for when you have heard its details, I must of necessity become to you an object of aversion and of hatred. I was earnestly desirous that I should not depart to my fearful reckoning without revealing it to you, for I am hopeful that its recital may save you from sufferings like those with which you behold me now afflicted."

This tremendous exordium bound up all the faculties of the youth in astonishment, and he sat in silence awaiting the elucidation of the mystery. His father, wiping away the perspiration which the agitation of his feelings had now produced upon his pallid forehead, thus proceeded :

"When at your years, Prospero, I was fond of the chase, and delighted to spend whole days in pursuit of game. The city, with all its gay and splendid pageantry, had no charms for me. It was in the lonely glen and silent forest that I enjoyed life, imagining that I found there a more pure and vital existence than can be met with in the confined and dusty town. One day, while shooting in the woods near Abruzzo, I discovered that by some chance or other the bag which contained my stock of provisions for the day had fallen from my shoulders. This accident of course obliged me to seek for food in some one or other of the cottages which lie scattered in that neighborhood, and I accordingly went up to the first I happened to arrive at. It was a lovely spot! But that matters not. Its beauty has departed! I entered. Its inmates were two females—mother and daughter, as I afterwards knew. They were both beautiful—the mother in all that ripeness and exuberance of charms which indicate that woman is about to fade; the daughter in that yet unmaturing but daily increasing loveliness which is the promise rather than the perfection, the bud rather than the flower, of female beauty. They immediately supplied my little wants with the most cheerful and

gratified alacrity, and the remuneration which I proffered in return was declined with looks of sorrowful upbraiding. Fatally for herself, poor maiden, the beauty of Zerlina—for so was she named—had attracted my attention. I resolved to revisit the cottage, and the pretext of repaying their hospitality by a trifling present afforded me a plausible occasion. My visits by degrees became more frequent. In order to obviate the alarming apprehensions which her mother might have felt, had she known that her daughter was visited by a nobleman, I concealed my name and rank, and announced myself as forester to one of the neighboring proprietors. Under this disguise, too, I more easily elicited from the kind, pure-hearted girl the endearing manifestations of that affection which she now began to feel for me. Day by day her passion increased, until, in an evil hour, subdued by my solicitations, and solemn promises to become her husband, she yielded to the ardor of my entreaties. Ill-fated, unsuspecting, kind-hearted Zerlina! Let no man say, 'I shall be the same to-day, to-morrow, and forever. The passion which now inflames my heart shall still burn brightly there, and shall only die with the core which it inhabits.' It is vain, false, impossible. I know many will say so, will feel so. I felt so—I swore so! But, Prospero, you may as sagely predict, when the sky is clear, that no cloud will ever shroud it, or when the ocean is calm, that no storm shall ever destroy its glassy smoothness, as say that man, fickle, false-hearted man, can long be true to the intensity of passion!

"For months, however, no abatement took place in my fondness for Zerlina; while, as to her, every kind look we gave each other, and every endearing word we uttered, seemed as it were added to the passion which she felt for me.

"But at length I experienced a falling off of feeling. Her glance was still as warm, her accents still as kind; but mine grew cold and care-

less. It was by the silent sorrow of her eye alone I observed she noticed and lamented this, for her lips never gave vent to one murmur or complaint. Even this, however, made me feel uneasy. I knew I was not returning her affection as I ought. But who can sway his heart? My visits became gradually less frequent. Still she complained not. I was still welcomed with the same, nay, with increased delight; and it was only at my departure that the starting tear betrayed the despondency which deepened at her heart. This grief—enduring, silent, and reproachful—became at length so intolerable to me that I withdrew myself entirely.

“About this time your grandfather, anxious for the continuance of our family, proposed that I should marry. I was accordingly introduced to your poor mother, Prospero; and in a few weeks we were united. I communicated this event to Zerlina in a letter, in which I disclosed to her my name and rank. I accompanied the farewell which I there took of her with a purse of gold, and promised an annual repetition of my gift.

“Some months afterwards I was haunted with an unappeasable curiosity to know how the poor girl had borne my foul desertion; and after struggling for some time with this feeling, determined to gratify it. Resuming, therefore, my accoutrements, I again wandered through the woods of Abruzzo, almost afraid, and certainly ashamed, to draw near the cottage. At length, by a circuitous path, I gained a thicket, which, as I knew, commanded a near view of Zerlina’s dwelling, and where I might myself, unseen, perceive how things went on. God! what a sight now met my eye as I peered through the intervening branches! Pale—wanly pale—faded in form, and now so feeble that she could not even sit without support—I saw my poor Zerlina, wrapped up in additional vestments, seated at the cottage door. Beside her sate her mother, Cavatina, in whose dark eye I could discern, even at that distance,

the glow of mingled rage and sorrow. Not so the poor girl; grief, unmitigated grief, alone shone in her meek eye. Occasionally she cast a wistful, half hopeful, gaze towards the path by which I was accustomed to approach the cottage, but soon turned away again, as if in bitter conviction, while the slow sorrowful shake of her head and dropping tear, which manifested this feeling, almost drove me mad. A thousand times was I on the point of rushing from my concealment and imploring her forgiveness; but as often did the cruel thought that it was now too late to make her any reparation, and that to intrude myself upon her was but to inflict another injury, prevent me.

“Day after day I sought my hiding place, but alas! every successive visit only enabled me more distinctly to trace the fearful alteration which fast-approaching death was making on her lovely features. She was still conducted to the cottage door, but the duration of her visits there became gradually less and less, and at length they entirely ceased. I watched one whole day in vain to see her issue. She came not. The following was spent in the same manner, and with the same success. I could, alas! too well account for her absence. Death was about to seize his prey, and I was the murderer of her whom I had a thousand times sworn to love and protect forever. Damning thought!

“‘And shall I,’ said I, ‘suffer her to expire without imploring her forgiveness? It may be that the sight of me, cruel and unworthy as I have been, will yet afford her pleasure; and shall I deny her that? No! Though the agony inflicted by her reproachful eye were more poignant than the pang of dissolution itself, I will see her!’

“An opportunity of accomplishing this resolution was immediately afforded me. I observed her mother leaving the cottage, and concluded by the basket which she carried on her arm that her errand was to bring provisions from the neighboring village. I had always entertained a dread of Cavati-

na. The glance of her dark, lustrous eye bespoke strong passion and the most unalterable determination of purpose. She was devotedly attached to her daughter, and would with justice consider me as her destroyer. I had therefore much to fear from the vengeance of this woman. Such, Prospero, were my fears then. Alas! they have been a thousandfold surpassed by the reality of the many miseries which she has inflicted on me!—But, to my story.

“When Cavatina was no longer visible, I slowly approached the cottage door, and after listening for a few moments, concluded, from the perfect silence which existed, that Zerlina was alone. I lifted the latch gently, and entering, saw, as I anticipated, that she was in bed. She heard me entering, and breathed out with difficulty,

“‘I am glad you are returned so soon, mother. I feel much worse—I am dying—come to me.’

“I drew near. Just then, lifting up her eyes, she saw and knew me.

“‘Stephano,’ she said, in extreme agitation, ‘is it indeed you!’

“‘It is,’ said I, ‘Zerlina. I am come to entreat your forgiveness for the cruel wrong which I have done, though I scarcely know how to ask it.’

“‘Cruel man,’ she replied; ‘yet, oh! still dearly loved, look on me. I am dying—dying for you; and think you a woman can die for him she cannot forgive? No, no! I pardon, I love, I bless you. I have seen you again, and shall now die contented. But beware—oh! beware my mother. She has sworn your destruction, and I fear me will keep her vow. She appears poor, but can command wealth, and powerful friends.’

“Even while she spoke I observed her voice becoming inarticulate. What more she said I know not, though I could occasionally distinguish the expression ‘love’—‘mother’—‘remember’—‘grave’—and a few other unconnected words. Her voice soon entirely failed, but she

still continued to gaze on me with looks expressive of deep affection and regret. I embraced her as she lay. A smile played over her wan and wasted features at this token of kindness, which doubtless recalled to her mind the pleasant days of our mutual affection.—She endeavored to return my embrace, but was utterly unable—I felt her arms relaxing their hold.—I gazed upon her face—her eyes were closed. I listened for her breath—there came no sound—the murder was completed. She was dead!

“What were the emotions of that bitter moment, thou, my Prospero, I trust, will never know.—I feel that that place of punishment to which I am fast hastening can contain no pang equal in poignancy to the maddening remorse which then burned up my heart.

“I tore myself from her side, unable for one other moment to look on the unhappy victim of my falsehood. As I left the cottage, I perceived Cavatina approaching at a distance. I dared not meet her, and yet could not pass her. Determined, however, to avoid a meeting, I slunk behind the cottage. She approached and entered. I could now have easily walked away, had not an irresistible curiosity to observe in what manner the death of her daughter would affect her, detained me. A piercing shriek, which rung through all the place, soon informed me that she had discovered the melancholy truth. I drew near the window, and thrusting my head through the clustering leaves of a vine, which half excluded the light, I looked into the interior of the apartment. She was kneeling over the dead body; and though her eye was tearless, yet the supreme agony of sorrow was visibly traced on her cheek and brow. Suddenly, however, this feeling gave way to one no less powerful. She cut off a ringlet of her daughter’s dark, inky locks, and, severing it in two, put one half into her bosom. The other half she threw into the fire, and continued

to gaze on it until it was utterly consumed, with looks of utter and implacable hatred. When this was done she again knelt down, and in a firm, impassioned voice, exclaimed—

“ ‘As that lock can never be again united to the lovely head on which it grew, so may I never meet thee in the world to come; as that hair was consumed by this earthly flame, so may my soul be eternally consuming in that fire which shall burn unquenchably,—if I do not fearfully avenge upon thy murderer all thy wrongs, my daughter!’ ”

“ I could hear no more. The intensity of the woman’s imprecation, the look, the withering look with which she uttered it, and my knowledge of her determined and implacable resolution, almost maddened me, and I rushed from the spot, I scarcely can tell you how.

“ My dread of Cavatina lasted for some time. I never went out of my palace without being well armed, and numerous attended. I eyed with suspicion every stranger that approached me, and even confined myself entirely to food prepared by your mother’s own hands. Vain precautions! it was not by the simple infliction of a violent death that the demon of vengeance—which, by all the saints, I believe to be incarnate in that woman—could be appeased.

“ No attempt was, however, made upon me, and I at length dismissed my fears. I even mustered sufficient resolution to reconnoitre at a distance the cottage of Zerlina. It was uninhabited and shut up. Upon inquiring of the neighboring peasants, I was informed that the funeral of Zerlina had been attended by numbers of strange banditti-looking personages, and that so soon as it was over her mother had left the place along with them. Whither she had retired, no one knew.

“ You, my son, were born shortly after the death of Zerlina, and about a year afterwards your mother blessed me with a daughter. At this period the long series of my miseries commenced. My palace on the

Tiber, which, with the intention of residing there in future, I had stored with all the treasures of painting, gems, and statuary, which had been collected by our family for many generations, was one night surrounded by an armed band. They attacked my servants, slew such as made resistance, and secured the rest. They then plundered the place of everything possessing any value in their estimation; and having collected in one heap my inestimable paintings, set fire to them. The conflagration was speedily general, as they had intended; nor did they leave the palace till the flame, having seized on every part of the building, precluded all hope of saving it. Then the leader of the band, approaching my majordomo, whispered in his ear, ‘Tell the Prince Volterra that Cavatina has commenced her work of vengeance!’ ”

“ A few months after your sister’s birth, I met at one of our cassinos a Spanish gentleman, then lately arrived in Rome. As he was a stranger, and seemed highly pleased with my society, I naturally showed him some attentions, till at length our intimacy increased so much that he became almost an inmate of my house. That which tended still more to increase the closeness of our friendship was the evident pleasure which my wife experienced in his company. But this soon gave way to less pleasurable sensations, when, as I thought, I perceived the secret and mutual signs of a clandestine intercourse. Though reserved also to all other men beyond the generality of our countrywomen, her reception of the Spaniard was uniformly familiar and kind. Jealousy now seized possession of me; but the secret observation which this feeling prompted, only more and more convinced me that the Spaniard had succeeded in seducing the affections of my wife. Even had I entertained a doubt upon the subject it would soon have passed away, for the valet of the paramour, under the influence of a bribe, without hesitation confessed the intrigue to me. Stung with

rage, I instantly proceeded to the chamber of my wife. Before I opened the door, the voice of some one talking with her made me pause. 'What if your husband should know?' said a voice, which I at once recognised to be the Spaniard's. 'He never will,' said my wife: 'and if he should'—Rage prevented me from listening to the rest. I rushed into the apartment and beheld her seated on a couch, close to the very object of my vengeance. One of his hands reposed carelessly upon her shoulder—in the other he held a miniature, which I concluded he had just taken from her neck. Without uttering a single word, I drew my sword and ran towards the couch. They instantly started up, and he was in the act of drawing his sword when I made a desperate plunge at him. My unhappy wife sprang forward to save him, and my unlucky and accursed hand stabbed her to the heart. She fell at my feet, and silently expired.

"I gazed for a moment on her lifeless corpse, stupid with astonishment, till, recollecting the cause of this unhappy act, I turned to wreak my vengeance on the base seducer. God of heaven! what a sight now met my gaze! The doublet was opened—the false hair and the moustache removed—the pretended Spaniard was a woman—that woman Cavatina. No tongue may tell, no pencil paint the look, the withering look of delighted hatred with which she now glared upon me. With one hand she held a pistol directed to my breast; the other pointed to the bleeding body of my murdered wife. All the horrid truth now flashed upon me. I tore my hair, and violently flung myself upon the floor beside her. While I lay groaning in agony, Cavatina addressed me:

" 'So far, Carlo Volterra, the debt of vengeance is repaid. She for whom you forsook my pure-hearted child—she who, if not the cause, was at least the occasion of thy cruel perfidy, is now no more. She died by thine own hand—died in the persua-

sion that you believed her false—and to a heart so dotingly fond of you as hers was, the anguish of that thought exceeded even that of the blow that slew her. But the balance of revenge yet weighs heavily against thee, and doubt not to find me a most rigorous creditor.' What more she said, I know not. The poignancy of my feelings was relieved by insensibility, and when I awoke again to suffering, Cavatina was gone. All was silent. No one beside me—none but my murdered wife.

"My calamities were not yet completed. The same day that Cavatina left my house your infant sister disappeared. No one could divine by what means she had been carried off—no one but I, who knew too well the robber. It was a farther payment to account of that debt of vengeance which I owed her,—another step towards the completion of that dreadful oath sworn on Zerlina's death-day.

"Fourteen long years, spent in pain and misery, have elapsed since I saw Cavatina last. She still, however, hovers about me. I feel an unaccountable consciousness that she still exists, and will yet perform the vow which she has sworn. Your mother and sister have, it is true, perished by her vengeance; but I, though feeble, am still alive, and you are as yet innocent and happy. Oh! my son, remain so. Let the dreadful tale which I have at length unfolded warn thee from the crimes which have in me been visited with those remorseful pangs by which I have been so long afflicted, and which at last have brought me to the verge of an untimely grave."

The feelings of Prospero were many and conflicting during the recital of his father's story. Anger for the untimely death of his mother, and grief for the miserable remorse and sufferings of his father, were strangely blended with a vague fear which he could not help entertaining of the machinations of Cavatina. Being unwilling, however, to wound the feel-

ings of his parent, he made no remark on what he had heard, but leaving the room in silence, issued from the palace. Long he wandered up and down ruminating on the melancholy events which had just been detailed to him. A passing priest roused him from his reverie; reminding him, at the same time, that love and beauty awaited him at the dwelling of the Countess. The priest, persuaded by the application of the universal solvent, was easily prevailed on to accompany him there. The sacred rites were performed, and Prospero soon forgot all the sorrows of his father, and his fears of Cavatina, in the arms of his lovely and loving Violante!

On the morning after the nuptials, solemnized in so joyless and ominous a manner, a monk arrived at the portico of the Palazzo di Volterra. Wrapped closely up in his hood and cloak, it was impossible to discover even a glimpse of his countenance. He demanded to be admitted to the presence of the Prince, to whom, as he asserted, he was the bearer of important tidings. Being informed that, from the state of the Prince's health, the interview which he demanded could not be granted, he displayed, in his small white hand, a golden chain of many links, at the end of which hung a medallion of the same metal.

"Go," said he, delivering it to the majordomo, "and tell Carlo Volterra, that he who took this bauble from the fair neck of his departed wife, wishes to see him. Tell him—but—no," he muttered in a more subdued voice, "*that I will tell him myself.*"

The astonished domestic obeyed in silence the commands of this strange visitor. He found the Prince, as usual, stretched upon his couch, and fancied the change which between night and morning he regularly observed on the countenance of his master had this morning been even greater than usual. He paid no attention to the entrance of his attendant, nor did even the first communication of the

stranger's message seem to affect him; but when it was repeated, and above all when the golden token which had been sent first met his eye, a strange and fearful alteration took place in his appearance. He started from the sofa, and paced about the apartment hurriedly, and even with vigor. His eye grew bright with feeling—the tone in which he ordered the instant admission of the stranger, though almost inarticulate with passion, was loud and healthful, and it seemed as if he had at once thrown off, as by a spell, the lassitude and debility which had for years oppressed him.

In a few moments the monk appeared. He was still muffled up; advanced slowly but steadfastly into the middle of the apartment; and ere the agitated and wondering Prince could demand who and what he was, rendered all inquiry at once unnecessary, by dropping from his shoulders the shrouding cloak, and exhibiting to the unhappy Prince the well remembered features of his mortal foe—of Cavatina! Again that dark lustrous eye, beaming with malignant joy, with diabolical delight, was bent upon him; and that so fixedly, and so sternly, that for a time he stood silently subdued by it, unable to demand what was the nature of the evil, which, from her accursed presence, he knew too surely had befallen him.

At length he burst out—"Cruel destroyer of my worldly peace, of my eternal happiness, what seek you here?"

"I am come," said Cavatina, in a tone of self-reproaching sorrow, "I am come to repair the evils with which I have afflicted you—to fill with delight the bosom which my too severe vengeance has long torn with anguish and remorse—to restore that which I took away."

"What! my child, my daughter? will you—can you indeed restore to me the living image of my murdered angel? Shall I truly see her—hear her—bless her before I die?"

"Carlo Volterra," said Cavatina,

"you shall see that daughter this very day, this very hour if you will. She is now in Rome."

The agitated, believing, yet doubting father, gazed upon her as she uttered these words with deep intensity, anxious to discover in the eye of the speaker something which might strengthen his belief in what she said. That she, the destroyer of his peace, his sworn and self-devoted foe, should now become the harbinger of joy, the restorer of his happiness, was a thought which run so counter to the whole current of his feelings, that he could not comprehend it; and the joy which her communication caused him, therefore, was not unmixed with fear that her kindness was a mask, assumed only to make the features of the evil which she concealed under it more hideous and appalling when discovered.

Repressing, however, any manifestation of this doubt, he instantly signified to Cavatina his willingness, his eagerness to follow her, and he gratified by the sight of this long-lost and long-lamented daughter. His carriage was now ordered; and while it was getting ready by his astonished servants, he never ceased to interrogate her as to the present appearance, looks, form, and accomplishments of his child. To all these questions ready and favorable answers were made by Cavatina; but to all such as regarded her past life, or to the cause of her being so long withheld from him, no reply was given, except that he would soon learn from her own lips the history of her past existence. With this the Prince was forced to be content.

The coach was now ready, and in a few moments Carlo Volterra, for the first time for many years, was driven through the streets of Rome. After passing through many streets, with which the silent mutations of time and his own long confinement had made him unacquainted, his carriage was stopped by the directions of Cavatina at the gateway of a half dilapidated palace. "Here the lady re-

sides," said she, entering the court, through which she was followed by the Prince, who, strong in hope and paternal affection, seemed to have forgotten his weakness and disease. They ascended the flight of stairs, at the landing-place of which Cavatina paused to listen, till being, as it seemed, assured by some low sweet whisperings which proceeded from a chamber on the left, she pointed silently to the door, and motioned him to enter. He did so, and beheld Violante and young Prospero!

They were sitting at the window, closely and affectionately together, bashful pudency mantling on her face, while in his eyes beamed ardent and gratified affection. Both started at the opening of the door, and the cheek of Prospero grew pale as he recognised his father in the entrant, and he instantly exclaimed, "We have been betrayed."

Heedless of this exclamation, regardless of all but the beautiful object who now stood wondering before him, and in whom he at once recognised his daughter, the Prince cried out, "My child! my child! thou breathing model of thy murdered mother, come to thy father's arms, and let me convince myself that it is in truth no vision—no vain coinage of a heated brain that blooms before me."

"Father!" said the wondering girl, throwing herself into the arms of Prospero, who could not refrain from repeating the appellation in terrified astonishment.

"Ah! Prospero, my boy! have you been before me in discovering and welcoming this long lost angel?"

"Father!" said Prospero, "of what are you talking? This is no daughter of yours—no sister of mine, but an unknown and friendless orphan, who yesterday became my wife, and is indeed in that capacity your daughter!"

The too dreadful truth now flashed on the unhappy man. Yet still with all the tenacity of despair he clung to disbelief; till turning round, he beheld the destroyer of his happiness,

the relentless machinator of this unequalled misery. She stood, the perfect personification of exulting gratified revenge. Its triumph beamed from her dark eye and flushed upon her cheek. Her left hand was firmly pressed upon her heart as if to keep down the too tumultuous swellings of delight which reveled there ; while her right was extended to point out to him the unhappy objects of her vengeance.

It was enough. The cup of bitterness overflowed. Misery, such as no human aid could remove or even alleviate, and which no created energy could endure, at length had overtaken him. He cast one wild despairing look upon his children, and then sunk lifeless on the floor, with his face towards the ground.

Prospero and his sister-wife sprung forward to assist him ; but all mortal aid was now too late. The dying man opened his eyes but for a moment ; met the fiend-like gaze which his destroyer still continued to fix on him, and then, as if anxious at any price to purchase release from a sight so withering as *that*, closed them again forever.

His unhappy children bent, weeping, over his body, as yet almost ignorant of the misery which awaited them. If so, they were soon recalled to a keen and perfect sense of it, by the harsh voice of Cavatina.

“ Weep not for the dead, ye cursed offspring of Volterra ! Weep for your own cureless and lasting misery. And now my vengeance is at length complete. Sire and son, mother and daughter, all in whom flows the traitor’s blood, on whom his hopes were founded or his affection reposed—all have drained the cup of misery to its dregs. I have fulfilled my vow. Zerlina, thy wrongs are fearfully revenged. I shall now die and join thee !”

* * * *

Sad was the parting between these young and innocent hearted ones, who had thus been rendered objects of horror to each other, by crimes in which they had no share. He sought and found at the siege of Ostend that death which could alone release him from his dreadful and incommunicable sufferings ; and she, after pining through a few miserable years in the Convent of St. Ursula, at length found refuge in her early grave.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—aye lovely even now :
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care ?
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace ;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face ;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years ;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears ;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But *She* hath been a happy wife ;—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth ;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep ;
Her life hath been a cloudless one ;—then, wherefore doth she weep ?

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what thoughts did they recall ?
Oh ! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball ;—
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
 And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
 She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first gray hair! oh, deem it not a crime
 For her to weep—when she beholds the first foot-mark of Time!
 She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
 And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis *not* the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—
 Yet though the blossom may *not* sigh to bud, and bloom again,
 It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,
 The Spring forever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the monitor! Thy mirror tells thee truth,
 Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth;
 Go!—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in *her* thou'lt still look fair;
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the *first gray hair*!

MANUFACTORIES IN SHEFFIELD.

[Sir Richard Phillips, in Part III. of his Personal Tour, recently published, gives the following account of the celebrated Sheffield manufactories.]

THE staple manufactures of Sheffield embrace the metallic arts in all their varieties. The chief articles are sharp instruments, as knives, scissors, razors, saws, and edge-tools of various kinds, and to these may be added, files and plated goods to a great extent, besides stove-grates and fenders of exquisite beauty. It is altogether performed by hand; therefore the fabrication may always be rendered correspondent with the demand, and may be arrested when the demand ceases. This confers a definite advantage on the manufactory, not enjoyed by other trades which operate in the large way. The result is mediocrity of wealth, and little ruinous speculation. At the same time, the sanguine expectations of manufacturers often lead them to overstock themselves, and as the demand has been, so they expect it always to be.

Sheffield employs about 15,000 persons in its various branches, and of these full one-third are engaged on knives and forks, pocket-knives, razors, and scissors. The rest are engaged in the plated trades, in saws, files, and some fancy trades. The following is an exact enumeration of

the hands employed in the various departments two or three years since:—

On table-knives	2,240
On spring-knives	2,190
On razors	478
On scissors	806
On files	1,284
On saws	400
On edge-tools	541
On forks	480
In the country	130
In the plated trade, nearly . . .	2,000

About . . . 10,549

Besides those who are employed in Britannia-metal ware, smelting, optical instruments, grinding, polishing, &c. &c., making full 5,000 more.

There are full 1,700 forges engaged in the various branches of the trades, and of course as many fires, fixing oxygen to make their heat, and evolving the undecomposed carbon in active volumes of steam and smoke.

The place is usually described as smoky, but I thought it less so than the central parts of London. The manufactures, for the most part, are carried on in an unostentatious way, in small scattered shops, and no where make the noise and bustle of a single great iron works. Compared with them Sheffield is a seat of elegant arts; nevertheless, compared with the cotton and silk trades, it must be regarded as dirty and smoky.

The steel and plated manufactures

require much taste, and in some cases make a great display. Hence there were exhibitions of elegant products, not exceeded in the *Palais Royal*, or any other place abroad, and superior to any of the cutlers' shops in London. All that the lustre of steel ware and silver plate can produce, is, in Sheffield, exhibited in splendid arrangement, in the ware-rooms of some of the principal manufacturers. In particular Messrs. J. Rodgers and Sons, cutlers to his Majesty, display in a magnificent saloon, all the multiplied elegant products of their own most ingenious manufactory.

As proofs of their power of manufacturing, Messrs. Rodgers have, in their show-rooms, the most extraordinary products of highly finished manufacture which are to be seen in the world. Among them are the following:—

1. An arrangement in a Maltese cross about 18 inches high, and 10 inches broad, which develops 1,821 blades and different instruments; worthy of a royal cabinet, but in the best situation in the place which produced it.

2. A knife which unfolds 200 blades for various purposes, matchless in workmanship, and a wonderful display of ingenuity. Its counterpart was presented to the King; and that in possession of Messrs. Rodgers, is offered at 200 guineas, and is worthy of some imperial cabinet.

3. A knife containing 75 blades, not a mere curiosity, but a package of instruments of real utility in the compass of a knife 4 inches long, 3 inches high, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch broad. It is valued at 50 guineas.

4. A miniature knife, enfolding 75 articles, which weigh but 7 dwts., exquisitely wrought, and valued at 50 guineas.

5. A common quill, containing 24 dozen of scissors, perfect in form, and made of polished steel.

These are kept as trophies of skill, in the perfect execution of which, the manufacturer considers that he displays his power of producing any use-

ful articles of which the Sheffield manufacture consists. Mr. Rodgers obligingly conducted me through his various work-shops, and I discovered that the perfection of the Sheffield manufacture arises from the judicious division of labor. I saw knives, razors, &c. &c., produced in a few minutes from the raw material. I saw dinner knives made from the steel bar and all the process of hammering it into form, welding the tang of the handle to the steel of the blade, hardening the metal by cooling it in water and tempering it by de-carbonizing it in the fire, with a rapidity and facility that were astonishing.

The number of hands through which a common table-knife passes in its formation is worthy of being known to all who use them. The bar steel is heated in the forge by the *maker*, and he and the *striker* reduce it in a few minutes into the shape of a knife. He then heats a bar of iron and welds it to the steel so as to form the tang of the blade which goes into the handle. All this is done with the simplest tools and contrivances. A few strokes of the hammer in connexion with some trifling moulds and measures, attached to the anvil, perfect, in two or three minutes, the blade and its tang or shank. Two men, the *maker* and *striker*, produce about nine blades in an hour, or seven dozen and a half per day.

The rough blade thus produced then passes through the hands of the *filer*, who files the blade into form by means of a pattern in hard steel. It then goes to the *hafters* to be hafted in ivory, horn, &c. as may be required; it next proceeds to the *finisher*, to Mr. Rodgers for examination, and is then packed for sale or exportation. In this progression every table-knife, pocket-knife, or pen-knife, passes step by step through no less than sixteen hands, involving, in the language of Mr. Rodgers, at least 144 separate stages of workmanship in the production of a single pen-knife. The prices vary from 2s. 6d. per dozen knives and forks, to £10.

In the manufacture of a razor, it proceeds through a dozen hands ; but it is afterwards submitted to a process of grinding, by which the concavity is perfected, and the fine edge produced. They are made from 1s. per dozen, to 20s. per razor, in which last the handle is valued at 16s. 6d.

Scissors, in like manner, are made by hand, and every pair passes through sixteen or seventeen hands, including fifty or sixty operations, before they are ready for sale. Common scissors are cast, and when riveted are sold as low as 4s. 6d. per gross ! Small pocket knives, too, are cast, both in blades and handles, and sold at 6s. per gross, or a halfpenny each ! These low articles are exported in vast quantities in casks to all parts of the world.

Snuffers and trays are also articles of extensive production, and the latter are ornamented with landscapes, etched by a Sheffield artist, on a resinous varnish, and finished by being dipped in diluted nitric acid for a few seconds or minutes.

Messrs. Rodgers also introduced me to an extensive range of workshops for the manufacture of plated and silver ware, in which are produced the most superb breakfast and dinner services. The method of making the silver plate here and at Birmingham merits special notice, because the ancient method was by dissolving mercury in nitrous acid, dipping the copper, and depending on the affinity of the metals, by which a very slight article was produced. But at Sheffield and Birmingham, all plate is now produced by rolling ingots of copper and silver together. About the eighth of an inch in thickness of silver is united by heat to an inch of copper in ingots about the size of a brick. It is then flattened by steel rollers worked by an eighty horse power. The greater malleability of the silver occasions it to spread equally with the copper into a sheet of any required thickness, according to the nature of the article for which it is wanted. I saw some pieces of plated metal, the eighth of an inch thick, rolled by hand into ten times their surface, the silver spread-

ing equally ; and I was told that the plating would be perfect if the rolling had reduced it to the thinness of silver paper ! This mode of plating secures to modern plate a durability not possessed by any plate silvered by immersion. Hence plated goods are now sought all over the world, and, if fairly used, are nearly as durable as silver itself. Of this material, dinner and dessert services have been manufactured from 50 to 300 guineas, and breakfast sets from 10 to 200 guineas, as sold on the spot.

Sheffield is noted for the manufacture of superior files ; and many anecdotes are told of the artifices which have been made use of to aggrandize or to repudiate the celebrity of the marks of some well-known makers.

In Sheffield generally the workmen get from 20s. to 24s. per week. Dry grinders get £2, and some £5 or £6, and these high wages are paid as an equivalent for the shortness of life. Many women are employed as filers, burnishers, polishers, finishers, &c. ; and they get from 6s. to 12s. per week.

Very *fine* cutlery is manufactured by Mr. Crawshaw. I saw in his warehouse all those elegant patterns of pen-knives which, in the best shops of London, Bath, &c. excite so much admiration. His lobster knives, with four or more blades, on slit springs, with pearl and tortoiseshell handles, are the most perfect productions of British manufacture. His pen-knives with rounded or beveled backs, to turn in the quill and shave the point, are simple and effective improvements. He showed me plain pocket-knives so highly finished, that the first cost is 38s. ; yet so deceptive is cutlery, that I might have preferred others which I saw at only 7s. or 8s. It is the same in regard to the scissors of Champion and Son,—articles at two or three guineas did not appear to my uninstructed eye worth more than others at a few shillings ; yet in all these high priced articles, nearly the whole cost is in workmanship, and there are but few workmen who can produce them. At the same time Mr. Crawshaw deals in pen-

knives at 5s. per dozen, and Mr. Champion in scissors at 2s. or 3s. per dozen.

The novelties and curiosities in this way are extremely numerous, and the makers and inventors are as modest and communicative as they are original and ingenious. Thus a knife an inch long, weighing 8 pennyweights 6 grains, containing seventy odd blades and instruments, cost £30 in making : scissors the eighth of an inch long, twenty-five of which weigh but a grain, sold at 3s. per pair : a knife, mounted in gold and pearl, containing thirty blades, is valued at £30 : pocket-knives with twenty-six parts are sold at six guineas : the very best two blades mounted with pearl and gold, made by Crawshaw, are in common sale at two guineas in Sheffield. Messrs. Champion are esteemed the best makers of scissors ; and ladies' working scissors, in general commerce, are finished and mounted as high as five or ten guineas. The best pocket-knives are made by Crawshaw, and fetch, in mounting, from two to five guineas. He is also the general maker of what are called the "best town made." I may here add, that Messrs. Champion can make a single set of table-knives and forks, the fair market price of which would be 100 guineas.

The mechanical ingenuity of Mr. Crawshaw has also been displayed in the construction of an Orrery consisting of at least 1,000 wheels, which, by a single winch, turns all the planets in their respective periods ; and also the whole of the satellites, including those of Herschell. This orrery, perhaps the completest in the world, was made in all its details by this gentleman, and, in its wheel-work, is an astonishing production.

One of the wonders of Sheffield is its Grinding Establishments. To aid the grinders, companies have erected very spacious buildings divided into small rooms, and provided the whole with steam engines. The rooms are then let out by the month to master

grinders ; and at properly adjusted grindstones in each room I saw every variety of grinding, sharpening, and polishing. The finest work is polished by hand, and in this slavery I saw the delicate hands of the superior sex solely employed. The payment is trifling ; but I was told that the hand of woman is the softest, most pliable, and most accommodating tool that has yet been discovered for conferring the finest polish on the refractory substance of steel. Can we wonder at its effect in softening the ruggedness of the other sex ? and how hard must be the heart of that man which does not yield to an influence which subdues even the hardness of steel.

The manufacture of spectacles, telescopes, microscopes, &c. is carried on to a great extent in Sheffield. Above five gross per day are ground of convex and concave glasses in one shop. Concave basins cast in iron of the radii of curvature of proposed lenses, are fixed in rows on a frame, and rubbed with water and emery. A concentric convex basin is then covered with round pieces of plate glass fixed with pitch ; and the convex surface, with its glass pieces, is then turned and *wabbled* in the concave basin by steam power. In this manner from six to twelve dozen glasses are ground at once by one basin working within the other on an eccentric axle which *wabbles* the inner basin while it is revolved. Of course, in time, i. e. in eight or ten hours, the glasses are so abraded, that the outside of one basin exactly fits the other, and the lenses between are of the true curvature. They are then knocked off the pitch ; turned and worked on the other side, on the second day ; cleaned with spirit of tar, rounded or clipt with blunt scissors, and fitted in spectacle frames or tubes. In Mr. Cutt's factory I saw twenty-six of these basins for spectacles, and about eighteen for telescopes and microscopes ; several being at work.

CHILDHOOD.

" Oh Life ! how pleasant is thy morning ! "—ROGERS.

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt : the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs, as she did in her cradle ; and the handsomest of men, with full grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates, in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigny existence, a most influential class of beings ; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household ; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality ; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl upon all fours.

Selfishness is so decidedly the most besetting and most prejudicial of the faults of mankind, that the mere circumstance of caring earnestly for another appears to effect a rapid and favorable improvement of character. That other, indeed, is more than half ourselves ; pride, instinct, and custom, unite to enforce its claims, but still it is not the identical *ego* about which too many of us are so exclusively interested ; and he must be incorrigibly unamiable who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to

appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver ; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss ; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight ; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest, and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting, of any of which the human heart is capable ! The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family ; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free,—hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half-a-dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him. The unfortunate neighbor, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret ; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement ; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere patting sound of the darlings' feet as they hurry to receive his kiss, and

cures by a noisy game at romps the weariness and headach which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child,—and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads: but these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them; orators told them stories; conquerors submitted to their blows; judges, divines, and philosophers, listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behavior, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Bonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical, as grown-up

men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech or Satan's address to the Sun, but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors. The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogress; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove everything you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen, to avoid the Funds or the Catholic Question, free trade or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Mur-

ray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge ; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

But notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil Nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance in the goddess which allows of only partial success, and numbers of sweet children exist to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence :—the recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father, and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal ; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, matter afforded for twenty long letters, and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long-clothes, who cannot hold its head straight. But however this may be,—for it is dangerous to pronounce judgment in a case I have not investigated, and in which all womankind would be my opponents,—as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness, as soon as it smiles at a familiar face and stares at a strange one, as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment, it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us, an object at

once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny,—interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian. Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate ? When we send an inquiring glance into the destiny of men, we have certain data of character, principles, and tastes, to guide us ; we may venture to say, “let Fortune do her worst, she cannot render our friend vicious, or cruel, or dishonorable :” but no such assistance is given us when we gaze on the impervious curtain which hides the eternal as well as temporal lot of a child. Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence ; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain ? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate anything ; better is it when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspecting confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won, to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning ; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to “justify the ways of God to men,” and to teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children ; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women ; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible ; the young eye roves for admiration,

the head is held high on contact with vulgarity ; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children ; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told ; satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath ; no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced ; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter ; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness ; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

“ There’s sic parade, sic pomp an’ art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart ;”

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments ; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. Those occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy ; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma ; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious ; those animated voices and bright faces—assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their

grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when satiated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are my favorites ; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters’ peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected ; which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

“ Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind—”

but to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period !

“ That man was never born whose secret soul,
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever open’d to another’s scan.”

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze ; while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconve-

nient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not displeasing cast, will now learn for the first time that "everybody says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of *La Belle Assemblée*, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easi-

ly happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed, fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures, with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition; but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite;—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception; but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe;—he is now deep read in philosophy and science; yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "*l'erreur a son mérite*." He now reads history till he doubts everything, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that *Romulus*

was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of con-

sumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion; he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

BRIDAL DRESS.

A DRESS of gold or silver tissue over white satin, with a very broad flounce of blond. The corsage made tight to the shape, with a falling tucker of blond. Mandarin sleeves of blond, over short ones of white satin. The head-dress consists of stiffened fan ornaments of broad blond; and, across the front of the hair, just above the forehead, is a diadem of white and gold enamel, beneath which, across the forehead, is a golden serpent, which, entwining among the full clustered curls that surround the face, terminates in snaky folds at the back of the head. The ear-pendants are of wrought gold, *en girandoles*; and the necklace, in beautiful festooned rows of the same material, of exquisite delicacy. Between each festoon, is a drop, *en girandole*.

The gloves worn with this dress are tight to the arm, yet they reach no higher than just below the elbow. On the right arm are two bracelets; that next the hand, of light blue velvet, clasped by a cameo set in gold; and one above it, of turquoise stones, jointed and set in gold points. The single bracelet, on the left wrist, is broad, and of gold, fastened by a cameo.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of *gros de Naples*, the color *poussiere de ruines*, with a broad hem round the border, headed by foliage, embroidered in black outline. Body made high, *en gerbe*, and sleeves *à la Donna Marie*. Over this is a cloak of cream-color Cashmere, elegantly embroidered all round, *en serpentine*, and with bouquets of blue-bells. Falling rather lower than the elbows, is a mantelet-cape, cleft on each shoulder, and embroidered to correspond with the sides and border of the cloak; over this is a smaller pelerine-cape, finished round in the same manner. A collar, lined with barbel-blue satin, as is the cloak throughout, is erect, and partially turns back; a triple French ruff of lace encircles the throat. The hat is of black velvet, with a bandeau across the forehead under the brim, and a rosette of satin on each side. The crown is ornamented by a large bow of velvet; and three aigrettes adorn the hat, one on the summit in the centre over the bow, the other at the extremity of the left side of the brim; and the third on the right, just beneath the brim.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

HISTORICAL STUDY.

ANTIQUITY and history, as far as they are designed only to furnish us with story and talk, are of but very trifling importance. For the stories of Alexander and Cæsar, no farther than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being an historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and, with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of history being made up of wars and conquest, and their style, especially the Roman, speaking of valor as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history, and looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such like heroes, as the highest instance of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several 100,000 men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overrun a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be, a great deal of it, and to many readers, thus useless, curious and difficult inquiring in antiquity are much more so; as the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these,

I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on his way.

PENITENT LETTER.

The following letter occurs in Captain Beaver's *Memoirs*, said to be written by a runaway pirate:—

"To Mr. Beaver.—Sir, I hope that you will pardon me for riteing to you, which I know I am not worthy of, but I hope you will forgive me for all things past, for I am going to try to get a passage to the Cape deverds, and then for America. Sir, if you will be so good as to let me go, I shall be gratefully ableaght to you. Sir, I hope you will pardon me for running away. Sir, I am your most obedient umblid servant,

PETER HAYLES.

"Sir, I do rite with tears in my eyes."

FOLLY OF FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

Some time ago, a lady in a certain considerable town in Yorkshire, went out to a neighbor's house to take tea, along with her husband, and left her little family to the care of her servants. She left early, and on arriving at her home, found that her servants, in the exercise of high life below stairs, had collected a social party. This she passed over without observation, and proceeding up stairs to the nursery, she was surprised by a terrific figure at the bottom of the bed of the youngest child, which was but three years of age. The fact was, that the nurse-maid finding the child not very ready to go to rest, and being loath to be disturbed in her evening's enjoyment, by its crying, had dressed up and placed the figure alluded to at the bottom of the infant's bed, with a view of frightening it to sleep. The contrary effect had, however, been produced. The child

had been horror-struck, and appeared to its mother with its eyes fixed, in an idiotic stare, upon the image. Astonished and distressed, she rung the bell and then proceeded to take up her infant. But, lo! it was a lifeless corpse—the fright, occasioned by the nurse's folly, had been too much for the little innocent. In the extreme of fear, the pulse had ceased to beat—the vital spark had fled, and the mother was left to mourn.

DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN IN SHIPS.

By letters from India it appears that the application of steam has been found wonderfully efficacious in cleansing ships from vermin, and especially the white ant. A steam-boat was placed alongside a merchant vessel, and steam from its boiler conveyed by a very simple system of pipes into the hold of the latter, the apertures to which were closed as well as they could be; the operation was continued for several hours, and there is every reason to believe that it was effectual, and will prove a valuable process in the navy. Besides the direct object of cleansing the ship, another advantage accrued, from the discovery of every leaky place existing by the oozing of the water through them, in which way leaks were made manifest that could not be found out otherwise. The expense is said to be very moderate; and it is further stated to be the only process at present known, not even except sinking, which effectually destroys the white ant.

ROYAL DRESS.

Nothing can equal the splendor of the diamonds destined for the new Queen of Spain; and, certainly, it is not speaking figuratively to say that she will feel, from the first day of her marriage, the weight of her grandeur, since her brow is condemned to support, at the brilliant nuptial ceremony, twelve pounds in weight of diamonds. They are divided into a diadem, a comb, and an arrow. The ear-rings are formed of such large diamonds that they will be obliged to be tied

round the ear, by means of a narrow ribbon. But, what surpasses all this in magnificence, is a *petto*, that is to say, a point, which, fastened to the sash, and spreading out towards the shoulders, is entirely covered with diamonds. The necklaces, the belt, the sleeve-brooches, and the bracelets, are of equal beauty.

POLITICAL PUNS.

Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a state to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice:—The cavaliers, during Cromwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim, with cautious ambiguity, "God send this *Crum* well down!" A royalist divine, also, during the Protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver: "O Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of thy servant, Oliver, *put it into his heart* ALSO—to do according to thy word." He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and, after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under tone.

PRESERVATION OF BUTTER.

The method used by the Tartars consists in fusing the butter in a water bath, at a temperature of 190 Fahrenheit, and retaining it quiescent in that state until the caseous matter has settled, and the butter become clear; it is then to be decanted, passed through a cloth, and cooled in a mixture of salt and ice, or at least in spring water, without which it would crystallize, and not resist so well the action of air. Preserved in close vessels and cold places, it may be kept for six months as good as it was on the first day, especially if the upper part be excepted. If, when used, it be beaten up with one sixth of cheese, it will have all the appearance

of fresh butter. The flavor of rancid butter may be removed almost entirely by similar meltings and coolings.

SPIDERS

Live and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long? Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July till the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed.—*Redi, Generat. Insect.*

Spiders are excellent barometers: if the ends of their webs are found branching out to any length, it is a sure sign of favorable weather: if, on the contrary, they are found short, and the spider does not attend to repairing it properly, bad weather may be expected.

It was a remark of Lord Chatham's, and equally so of Mr. Burke's, that the occasional use of low words does not detract from the dignity of true eloquence. Mr. Canning and some of his successors have, however, ventured to differ from these two great men.

EFFECTS OF SEA AIR.

Those who frequent the sea-coast are not long in discovering that their best dyed black hats become of a rusty brown; and similar effects are produced on some other colors. The brown is, in fact, *rust*. Most, if not all, the usual black colors have iron for a basis, the black oxide of which is developed by galls, logwood, or other substances containing gallic acid. Now the sea-air contains a proportion of the muriates over which it is wafted; and these coming in contact with anything dyed black, part with their hydrochloric (*muriatic*) acid, and form brown hydrochlorate of iron, or contribute to form the

brown or red oxide, called rust. The gallic acid, indeed, from its superior affinity, has the strongest hold of the iron; but the incessant action of the sea-air, loaded with muriates, partially overcomes this, in the same way as any acid, even of inferior affinity to the gallic, when put upon black stuff, will turn it brown.

LITERARY NOTICES.

London, Jan. 9, 1830.—The publishing season may now be said to have fairly commenced; for hitherto the *Annals*, and the newer-fashioned *Librarian* monthlies, have chiefly contributed to keep us alive, and the Venetian Bracelet by L. E. L. being almost the only bright literary and poetical star that shone out of the hemisphere during the winter months preceding Christmas. Now we are inundated by performance and promise. We hear that Sir Walter Scott is again engaged on a Romance, of which the hero is "the good Sir James Douglas," who bore the Bruce's heart to Spain. Allan Cunningham has been busy on his *Painters*, and the lives of West, Opie, Barry, Blake, Bird, Fuseli, Raeburn, &c. are to grace his next volume. Our friend "the Subaltern" has so long announced his *Country Curate*, that we hope we shall not have long to wait for his Reverence; nor for Galt's *Lawrie Todd*, since, with his ready pen, he has been back from "the Settlers in the Woods" quite sufficient time to have enabled him to complete his descriptions of them. René Caillé's *African Travels* are just ready; and we wish for Lander's narrative to add to our intelligence on this subject. Then we hear of the *Poetical Beauties* (poems, not ladies) of the 16th and 17th Centuries, from the accomplished Surrey to John Dryden, by the Rev. Mr. Parry, and a general History of the East Indies by Mr. Charles Marsh. The *Dominie's Legacy*, by the author of the *Sectarian*, is another work of promise; and, talking of *Sectarians*, we have the Protestant Instructor, announced by the Rev. E. Harrison, which is to give an account of the rise and persecutions of Christianity.

NEW BOOKS.—*Annual Biography and Obituary of 1829*—Smith on Fever—Buddicom's *Christian Garland*—Beaton's *Index to Sophocles*—Linnington's *Astronomy*—Gleig's *Life of Sir T. Munro*—Darnley, by the author of "*Richelieu*"—*Satan, a Poem*, by R. Montgomery.

Edinburgh.—*Six Sermons on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance.* By Lyman Beecher, D.D. Boston, U. S. Seventh Edition; with an Introductory Essay, by John Edgar, Professor of Divinity, Belfast College.—*The Autobiography, or Narrative of a Soldier, &c.*

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ROBERT HARKNESS, ESQ.

Founder of Sunday Schools

For Cotton's Athenaeum.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1830. [VOL. 3, No. 12.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT RAIKES, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

THERE are few individuals who have left behind them a name more secure, or more deserving of immortality, than that of ROBERT RAIKES; nor is there one that will descend to posterity associated with more unfading honors. Howard has acquired deathless renown by visiting hospitals, gaols, and lazarettos; Hanway has secured a niche in the temple of fame by his regard for the outcasts of society; and Fox, as the founder of the Sunday School Society, is enrolled among the philanthropists of his country. A station not less conspicuous, and not less honorable, is assigned to the subject of this memoir, the elevation of whose character has arisen solely from the benevolence of those principles by which he was actuated. Already have the effects of his exertions attracted the attention of his countrymen, and contemporaries throughout the world; and, without the blast of the trumpet, or the roar of cannon, they will command the admiration of future generations, unaccompanied with the groans of the dying, and untarnished with the stains of blood.

Mr. Raikes was born in the city of Gloucester on the 14th of September, 1736; but of his parentage, family connexions, education, and the events of his early years, very little is known. It is, however, but fair to infer, from the wise and generous actions which marked his mature age, that his youth was not wasted in idleness and dissipa-

tion. Having acquired a knowledge of the printing business, and being engaged in trade, this benevolent man, instead of devoting all his time and talents to the acquirement of ease and fortune, directed his attention to the condition of the wretched among his fellow creatures, and exerted himself to mitigate their sufferings, by relieving their necessities.

Actuated by these views and feelings, we learn from the *European Magazine* for 1788, vol. xiv. p. 315, that "The first object which demanded his notice was the miserable state of the county Bridewell, within the city of Gloucester, which being part of the county gaol, the persons committed by the magistrate, out of sessions, for petty offences, associated, through necessity, with felons of the worst description, with little or no means of subsistence from labor; with little, if any, allowance from the county; without either meat, drink, or clothing; dependent, chiefly, on the precarious charity of such as visited the prison, whether brought thither by business, curiosity, or compassion.

"To relieve these miserable and forlorn wretches, and to render their situation supportable at least, Mr. Raikes employed his pen, his influence, and his property, to procure them the necessaries of life; and finding that ignorance was generally the principal cause of those enormi-

ties which brought them to become objects of his notice, he determined, if possible, to procure them some moral and religious instruction. In this he succeeded, by means of bounties and encouragement given to such of the prisoners as were able to read; and these, by being directed to proper books, improved both themselves and their fellow prisoners, and afforded him great encouragement to persevere in the benevolent design. He then procured for them a supply of work, to preclude every excuse and temptation to idleness."

The affinity being thus rendered obvious between vice and ignorance, it was natural for a mind constituted like that of Mr. Raikes, and habituated to serious reflection, to trace this moral malady up to its primitive source. He discovered that, in early life, the education of those whom he found the inmates of gaols had been totally neglected; that no instruction had been imparted to their minds, of the duties which they owed either to their neighbors, or to their God; and, as a natural consequence, he was led to infer, that succeeding generations, if trained up in equal ignorance, would, in all probability, prove equally vicious. On looking around him, he, however, perceived that the children of the poor were engaged in labor at a very tender age, which left them no time to receive instruction during the days devoted to employment, and Sunday appeared to have been interdicted by common consent. The barriers which thus encircled him on every side, left apparently no space in which his benevolence could operate; but its native energy soon discovered an ample field. He saw that Sunday was devoted to wickedness, and very rationally concluded, that if this could be repressed, by teaching the children on that sacred day their duties to God and man, no law, either human or divine, would be violated, and that the community would be amply compensated for the sacrifice of public opinion.

Having reached these conclusions,

Mr. Raikes began to carry his plans into operation towards the close of the year 1781, or in the beginning of 1782. The trial continued nearly one year, towards the termination of which, on finding success attending his enterprise, the following paragraph, which seems to be the first that was ever printed respecting Sunday Schools, was inserted in the *Gloucester Journal* of November 3d, 1783:

"Some of the clergy in different parts of this county, bent upon attempting a reform among the children of the lower class, are establishing Sunday Schools for rendering the Lord's-day subservient to the ends of instruction, which has hitherto been prostituted to bad purposes. Farmers, and other inhabitants of the towns and villages, complain that they receive more injury in their property on the Sabbath, than all the week besides: this in a great measure proceeds from the lawless state of the younger class, who are allowed to run wild on that day, free from every restraint. To remedy this evil, persons duly qualified are employed to instruct those that cannot read; and those that may have learnt to read, are taught the catechism, and conducted to church. By thus keeping their minds engaged, the day passes profitably, and not disagreeably. In those parishes, where this plan has been adopted, we are assured that the behavior of the children is greatly civilized. The barbarous ignorance in which they had before lived, being in some degree dispelled, they begin to give proofs that those persons are mistaken who consider the lower orders of mankind incapable of improvement, and therefore think an attempt to reclaim them impracticable, or at least not worth the trouble."

From the *Gloucester Journal*, the preceding paragraph soon found its way into the London and some provincial papers; and from the novelty of the subject, it excited no small share of public attention. The thunderbolt men of sect and party saw the Sabbath violated, and launched their anathemas against the innovator;

those who could merely read and write, perceived the rights of their castes invaded; while those who snored in aristocratic ignorance, predicted convulsions that would unhinge the civilized world. The more enlightened, however, saw the subject in a very different light. They perceived that it put into the hands of the community a powerful engine, possessing an energy which baffled all calculation, from its obvious capability of being rendered of universal application.

In this state of public feeling, numerous letters were addressed to Mr. Raikes, containing a due proportion of censure, of applause, and of sincere inquiry. Among those who appeared to have been actuated by a spirit of benevolence, was a Colonel Townley, a gentleman of Lancashire, who having seen the anonymous paragraph, addressed a letter to the mayor of Gloucester, requesting all the information he could communicate on a subject which seemed fraught with such momentous consequences. The mayor, on receiving Colonel Townley's letter, immediately handed it to Mr. Raikes, who, in reply, furnished the following interesting particulars respecting the occasion, origin, and character of Sunday Schools:

" Gloucester, Nov. 25, 1783.

" SIR,—My friend, the mayor, has just communicated to me the letter which you have honored him with, inquiring into the nature of the Sunday Schools. The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin-manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the street. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. ' Ah ! Sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, ' could you take a view of this

part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuek, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid, as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Stock,' said she, ' minister of our parish, who has put some of them to school; but upon the Sabbath, they are all given up to follow their inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers.'

" This conversation suggested to me, that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check this deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women in the neighborhood, who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them, to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading, and in the church catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned, and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea, that he engaged to lend his assistance, by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon, to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens.

" This, sir, was the commencement of the plan. It is now about three years since we began, and I could wish you were here to make inquiry into the effect. A woman who lives in a lane where I had fixed a school, told me some time ago that the place

was quite a heaven upon Sundays, compared to what it used to be. The numbers who have learned to read and say their catechism, are so great, that I am astonished at it. Upon the Sunday afternoon the mistresses take their scholars to church, a place into which neither they nor their ancestors ever entered with a view to the glory of God. But what is yet more extraordinary, within this month, these little ragamuffins have, in great numbers, taken it into their heads to frequent the early morning prayers, which are held every morning at the cathedral, at seven o'clock. I believe there were near fifty this morning. They assemble at the house of one of the mistresses, and walk before her to church, two and two, in as much order as a company of soldiers. I am generally at church, and after service they all come round me to make their bow, and, if any animosities have arisen, to make their complaint. The great principle I inculcate is, to be kind and good natured to each other; not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents; not to offend God by cursing and swearing; and such little plain precepts as all may comprehend. As my profession is that of a printer, I have printed a little book, which I give amongst them: and some friends of mine, subscribers to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, sometimes make me a present of a parcel of Bibles, Testaments, &c. which I distribute as rewards to the deserving. The success that has attended this scheme has induced one or two of my friends to adopt the plan, and set up Sunday Schools in other parts of the city, and now a whole parish has taken up the object, so that I flatter myself, in time, the good effects will appear so conspicuous that the plan will be generally adopted.

"The number of children at present engaged on the Sabbath is between two and three hundred, and they are increasing every week, as the benefit is universally seen. I have endeavored to engage the clergy of my acquaintance that reside in their pa-

ishes. One has entered into the scheme with great fervor; and it was in order to excite others to follow the example, that I inserted in my paper the paragraph which I suppose you saw copied into the London papers. I cannot express to you the pleasure I often receive in discovering genius, and innate good dispositions, among this little multitude. It is botanizing in human nature. I have often, too, the satisfaction of receiving thanks from parents, for the reformation they perceive in their children. Often have I given them kind admonitions, which I always do in the mildest and gentlest manner. The going among them, doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, I hear, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined; for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much afraid of my displeasure. If you ever pass through Gloucester, I shall be happy to pay my respects to you, and to show you the effects of this effort at civilization. If the glory of God be promoted in any, even the smallest degree, society must reap some benefit. If good seed be sown in the mind at an early period of human life, though it shows itself not again for many years, it may please God, at some future period, to cause it to spring up, and to bring forth a plenteous harvest.

"With regard to the rules adopted, I only require that they come to the school on Sunday as clean as possible. Many were at first deterred because they wanted decent clothing; but I could not undertake to supply this defect. I argue, therefore, if you can loiter about, without shoes, and in a ragged coat, you may as well come to school, and learn what may tend to your good, in that garb. I reject none on that footing. All that I require are clean hands, clean face, and the hair combed; if you have no clean shirt, come in that which you have on. The want of decent apparel, at first, kept great numbers at a distance, but they now begin to grow

wiser, and all are pressing to learn. I have had the good luck to procure places for some that were deserving, which has been of great use. You will understand, that these children are from six years old to twelve or fourteen. Boys and girls above this age, who have been totally undisciplined, are generally too refractory for this government. A reformation in society seems to me only practicable by establishing notions of duty, and practical habits of order and decorum, at an early age. But whither am I running? I am ashamed to see how much I have trespassed on your patience; but I thought the most complete idea of Sunday Schools was to be conveyed to you by telling what first suggested the thought. The same sentiments would have arisen in your mind, had they happened to have been called forth, as they were suggested to me.

"I have no doubt that you will find great improvement to be made on this plan. The minds of men have taken great hold on that prejudice that we are to do nothing on the Sabbath-day which may be deemed labor, and therefore we are to be excused from all application of mind as well as body. The rooting out this prejudice is the point I aim at as my favorite object. Our Saviour takes particular pains to manifest that whatever tended to promote the health and happiness of our fellow-creatures, were sacrifices peculiarly acceptable on that day.

"I do not think I have written so long a letter for some years. But you will excuse me; my heart is warm in the cause. I think this is the kind of reformation most requisite in this kingdom. Let our patriots employ themselves in rescuing their countrymen from that despotism which tyrannical passions, and vicious inclinations, exercise over them, and they will find that true liberty and national welfare are more essentially promoted than by any reform in parliament.

"As often as I have attempted to

conclude, some new idea has arisen. This is strange, as I am writing to a person whom I never have, and perhaps never may see; but I have felt that we think alike; I shall therefore only add my ardent wishes that your views of promoting the happiness of society may be attended with every possible success, conscious that your own internal enjoyment will thereby be considerably advanced.—I have the honor to be, sir, yours, &c.

"R. RAIKES."

With the preceding letter, which details with such admirable simplicity the birth and infancy of this noble institution, Colonel Townley was so highly delighted, that at his request it was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1784, by which means the subject of Sunday Schools was brought into public notice, and a knowledge of the methods that had been adopted for their establishment, diffused throughout the kingdom. The publicity thus given to the plan procured for Mr. Raikes a number of applications from various quarters, soliciting further information on the regulations of the institution, to which he most readily furnished suitable replies. From among these the following, though in some respects resembling the preceding, can hardly fail to gratify our readers. It was written in answer to an inquiry from Bradford, in Yorkshire, and is dated Gloucester, June 5, 1784:—

"Having found four persons who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum they required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve; they were then to go home, and return at one; and after reading a lesson, they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism till half-past five, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without

making a noise, and by no means to play in the street. This was the general outline of the regulation.

"With regard to the parents, I went round to remonstrate with them on the melancholy consequences that must ensue from so fatal a neglect of their children's morals. They alleged that their poverty rendered them incapable of cleaning and clothing their children fit to appear either at school or at church; but this objection was obviated by a remark, that if they were clad in a garb fit to appear in the streets, I should not think it improper for a school calculated to admit the poorest and most neglected. All that I required were clean faces, clean hands, and the hair combed. In other respects they were to come as their circumstances would admit. Many children began to show talents for learning, and a desire to be taught. Little rewards, such as books, combs, shoes, or some articles of apparel, were distributed among the most diligent; this excited an emulation. One or two clergymen gave their assistance, by going round to the schools on the Sunday afternoon, to hear the children in their catechism; this was of great consequence.

"Another clergyman hears them in their catechism once a quarter publicly in the church, and rewards their good behavior with some little gratuity.

"They are frequently admonished to refrain from swearing; and certain boys, who are distinguished by their decent behavior, are appointed to superintend the conduct of the rest, and make report of those that swear, call names, or interrupt the comfort of the other boys in their neighborhood. When quarrels have arisen, the aggressor is compelled to ask pardon, and the offended is enjoined to forgive. The happiness that must arise to all from a kind, good-natured behavior, is often inculcated.

"This mode of treatment has produced a wonderful change in the manners of these little savages. I cannot give a more striking instance than I received the other day from Mr.

Church, a considerable manufacturer of hemp and flax, who employs great numbers of these children. I asked him whether he perceived any alteration in the poor children he employed. —'Sir,' says he, 'the change could not have been more extraordinary, in my opinion, had they been transformed from the shape of wolves and tigers to that of men. In temper, disposition, and manners, they could hardly be said to differ from the brute creation. But since the establishment of the Sunday Schools, they have seemed anxious to show that they are not the ignorant, illiterate creatures, they were before. When they have seen a superior come, and kindly instruct and admonish them, and sometimes reward their good behavior, they are anxious to gain his friendship and good opinion. They are also become more tractable and obedient, and less quarrelsome and revengeful. In short, I never conceived that a reformation so singular, could have been effected amongst the set of untutored beings I employed.'

"From this little sketch of the reformation which has taken place, there is reason to hope that a general establishment of Sunday Schools would, in time, make some change in the morals of the lower class. At least it might, in some measure, prevent them from growing worse, which at present seems but too apparent.—I am, sir, &c. R. RAIKES."

In 1784 the plan was adopted by several manufacturing towns in Yorkshire; in Leeds, about 1800 poor children were speedily collected. In Stockport a spacious building was completed for the purpose of a Sunday School, 134 feet long, and 57 feet wide. Other places followed these laudable examples, and Sunday Schools soon started up in various districts throughout the kingdom.

Early in 1785 the sensation reached London; and, under the auspices of Mr. William Fox, the Sunday School Society was called into existence at the close of the year. From

that period to the present, these schools have been gradually increasing, and from extending throughout Europe, they have found their way into every quarter of the globe.* In their early stages they had to encounter some formidable opposition; but so apparent has been their utility, that most of their enemies are either become silent, or have been converted into friends.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Raikes lived to witness the growing extension of Sunday Schools, and to reflect with thankfulness on the blessings of Providence, which had thus attended his early endeavors. About three years prior to his death he was visited by the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, who, of that interview, speaks as follows:

"I was naturally desirous of gaining information and instruction from a venerable man of seventy-two, who had in a series of years superintended the education of 3000 children, who had been actively engaged in visiting both the city and the county prisons, whereby he had gained an ample opportunity of knowing if any of the scholars were brought in as prisoners, and who, on appealing to his memory, which, although at an advanced age, was strong and lively, could answer—'NONE.'"

Mr. Lancaster adds, that when Mr. Raikes was first revolving the subject of Sunday Schools in his thoughts, the word TRY was so powerfully impressed upon his mind, as to decide him at once to action; and he remarked to Mr. Lancaster—"I can never pass by the spot where the word 'TRY' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God, for having put such a thought into my heart."

From 1809 to 1811, the health of

Mr. Raikes was visibly on the decline; and he was occasionally visited with symptoms that indicated an approaching dissolution. On the evening of the 5th of April, 1811, he experienced an oppression on the chest. A physician was immediately called in; but he soon declared that his case was hopeless; and in little more than half an hour he breathed his last, in his native city of Gloucester, in the 75th year of his age. His mortal remains were buried in the ancient church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, and on a monument, subjoined to an epitaph on his parents, the following inscription appears:—

Also, of
ROBERT,
Their Eldest Son,
By whom Sabbath Schools were first instituted
in this Place;
and were also,
By his successful exertion and assiduity,
Recommended to others.
He died on the 5th of April,
In the year { of our Salvation 1811.
 { of his Age 75."

While the names of warriors who have fought for their country, and spread devastation through the territories they have ravished and desolated, are recorded on splendid public monuments, this humble inscription is all that distinguishes the grave of this virtuous philanthropist and friend of mankind. But the most durable monument to the memory of Mr. Raikes, may be found in the numerous Sunday Schools now in active operation; and which in England and Ireland alone contain upwards of a million of children, and above ninety thousand gratuitous teachers; and the best tribute of respect we can render to his memory is, a persevering imitation of the bright example he has set before us and bequeathed to posterity.

* The number of Sabbath Schools in the United States has been estimated at 5,901; teachers, 52,663; scholars, 349,202. With regard to some of these children this is the only means of education with which they are favored; and all of them probably thus receive instruction which they would not otherwise enjoy.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

By thy birth, so oft renew'd
 From the embers long subdued ;
 By the life-gift in thy chain,
 Broken links to weave again ;
 By thine Infinite of woe,
 All we know not, all we know ;
 If there be what dieth not,
Thine, Affection ! is its lot !

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !
 Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
 Ye meet at the banquets, ye strive midst the flow'r—
 —Which hath the Conqueror's wreath ?

Thou art the victor, Love !
 Thou art the peerless, the crown'd, the free—
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,
 The spirit from above.

Thou hast look'd on death and smiled !
 Thou hast buoy'd up the fragile and reed-like form
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone :
 Thou hast watch'd by the wheel through the torturer's hour,
 And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,
 Till the conflict hath been won.

No—*thou* art the victor, Death !
 Thou comest—and where is that which spoke
 From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke ?
 —Gone with the fitting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left
 Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet lores, yet answers the burning thought
 Of the spirit lorn and left ?

Silence is where thou art !
 Silently thou must kindred meet ;
 No glance to cheer, and no voice to greet ;
 No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !
 It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power—
 It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
 That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
 O'er the look and the voice, which he bids be still :
 —But the sleepless thought and the fiery will
 Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above !
 And so with the root whence affection springs,
 Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love !

SQUIRE FETLOCK.

At the end of a hard day's hunting, Mr. S——, a friend of mine, invited one of his sporting neighbors, Squire Fetlock, to dine with him. Excepting that both were keen sportsmen, would ride you thirty miles to cover and then begin the day's work, and take a ten-foot wall, if it stood in their way, as soon as a quickset hedge, there was not one point of congeniality between them. My friend was a man of elegant learning and refined taste: his neighbor was as coarse as one of his own hop-sacks, and as illiterate as his horse. But fox-hunting, like misery, sometimes brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

We were summoned to coffee in the library. Fetlock looked around him with an air of astonishment. At length he exclaimed—"Well, if ever I did see ——! Dash me!—Why, mister ——! May I never get across old Hannibal again if ever I did see such a lump of books in my life! Have you read any of them?"

"I can venture to say, Sir, there is not a volume on my shelves which I have not read."

"All!!! Uph! Hold her head in, or she'll be off with you. Come, come, not *all*."

"I don't imagine you doubt the truth of what I say, the less so considering there is nothing very extraordinary in what I have asserted."

"No, I don't mean to say there is anything extraordinary in it—Uph!—but it's 'nation curious though, notwithstanding; and dash me if I shouldn't like to have the showing of you at a fair. Folks would give a trifle to have a peep at the man that has read all them books!" And then he again surveyed the shelves with an air of wonder and incredulity.

"I presume then, Sir, you yourself are no great reader?"

"I read! No, thank'ee, I'm not such a fool. I never looked into but

one book in my life, and that was so full of blunders and nonsense that I chucked it into the fire. Besides, of what good would reading be to me, when I have it all by experience? Haven't I been at it since I was a child? I know a horse inside and out. I tell you what: I'll give the best mare in my stud, and that's Rosemary, to any farrier in this county, ay, and the next to boot, that can tell me what I don't know; so why need I read their books about the matter? It may be all very well for your ignoramuses, and it is for such like they are made; but as to giving me 'Every Man his own Farrier' to spell over—Lord bless you!"

"But there are other subjects than——."

"I know it: there is What-do-you-call-him 'On the Diseases of Horses,' and another chap with a book about brood mares, and——But it is downright nonsense; and mark what I tell you, Sir: we had some thorough good ones out with us to-day, and you were not one of the worst!—I say, how cleverly young Foster took that leap at the corner of Salter's paddock!—but that little mare of his will go at anything—and if you are as good a hand in the stable as you are in the field, you don't want much learning, that I can tell you; so do as I did: chuck all your books into the fire: an hour in the stable is worth a month in the library. And yet, books are well enough in their way: the glitter on them makes a room look smart and handsome, doesn't it, Miss?" This question he addressed to one of the young ladies, who, while she was pretending to read, was, in reality, exerting all her ingenuity to suppress a laugh at his extraordinary opinions of the value and utility of literature. He continued: "You remember the little nook, exactly opposite the window in our breakfast-parlor, where I keep my best plated gig-harness, don't

you, Sir? Now I think that as pretty an ornament to a room as need be, and wouldn't disgrace the King's palace; but my good lady thinks otherwise, and says that a few books would be more becoming in an apartment occupied by human beings; so when I can meet with a few, cheap and clean, I'll humor her fancy. The fair sex must be humored now and then, mustn't they, Miss?" And, simultaneously with the utterance of this gallant remark, he threw himself into the attitude of a man on horseback preparing to take a five-bar gate, which he intended for a bow.

"There will be a sale of books at C—y, on Tuesday next," said my friend, "and I dare say you will be able to suit yourself advantageously. I shall attend it, as there is one work in the collection which I have long been anxious to possess, and I intend to purchase it."

"Then, dash me! but I'll go there," exclaimed Fetlock.

It must be remembered that the work in question was a very fine copy of Stuart's "Athens," with early impressions of the plates, and splendidly bound.

The conversation next turned upon the theatre.

"Are you fond of the theatre, Mr. Fetlock?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but I like a good play, and whenever I go to Lunnun I make a point of going, once and away—that's to say if it happens to be something of Shakspeare's. I went the last time I was up, and saw 'Guy Mannering.'"

"But 'Guy Mannering' is not a play of Shakspeare's."*

"An't it? come, what will you bet of that? I saw 'Macbeth' at the other house the very night before, and there are lots of sawneys in both; that's all I can tell you." And he

gave a knowing wink, which literally translated, meant "Parry that if you can."

"Here is a novel of the same name, upon which the play you saw is founded," said Mr. S—, reaching down the first volume of "Guy Mannering," and putting it into Fetlock's hand; "it is written by Sir Walter Scott."

"Scott?—O—ay—Scott, the chap the King made a knight of. Well, if that wasn't turning the world topsyturvy, dash me! Betitling a man for fooling away his time at such work as this! just what any of us might do if we hadn't something better to think of, and chose to set our wits at it! Now, my notion is—." Here, while thumbing over the leaves with a look of profound contempt, his attention was suddenly attracted by something at the commencement of the volume. He brought it nearer to his eyes, then held it at a greater distance, next took it to the light, then again looked closely at it, as if doubtful whether the passage that struck him was there or not.

"Why, now, dash me!—Well, that is true!—Now where could he have picked that up?—Dash me if I don't think there is something in *this* chap after all."

"What is it, Sir?"

"You may always tell a gentleman by his horse!" (His attention was caught by this remark of Mrs. M'Candlish to the postilion.) "Come, now, that is true, dash me if it isn't. Now, there's a saying for you, sound wind and limb, and without a blemish. If all the book was like that—"

"If you like to read it, you may take it home with you; and when you have finished that volume, the next will be at your service."

"Read it? Why—read it!—and yet I've a great mind to it, too: I see

* The ignorance of Squire Fetlock, upon so obscure a point, will the more readily be pardoned, when I mention that a certain *ci-devant* banker, who was anxious to be considered as in the foremost rank amongst the admirers of the drama, and actually passed a good half of his evening hours at the theatre, once said to me—"You'll think me a very stupid fellow for asking, but one can't remember everything: is 'Venice Preserved' one of Shakspeare's?—or whose?"

at once he is no common chap : that is a clever saying, but as to reading—why—and yet—Come, I've given her her head, and won't baulk her ; she shall take it now, rough or smooth, let what may be on the other side. I *will* read it, dash me if I don't." So saying, he thrust, or rather dug the book into his pocket, with the desperate recklessness of consequences of one who felt that another moment's reflection would deter him altogether from so rash an undertaking.

On the day of the sale, I accompanied my friend to C——y, whither he went with the intention of purchasing Stuart's "Athens." We took our stand immediately opposite to the auctioneer. The books were selling, as he truly said, "dog cheap ;" and, judging by the appearance of the persons present, who did not seem of a quality either to appreciate or desire so *récherché* a work, we expected to get it at a very moderate price. At length it was put up ; and, after a preparatory flourish from the auctioneer, he, as is usual in such cases, declared himself confident that he was very much within the mark in valuing it at—what certainly was an outrageous price ; and, as is also usual in such cases, a dead silence ensued.

"Well, then, shall I say forty guineas for this splendid work ?—Twenty ?—Ten ?—Consider, gentlemen, this most magnificent——" And, after having exhausted all the flowers of auction-room oratory in its praise, he added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his—pulpit, "Well, then, shall I say six ?" Here was a pause which, to us, was highly gratifying. "Five," said Mr. S——.

"Five guineas only are bid.—Six ! Thank you, Sir."

"Seven," continued my friend.

"Seven," responded the auctioneer ; "Eight ! Thank you, Sir."

Mr. S—— went on in this way, guinea by guinea, till having bid thirteen, and the auctioneer still thanking some viewless antagonist (for we heard no one make the biddings, nor

did we see anybody nod) for an additional guinea, he inquired whether there was any order to buy the lot in at a certain price, as, if so, it would save time to declare it at once. Being assured that it was a sale without reserve, he was led on in the same manner to twenty-three guineas (at which point he determined to stop), where he was met as before. "Twenty-three guineas are bid.—Twenty-four. Thank you, Sir. Twenty-four ; going for twenty-four. Gone ! Stuart's 'Athens,' " turning to his clerk, "for twenty-four guineas, to Squire Fetlock."

We turned round, and, to our astonishment, behind us there stood the identical and unquestionable Squire !

"My dear sir, is it possible you have purchased 'Stuart's Athens ?' besides, didn't you perceive that I was bidding for that lot ?"

"To be sure I did, and that's why I never lost the scent for a moment. I know nothing about goods of this kind, and as you are a clever hand at them, I was certain I couldn't be very wide of the field by keeping a guinea a-head of you."

"But you have purchased, at an extravagant price, a work which will be utterly useless to you, whilst to me——"

"Useless to me ? Not such a fool neither. I don't often buy a pig in a poke. My good lady came to look at them yesterday, and they are the very thing for the nook in the breakfast-parlor."

"But I assure you they are upon a subject about which you are indifferent. Let me have them, and I'll fill your nook with books which shall be equally valuable, and much more entertaining to you."

"Entertaining ! Why, Lord love you, you don't suppose I should ever think of reading those big devils—why, they are as big again as the church Bible ; besides——"

"For that very reason : and by making the exchange you will oblige me, and in no way be a loser yourself."

"Why now, lookie; this is the first time in my life I ever bought books: if they are worth your money, they must be worth mine; so, at any rate, I haven't made a gaby of myself, as I might have done if you hadn't been here. As to changing them for a pack of your little hop-o'-my-thumbs, no bigger than the one you lent me t'other night!—suppose I should ask you to let me have the mare you rode o' Thursday—and a clever mare she is, and worth a hundred and thirty if she's worth a pound: I say, suppose I should say to you, 'Let me have that mare, Mr. S——, and I'll give you half a score mice-ponies for her.' Why, setting the value out of the question, the thing wouldn't be reasonable, you know. No, no! pray excuse me; besides, I promised my madam to humor her fancy; and, do the thing handsomely or let it alone, is my motto." As the concluding part of this speech was delivered in somewhat of an angry tone, the attempt at negotiation was abandoned; and, for anything I know to the contrary, to this day the splendid gilt backs of "Stuart's Athens" constitute the chief ornament of Squire Fetlock's breakfast-parlor.

And here I should take leave of this worthy, but for a point which recalled him to my recollection.

Upon this occasion, as upon some others, subsequently, he was asked how he liked "Guy Mannering," and whether he had yet done with the first volume; and, indeed, some astonishment had been expressed by the family, at Squire Fetlock's detaining it so long—for several weeks, I believe.

"And how do you like 'Guy Mannering,' Sir?"

"O, a charming book, Sir; a charming book, indeed. 'You may always tell a gentleman by his horse.' It is a charming book. I never fail to take a light canter over it every evening after tea."

"Then, by this time, you must want the second volume."

"No, thankee; you are very kind; but the one I have will do very well for me."

"How! I don't clearly understand you."

"Why, Mr. S——, I don't know whether it may be the same thing with you, but I'll tell you how it is: you see, I sit down and read five or six leaves at night, and the next morning it is all clean out of my head; so that when I go to it again the reading is all fresh, and just the same as new to me; therefore, unless you want the book, it will do as well for me as any other."

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV.

As my acquaintance increased in town, my leisure diminished, and I had gradually less and less time to spend at home. Still, as often as I could command an evening, I endeavored to enjoy the company and stories of my Landlady. An accident, however, suddenly placed a little more time at my disposal than was quite agreeable—a bit of orange-peel on the pavement caused me one day to sprain my ankle, by which I was confined to the

house upwards of a week. During that time Mrs. Winsom told me several more of her stories; among others, the following of a Country Captain.

"Soon after the tragical mystery, of which I told you the particulars at our last sederunt, I was sitting by the fire when Babby came into the room with a great flaught, to tell me that a gentleman wished to look at the first-floor rooms.

"'What like is he, bairn?' said I.

‘He’s a moit weel-far’d, sponsible-looking elderly man,’ (he was little mair than fifty, but Babby was young.) ‘He speaks w’ a loud voice, as one having authority, and not as the scribes. I dianna think he’s under the degree of a bawronet, or at least the master of a Dublin veshel.’ So I hastily preent on my dress-mutch—which I was in the act of doing when Babby came in—and went to the gentleman.

‘I, who have seen so much of the world—(as a second-floor lodger of mine, Lieutenant Splice, used to say, who had been at the four quarters of the world, and was thirteen years aboard ship without sleeping as many nights on shore),—as I was saying, I, who have seen so much of the world, am not easily deceived with appearances. I saw at a glance that Babby was wrong in some particulars. Bawronet he plainly was not, and he was as plainly of another sort than the skipper of a Dublin coal-bark sailing from Ayr. His age was on the more judicious side of fifty. He was as sunburnt and swarthy as a Spaniard; frank, rattling, portly, and good-natured; but he did not leave me long in the conjecturals about him.

“After looking at the rooms, and being satisfied with their convenience, and, what was more pleasantly to the purpose, surprised at the moderation of the rent, he told me that he was a country captain in the East Indies, and commanded a vessel between the island of Bengal and Calcutta, and some of the other islands, of which I do not recollect the names; and then he informed me, with a friendly frankness very unlike a European, that he had made a little money, and had managed to remit a sackful of rupees wi’ a vestment of silk and indigo, and that he was still half owner of the Babec Sahib of Calcutta, the ship he had been the captain of.

“He agreed to take possession of his rooms next day; in the meantime he behoved to go to the Jerusalem Coffee-house to meet a friend who had come home three years before, and

with whom he was to spend the day at a snug Bungalow, on a reach of the river below the Isle of Dogs, in a pleasant airy situation between the coal-tar factory and the chain-cable smiddy.

“About mid-day of the day following, as agreed upon, he took possession, and soon after came a waggon from the East India docks, ‘with,’ as he said, ‘what little baggage he would require in town.’ The heavy baggage he had shipped in a Leith smack. What quantity there was of it I cannot say; but for light baggage no Christian ever saw sic a collection—kists as big as meal girnels, with brass locks and hinges, and baskets made of cane o’ a’ sorts and sizes. One of them, that might have held himself, was fu’ o’ dirty claes; he afterwards gave it to me, for, being made of cane, I thought it better than a close kist to haud claes. Among other curiosities, he had a fine auld kind of Madeira, of which he left me half a dozen bottles; likewise he left me a bottle of Balairic rack, a cordial medicine, which had the taste of rum pushiont wi’ tar.

“He had also a black, or rather a brown, serving-man, in an Indian dress, and a turban like a puddock-stool;—an extraordinary well-bred thing it was, and it aye made a low boo, with its hands on its forehead, not only to me, but to Babby, and the lassock Sally we then had to help, for Babby was but newly come from Scotland, and had not properly learnt the English language.

“After dinner he invited me ben (for he was a home-faring lodger) to taste the fine auld Madeira; and being couthy and pleased, he began to recount to me his adventures. He came from the shire of Ayr, like myself, and served his time to the sea oot o’ Greenock, after which he was shipped for Calcutta, wi’ seven-and-thirty young lads from the same kintra side, consigned to Messrs. Warden, M’Fergus, and Co., a’ kith or kin to the chief of the concern. The Captain, being the nearest relation of

the whole tot, was soon made third mate of a vessel ; and so, by interest and merit, he had risen to the command of the Babec Sahib, and to be master of the lac of rupees.

"He told me that he had no family, but he had two natural daughters by a Hindoo woman, for whom he had well provided ; and his plan of life was, after he had taken a cruise in London, to go down to Ayrshire and build a cottage near Ardrossan, which he had heard was a pleasant place, much frequented during the summer by the best of company from Glasgow and Paisley.

"He went out early for the theatre without taking tea, as he wished to see how they came on there, in comparison with the gentlemen who acted at Calcutta. Seeing he was innocent of the ways of London, I admonished him o' the deceits practised by the slight-of-hand part of the audience ; but he made light of them, and told me, that the pocket-pickers here were not worth a d—— (ye must not expect me to repeat all the whole word) compared with the thieves and reevers of China ; and that though he had made many voyages to Canton, they ne'er were able to come over him.

"Weel, to the playhouse the Captain goes ; and as he told me he would be home early, I had a bit of my own Dulap cheese ready toasted for him, with a bottle of Edinburgh ale for daintice. Never was a man, come to so many years of discretion, so comical as he was on his return. The grandeur of the house was above all parabolics ; but as for the players, they did not understand their trade at all compared with the Calcutta gentlemen, though he thought one Mr. John Cammell, and a Mrs. Siddons, might pass, too, at Calcutta.

"But, above all, he was most delighted with the civility of the company, especially with a most polite gentleman whom he had met at the pit door, and who warned him of the blackguards who infest that theatre. He told him the names of the players,

and pointed out everything most interesting, from the ladies in the boxes, to the beautiful chandelier, which cost a thousand pounds, in the ceiling. 'I promise myself great pleasure,' said he, 'from this acquaintance, and I have invited him to dine with me to-morrow ; but he suddenly left me to join a friend he saw in one of the upper boxes.'

♦ "By this time, as it was wearing late, the Captain thought of going to bed, and feeling for his watch to wind it up, lo and behold it was gone ! and away also was his diamond breast-pin ! Though I was sorry at his loss, I yet couldna but feel something like a satisfaction that he had found frost in no taking my advice ; however, I counselled him to go to Bow-Street and consult the magistrates. I trow he owed me a fee for that advice, for at the cost of no more, as he said, than ten guineas, both his new gold watch and diamond pin were recovered. But, poor man—we ought to be proud of nothing in this world—when the newspapers came in the day after, there was the whole story set forth in a most reprobate manner, under the title of, 'The misfortunes of a wise man of the East, or, doing a flat.' I need not add, that his polite and cee-veleezed frien' never came to dinner—You understand ?

"While he was at Bow-Street, a young woman, clothed in the rags of what had once been a silk dress, came into the office. She stated her case to the Magistrate in a most moving manner. She was the widow of an Ensign, who, in consequence of a quarrel with his commanding-officer—a tyrannical character—had been brought to a court-martial, and was deprived of his commission in the Island of St. Kitts, where he immediately after died of the yellow fever, brought on by a broken heart. His brother officers, and other humane gentlemen, raised a subscription and sent her home ; but on her landing at Chatham out of a transport, she fell sick, and all her little money was expended, and her clothes sold before she was in a

condition to come to London. The Magistrate was deeply affected by her tale of woe, and giving her a small sum for immediate relief, advised her to memorialeeze the Duke of York.

"Captain. Monsoon said he never felt more for a poor creature in his life ; but having, since his landing, been taken in before by a pitiful story, he was determined to be more cautious for the future ; so, instead of giving her anything in the office, he took her address, and went next morning to the house,—a wretched shell, in a loathsome place,—and there, in a hideous garret, he beheld such a scene of misery and starvation as couldna be equalled. The poor creature was sitting in the midst of seven more than half-naked children, all huddling together to keep themselves warm, and the helpless orphans told him they had not tasted food for two days. His heart was so melted he could stand no more ; so he put a five-pound note into their mother's hand, and promised to raise a subscription for her among his friends at the Jerusalem Coffee-house. Nor did he fail in his promise ; some days after, having gathered upwards of fifty pounds, he came to me triumphing, saying he would make the widow's heart sing for joy ; and he actually persuaded me to put on my pelisse—and I put on my best—to go with him to that house of mourning.

" Well, when we arrived, we could not get up the stairs, there was such a crowd of women assembled round the door, all speaking at once to a decent-looking, short, fatty, elderly man, with a curly brown wig. He was one of the Mendicity Society, come to inquire into the sorrowful tale ; and, by putting different things thegither, he discovered that the afflicted madam was a second-hand country play-actress, and that the seven children were beggars' brats, hired by the week, at a shilling a-piece, to make a scene. Did ye ever hear of such limmerhood ! But the ledly

was off and away, having eloped with a notour pocket-picker, after she had filled him fou the night before out of the five-pound note.

" It's no possible to describe the kippage the Captain was in at this discovery, nor what he said of the Londoners in general ; but he gave me the fifty pounds to distribute in charity, charging me never to mention it, for if it reached the Jerusalem, he would never hear an end o't. And much good did that fifty pounds do to many a straitened Scotch family, who had not proved so fortunate as the generality of our country-folk in London.

" Soon after this another accidence befell the Captain. The Indian lad, his serving-man with the puddock-stool turban, was, along with our Sally, whom he engaged for a housemaid, sent off in a Leith smack, with a letter to his sister, a minister's widow, living in Edinburgh, that they might have a house ready for his reception, he himself intending in the meantime to take a tour by land to see the country, by the mail coach. But his first news was, that as soon as the two landed they got themselves married. How they courted, or how they came to a love-paction, is past my fathoming ; for no word of English, or even of Scotch, could the lad speak ; and it was no in nature that Sally could understand Hindoo, or any other dead language.

" But the Captain's tribulations were manifold, and some of them of a comical kind ; for after he was so often taken in he grew just desperate, and would scarcely believe the sun was in the firmament on the sunniest day. To me, however, he proved a very worthy and discreet lodger ; and I daresay in time, when his Indian vapors were properly evacuated, he sobered down into a good-hearted gentleman, with a competency of common sense, which is more than I can say of all my other Indian acquaintances."

BUTTERFLIES.

THE splendid appearance of the plumage of tropical birds is not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of *Lepidoptera*; and those many-colored eyes, which deck so gorgeously the peacock's tail, are imitated with success in *Vanessa Io*, one of our most common butterflies. "See," exclaims the illustrious Linnæus, "the large, elegant, painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales; with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivaling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life, how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect. Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us: we see a green caterpillar, furnished with sixteen feet, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into chrysalis, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food; this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a variegated white butterfly, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of our admiration? Such an animal coming upon the stage of the world, and playing its part there under so many different masks! In the egg of the *Papilio*, the epidermis or external integument falling off, a caterpillar is disclosed; the second epidermis drying, and being detached, it is a chrysalis; and the third, a butterfly. It should seem that the ancients were so struck with the transformations of the butterfly, and its revival from a seeming temporary death, as to have considered it an emblem of the soul, the Greek word *psyche* signifying both the soul and a butterfly. This is also confirmed by their allegorical sculptures, in which the butterfly occurs as an emblem of immortality." Swam-

merdam, speaking of the metamorphosis of insects, uses these strong words: "This process is formed in so remarkable a manner in butterflies, that we see therein the resurrection painted before our eyes, and exemplified so as to be examined by our hands." "There is no one," says Paley, "who does not possess some particular train of thought, to which the mind naturally directs itself, when left entirely to its own operations. It is certain too, that the choice of this train of thinking may be directed to different ends, and may appear to be more or less judiciously fixed; but in a moral view, if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. The works of nature want only to be contemplated. In every portion of them which we can descry, we find attention bestowed upon the minuter objects. Every organized natural body, in the provisions which it contains for its sustenance and propagation, testifies a care, on the part of the Creator, expressly directed to these purposes. We are on all sides surrounded by bodies wonderfully curious, and no less wonderfully diversified." Trifling, therefore, and, perhaps, contemptible, as to the unthinking may seem the study of a butterfly, yet, when we consider the art and mechanism displayed in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as almost to escape the sight, the beauty of the wings and covering, and the manner in which each part is adapted for its peculiar functions, we cannot but be struck with wonder and admiration, and must feel convinced that the maker of all has bestowed equal skill in every class of animated beings; and also allow with Paley, that "the production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind in painting a butterfly, as in giving symmetry to the human form."

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

THE first great cycle of English literature may be said to have been completed by Milton; although, at least for another generation after, its peculiar tone was in a great measure preserved by Sir Thomas Browne, Urquhart, and Burton. What we mean is, that these writers have a much greater affinity to the school that preceded them, than to that which arose with Dryden, and was perfected by Pope.

Sir Thomas Browne is certainly one of the most extraordinary authors in our own or any literature. His imagination is like a bird of omen, which loves to linger with the twilight, rejoicing in the coming night and the gathering stars. Nothing appears to have an interest for him save what hath on it the impress of decay. Ruins, mouldering bones, sepulchral urns, half-wasted scrolls, and perishing relics, are the talismans which lend inspiration to his mind. Life, and the living things of earth, are to his eye only a phantasmagorial pageant, passing on to the Nox and Hades, where his thoughts have their hourly abiding-place. His memory is stored with the learning of past ages; but he calls not up the spirit-stirring and beautiful. The picturesque life of Jacob hath no charms for him, save in its end: that his sons mourned for him in the threshing-floor of Atad, and that he was buried in the cave of the field of Machpelah. The career of Moses had for him been uninteresting, save for the mystery which overhangs his departure. Egypt and its hieroglyphics are sacred to his fancy, in being the land of mummies, and in the supposition that the great pyramid is the tomb of Cheops. He cares not for the triumphs of Cæsar or the harangues of Cicero; but sees in Rome only the mausoleum of Metellus, and the ruins of past magnificence. The irruption of the Goths gives him an opportunity of telling

how a river was turned to flow over the bones of Alaric; and Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, fade in grandeur in his estimation before the sepulchral urns dug up near Chiswick, which gave rise to his most eloquent discourse, entitled, "*Hydriotaphia*."

Burton possesses the learning of Browne without his genius. His "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" is an amazing monument of human industry, not from its extent, but from the perilous quantity he must have read before elaborating his materials, and arranging them under their proper heads. All knowledge, human and divine, is brought to bear on his favorite subject. He finds hints alike in Homer and in Milton. Historians, poets, philosophers, and philologists, are each brought to pay tribute, either in their writings or their personal histories. Commixed with all this, there is necessarily a vast leaven of pedantry; but it is withal so amusing, that he will long continue to be referred to, not only by the scholar for his boundless extent of classical reference, but by the general reader, for his variety of illustration, and the pleasant tenor of his argumentations. In fact, he was to the dark side of human nature, what Isaac Walton was to the bright. To the one there seemed "death in the pot" in everything. The Protean monster of disease seemed threatening life at every avenue, and the whole effort of existence was not to enjoy life, but to avoid death. To the other, everything seemed to whisper "*Hinc salus*." Health breathed in every gale, and pleasure sank into the soul from all the sounds of nature. With Burton, life was a purgatorial-fast; with Walton, a jocund holiday. Innocent amusement and recreation were in all his thoughts, and the relation of the feelings with which these inspired him, lends a charm to all his pages. Burton muses in his monastic seclusion on all the ills that embitter

existence, and on all the shapes in which the demon of sorrow haunts the soul of man. Walton, under the green trees "fast planted by a river," eats his bread and cheese in the sunshine of a cheerful heart, listens to the birds that

"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love;"

finds everything to admire in all he sees; reflects his own gentle thoughts on everything around him; and, like Sterne's *Anti-critic*, "is pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore."

Hitherto our literature had been English, and thoroughly imbued with the characteristic qualities of the nation; but a new era was commencing, towards which the contamination of Gallic manners and morality lent their assistance. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were to be supplanted by Vanburgh, Cibber, and Congreve—and Elizabeth was to find a successor in Charles the Second. The tone of poetry, the tone of national feeling, the tone of public taste, were lowered. The sublime Epic of Milton was about to be forgotten; and some of the tragedies of our great dramatic poet had come to be considered as so barbarous, that Dryden took it in hand to re-model them, and translated his blank verse into rhyming couplets.

Cowley seemed a meteor-star shot from the one era towards the other. His mind was eminently poetical, but he murdered the expression of his ideas by metaphysical affectation. Yet, in his versification there is a wonderful mellifluousness, and many passages in his writings approximate much nearer to Pope than to his immediate predecessors in literature. Dryden, however, was the mighty master who was to effect a revolution in our national taste. He was possessed of learning, profound judgment, vivid imagination, and a fine ear for the modulations of harmony. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," had brought scholastic knowledge and poignant wit to lend an edge to his satire; to these Dryden added keen sensibility and

overboiling passions; and he exhibited them in all their energy in his matchless satires of Absalom and Achitophel, and of *Maefflecknoe*. He therein riots in the luxuriance of his strength—not like a man who has called his enemies forth to the combat, but to trample them under his feet in victorious triumph.

Pope was born early enough to see his great master; and with a taste still more exquisite and refined—if with less majesty of genius—he set about perfecting the edifice, of which Dryden had laid the foundations.

To the revolution of national taste, so distinctly discernible in contrasting the literature of the reign of Queen Anne with that of Elizabeth, many circumstances contributed. The zealous of the Roman Catholic faith had found how much their influence was abridged by the diffusion of literary light; and their whole energies were exerted in preserving their own supremacy over the minds of the vulgar. For nearly a whole century these means had been but too effectual; and during that period, scarcely one bright star dared to show its coruscations amid the impending gloom. The contest between the seraph and the demon had, however, now been brought to an issue, in the discomfiture of the power of darkness. The Protestant faith had triumphed over that of the Roman Catholic, and the zeal which had before vented itself in the mighty struggle found egress and employment in the channels of sectarian disputation. The veto which had been put on poetry and satire was now removed. The passions of the national mind which had found exercise in the great political drama were now allowed to subside; talent of all kind found encouragement; and genius was allowed scope to its divine prerogative without bond or shackle, save those imposed by reason and morality.

In fact, with the glorious revolution of 1688, a new order of things commenced: and the seeds of that true liberty were sown, under whose growth England was destined to be-

come preëminent among the nations. The feudal laws were falling into daily abrogation; and men, like reasonable beings, quietly submitted to the strictest obligations of social order. The skirts of departing chivalry were fading on the view; and the mass of society was to find employment in the sober duties and occupations of domestic life.

With the banishment of the departed order of things, some peculiarities worth preserving were lost—as the American rivers roll particles of gold with their sands down to the ocean. With the increasing wealth of the nation came narrow-mindedness; and the bold, bluff freedom and open-heartedness of English manner were subsiding into the formalities of politesse and decorum. Old customs, handed down from generation to generation, from the days of Alfred, were allowed to fall into disuse; Yule and Christmas were shorn of half their festivities; and young ladies began to think the games of hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, antiquated and vulgar. As with the mind, so with the person. The same change was observable in dress and in manners, as in the strain of thought and the contour of language. From nature and warm-heartedness, however semibarbarous these attributes may be supposed to be, we were departing to art and luxury. We were becoming what the French were at the time, and what the Greeks and Romans had been before us—a polished nation. Cities increased, and arts and agriculture flourished. The elements of romance were gradually, although imperceptibly, disappearing from the land, and the hills and valleys of Britain becoming a less poetical region.

We learn as much of early national manners, the popular habits of thought and feeling, and the varying fashions of the day, from the writings of Shakspeare alone, as we do of these, in more recent times, from the poetry of Pope and the prose of Addison combined. Pope, indeed, so far as

regards the subject before us, can scarcely be considered in any other light than that of a moral satirist. His sketches are narrative, and possess little or none of the dramatic distinctness of Crabbe. Three-fourths of his poetry is built on the general principles of mind, and stands, therefore, independent of existing manners; while his characters, when he stoops to individualize, are almost invariably either citizens or courtiers. He is the poet of town life. The grand features of external nature had no magic for his imagination. He could not, like Shakspeare, describe an Edgar at Dover Cliff, or have uttered that exclamation in Macbeth—

“Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.”

He had exchanged the Dowsabels of Michael Drayton,

“With features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And blythe as lass of Kent;
Her skin as white as Lempster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent,”

for his Celas and Belindas in their modish dressing-rooms—

“Where piles of pins extend their shining
rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, *billet doux*.”

Yet although in female portraiture Pope is more rich, he cannot be apoposely called the poet of woman; or if his title to that claim be allowed, it would be well for us to forget the divine delineations of Fletcher and Shakspeare.

The literary school of Queen Anne's reign was in a great measure formed by the triumph of art over nature. Squares and alleys are substituted for abbeys with their stained oriels, and Gothic castles with their moats and drawbridges. For the warden on the walls, we have the policeman with his lantern; while Polly Peachum succeeds Desdemona. Rural life and country manners were matters which Pope and Swift considered quite below them; and if the former wrote pastorals, it should be remembered that it was when a boy. It was said of

Lord Bacon that he used to walk about his gardens, without his hat, to enjoy the genial freshness of nature in the drops of the rain-shower. Pope would not have ventured abroad on a doubtful day without his umbrella.

The great forte of Pope and his school lay in their acquaintance with, and skilful depicting of, the fashions, follies, and frivolities of polished life. Art with them supersedes nature in subject, style, and language. His imagination never hurries him away on the pinions of inspiration; nor is the music of his verse like that of the old ballad, a simple "melody, that's sweetly played in tune." His taste keeps his fancy in check, and is continually pruning her wing. His versification is labored into mellifluousness. He deals not with the great passions of the human mind—love—jealousy—hatred—remorse—despair—he is all for parlor-window ethics, and the niceties of morale. It is not to be denied, indeed, that in the *Messiah*—the *Windsor Forest*—the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*—and the *Epistle of Abelard to Eloisia*—he touched a more poetical string. In many parts these productions are steeped in the colors of true poetry—we have admirably vivid descriptions of nature, and of the workings of the inward spirit. But with all this, we must adhere to the position, that the physiognomy which objects assume, from the particular point of view in which Pope places them, is deficient in grandeur, elevation, and simplicity; and infinitely less imaginative than it would have been under the pencil of a Spenser, a Milton, or a Shakspeare.

There will be no difficulty in unriddling what we mean, if reference is made to the more labored passages in Pope. His heroes are beaux, battered or unbattered; and his heroines are belles, ditto, ditto. His levee is made up of courtiers, generals, gamesters, artists, and authors. His females are

ladies all dressed out in the pink of fashion, and dispose themselves in knots through the drawing-room,

"Some sipping scandal, and some sipping tea."

From the windows of that drawing-room we have a glimpse of scenery indeed; but it consists of shaven lawns, clipt hedges, and diamonded parterres, beyond which are parks redolent of tame deer, artificial cascades, and Chinese bridges. Pope scouted the idea, that Nature was, like Milton's Eve,

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

We trust that no one will accuse us of prejudice against one of the greatest of English writers—the author of the *Essay on Man*, and the translator of the *Iliad*—or imagine that we have no relish for his beauties, simply because we think them of a less magnificent kind than those of the loftier poets who preceded him. In his own walk, he stands alone; and perhaps it would be as vain to look for another Pope as for another Spenser.

In the first great era of our literature, the writers found materials in the grand and overboiling passions of the soul—the heroic in action, or the tender in feeling. The materials of the second great era may be found admirably summed up in the lines of Cowper.

"Roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

In our next paper we will bring down the subject to the commencement of the third grand era of our literary history as a nation, and investigate the causes to which it owed its origin.

TO M. W.

THERE's something in thy lightest mirth
That's like an angel's sadness,
A dim soft pathos overflows
Thy wildest voice of gladness.

I, with a poet's insight, see
How feelings true enhance
The finer impulses that stir
Thy leaf-like elegance.

And, Marg'ret, when I look on thee,
Are swept away the fears
Which whisper beauty is a thing
Of peril and of tears.

For, like a sainted virtue, Thou
Art lifted o'er the day;
God's shadow on thy face is laid
In sanctity for aye.

Mix with the vulgar and the vain,
There's nothing to condemn;
A charm is hung around thee—Thou
Canst ne'er be one of them.

Then go—nor fear to move amidst
Our earth's most tainted air,
Go, like a sea-bird in the gloom,
As fearless and as fair!

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A work has recently appeared in London, under the title of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during four months residence in the Woods on the Borders of Lakes Huron and Simoc. By George Head, Esq." Our principal object in noticing this volume, is to select from it one or two extracts, which, though they must not be considered as fair specimens of provincial society, will at least afford the reader some amusement.

At Fredericton Mr. Head was obliged to make his preparations for a formidable journey on foot over the snow lying in drifts on the bed of the river St. John; for although he had still eighty-three miles sleigh carriage to go as far as Presque Isle, yet Fredericton was the last place of sufficient importance to afford him the necessary supply of snow-shoes, toboggans, and buffalo skins. After the purchase of which he sets out to Presque Isle. At an inn, or rather reception-house on the road, Mr. Head meets with entertainment which he describes with much humor: the scene in the following passage of domestic infelicity would be worthy of Hogarth, if the dash of caricature in it did not bring it down to the manner of George Cruikshank.

"The house we were now in for

the night was very particularly dirty and comfortless. There were two beds in the room, one for the host, his wife, and four children, (the youngest of which was not more than a few weeks old,) and the other was appropriated to me. The driver and my servant lay on the boards before the stove, which was a Canada one, and too powerful for the size of the room. The heat all night was quite suffocating, though the weather certainly was not warmer than 20 deg. of Fahrenheit. The bed I slept in had green stuff curtains, full of dust; and the sheets were of some soft spongy material which, if clean, at least felt otherwise, and for the first time since I had been in the country, I was tormented with fleas. It was impossible to get a wink of sleep; for, besides my own grievances, there were other causes of disturbance. The child cried incessantly, in spite of all the woman could do to pacify it. It had, I believe, nothing at all the matter with it, but seemed, from sheer forwardness, to imagine that the little world of our miserable apartment was made for itself. Sometimes the good wife sate up in her bed with the little animal hugged up between her chin and her elbows, hushing and rocking herself and it; then she patted its back, and still it cried. Then ten times (I dare say) in the course of the night, out of bed got the poor

husband, and stood for several minutes at the stove, with a pair of lean bare legs, and an extremely short shirt, stirring something in a saucepan with the broken stump of an iron spoon. A picture of obedience and misery ! Then he got into bed again. Then came a long consultation and almost a quarrel, about what was best to be done. Then the grand specific was administered, but all without effect. At last the other children awoke, and the youngest of these began to cry too: and the mother said it was the big one's fault, and beat her. So off she went, and we had a loud concert, till, what with the noise of the children, and the heat, and the dirt, and the fleas, I felt ready to rush out of doors and roll myself in the snow. But everything must have an end, and so at last the children became all tired out, and by degrees grew quiet; and in the morning I found I had been asleep, and got out of bed determined to be off as soon as I possibly could."

At Presque Isle Mr. Head was entertained at the house of a Mr. T—, on whom he has exercised his talent for sketching. The portrait is curious: in these remote and thinly inhabited countries, if a man has not active duties to perform, in the absence of all claims of society and all motives of excitement he sinks into a state of absolute torpor.

"My host was, I believe, an American,—a tall, withered, thin man, about sixty years of age, with extremely small legs and thighs, narrow shoulders, long back, and as straight as a ramrod. Innumerable short narrow wrinkles, which crossed each other in every direction, covered his face, which was all the same color—as brown as a nut; and he had a very small mouth, which was drawn in and pursed up at the corners. His eyes were very little, black, keen, and deep set in his head. He hardly ever spoke; and I do not think, that while I was in his house I ever saw him smile. He was dressed in an old rusty black coat and trowsers, both perfectly threadbare, and glazed about

the collar, cuffs, and knees, with grease; and he sat always in one posture and in one place,—bolt upright on a hard wooden chair. He seemed to me the picture of a man who, from want of interest in the world, had fallen into a state of apathy;—and yet that would seem impossible, considering that Mr. T— was the chief diplomatist in these parts,—the representative of the commissariat department, charged with the duties of supplying the garrison at Presque Isle,—a man of high importance in his station, invested with local authority, and in direct communication and correspondence with the higher powers at Quebec. Notwithstanding all this, the energies of Mr. T—'s body and mind were suffered to lie at rest; for the garrison consisted of a corporal and four privates, making in all five men, to supply whom with rations was nearly his whole and sole occupation; and so he had gradually sobered down into the quiet tranquil sort of person I found him. A daughter, a fine, handsome, bouncing girl, under twenty, with sparkling black eyes and an animated countenance, seemed to bear testimony to days gone by, when affairs were somewhat more lively; but the contrast now was sufficiently striking; for without regarding her, anybody, or anything, he kept his place and attitude, sitting always close to the stove.

"There was a small square hole in the centre of the door (as there generally is in all Canada stoves), made to open and shut with a slider as occasion requires: this he kept open for a purpose of his own; for by long practice he had acquired a knack of spitting through this little hole with such unerring certainty, by a particular sort of jerk through his front teeth, that he absolutely never missed his mark. This accomplishment was the more useful to him, as he was in the habit of profusely chewing tobacco,—all the care he seemed to have!—and he opened the door of the stove now and then, to see how the fire was going on."

MARSHAL NEY.

[No apology is requisite for our introduction of the following passage from the life of Marshal Ney, in the last volume of the *Family Library*, entitled "*The Court and Camp of Bonaparte*."]

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command, and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favorite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words,

he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society, to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness, of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it.

Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favor of the sovereign. She complained to her husband ; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January, 1815, the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis. There he led an unfettered life ; he gave his mornings to field sports ; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that on the 6th of March he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris ; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Bonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Bonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besançon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all

the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur !* Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain ; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master ; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge ! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable : he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow : the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him ; he saw that his virtue, his honor, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him forever. In the bitterness of his heart he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated : “ *I ought to have done so long ago (said Ney) ; it is now too late.* ”

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused *once more* the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for awhile less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders,

June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe, that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valor. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th terribly undeceived him. He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the château of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, and in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul. There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visitors and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visiter, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gendarmes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the château; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even

wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers was directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled: “I am a Frenchman, (cried Ney,) and I will die a Frenchman!” The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: “Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?” His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. “Marshal,” said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, “you should now think of God. I never faced danger without such preparation.” “Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?” But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, “Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honor and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice.”

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other

hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonored themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

TO A BEE.

Ha! pretty little bee,
Is it you, so blithe and free?
Whither are you wandering,
Thus so gaily on the wing?
To every flower o'erhung with dew,
Whose leaves are blossoming for you;
To the wild-flowers far away,
Bright and beautiful as they;
From each blooming one to sip
Sweets like those of woman's lip.
Oh! happy, happy, happy bee,
Would that her lip were thus as free to me!

Away! away! forever thus
Your airy flight has past from us;
And thou art gone where flowers invite,
A pilgrimage of rich delight:
But come not near the holly-hock;
Let not its blooms thy fancy mock;
Shun its nectaries so fair,
Death is ever lurking there;
On its petals, if you light,
You are lost in endless night;
Shun it as you onward fly!
Drink its poison and you die!
But hie thee to the lavender,
Pretty little pilferer;
Or the lime-tree, in whose breast

You oft sip yourself to rest.
Go, wanderer, to the healthful wild,
Where the enamored sunshine mild,
Flings its fond light o'er wood and wold,
More brilliant, because uncontroll'd;
There, in the calyx of the flower,
Thou lovest best at noontide hour,
Prepare the mead, whose luscious draught
The best of former nations quaffed.
Little rambler, do you know
Why it is we love you so?
It is for the ceaseless hymn
Which you warble, as you swim
Through the odoriferous air,
Light as fairy gossamer;
And 'tis, that you are always gay,
Making life a holiday,
Flying leisurely o'er earth,
A winged miniature of mirth.

When you meet the butterfly,
'Neath the lovely summer sky,
Do you show to him the bower
That contains the sweetest flower?
Or do you take himself to be,
While thus wandering so free,
A floweret floating on the air,
Making all delightful there?

MODERN LOVE.

THE sportsman Love, a youth of skill,
Since time began, by all confessed,
For want of nobler game to kill,
An arrow aimed at Florio's breast.

To miss his mark was something new;
He bent his trusty bow again;
Three times his whirring arrow flew;
And thrice the archer shot in vain.

Then at his mother's feet he flung
His well-stored quiver and his bow ;
With sobbing heart and faltering tongue,
Cried, "Take these weapons, useless
now !

"Three times I've aimed at Florio's heart,
And thrice has he my skill defied ;
My blunted shafts still backward start,
While he nor shrinks nor turns aside."

The Queen of Love with fondness smiled ;
"Take up your arms, my son," she cried ;
"I will avenge my darling child,
And punish Florio's stubborn pride."

She strung his bow with auburn hair
That flowed on Cythna's snow-white
neck,
And said, "cheer up,—for sport prepare,
Your arrows now *must* take effect."

He trusted to the magic string,
With steady hand his bow he drew,
Swift through the air, on viewless wing,
The erring weapon harmless flew.

She gave a shaft, dipped in the beam
Of beauteous Mary's bright black eye ;
"This must be fatal, as the gleam
Of lightning darting from the sky."

Still dauntless, he received the shock,
His indurated heart unmoved ;
A feather on the flinty rock
Had just as formidable proved.

"Take this," she cried, "'twill vengeance
wreak,
Its feathered wing with crimson glows ;
It is a blush from Laura's cheek,
And sweet as morning's dewy rose."

It struck his adamantine form,—
He fearless grasp'd it in his hand ;
Then glanced a look of haughty scorn,
And flung it shivered on the sand.

An arrow, winged with sparkling wit,
With keenness cleft the yielding air,
And Florio's naked bosom hit,
But failed to make impression there.

Each charm that e'er in woman shone,
Each virtue that adorns the mind,
Was hurled against that heart of stone ;
Yet none—not one—could entrance
find.

The archer had his quiver strained
Against a bosom stern and cold ;
One arrow only now remained,—
He tipped its gleaming point with gold.

With feeble arm and careless aim
He reckless launched the gilded dart ;
It shook the clod-pole's trembling frame,
And deeply quivered in his heart.

"No more, my son, disgrace your arms !"
The Queen of Beauty cried, and frown'd ;
"What boots the loveliest female charms,
Since gold alone has power to wound ?"

POETRY AND POETS.

THAT verse is not poetry we have abundant evidence daily ; and that poetry of a very high order may be written in prose, is a proposition which it is scarcely needful to back by the authority of Wordsworth, or the example of Jeremy Tailor. The metrical arrangement of words, however, is so pleasurable in itself, and has so close an affinity with the other elements of poetical enjoyment, that it may fairly be required of the professed poet ; and we place it first because it is the most mechanical, and stands at the bottom of an ascending scale of qualities. Whether in prose or verse, a sentence should be grammatically constructed and convey a distinct meaning to the understanding ; but when it is also rendered harmonious to the ear—when it gratifies the musical sense, there is a clear gain of so

much pleasure. The man who makes a flowing verse benefits the world by the aggregate of all the enjoyment which the organs of speech and hearing receive in repeating it, and in listening to its repetition. The poet must not stop here. He is but at the very threshold of the temple. The eye is a far nobler inlet of pleasure than the ear. He must be a painter as well as a musician. He must give us pictures. The actual sight of lovely forms and coloring is beyond his art ; but he must stimulate us to their mental reproduction, and that in new and becoming combinations. His words should be such as are associated with the most common and most vivid recollections of those external objects whose presence most gratifies the senses. This end is not best gained by labored and minute description. It

rather requires a felicitous selection of expressions. There is a yet higher source of pleasure in sympathy, emotion, passion. The poet's melody, like the musician's, should express, recall, or excite a sentiment. The poet's sketch, as well as the painter's, should touch the heart; penetrating thither through the imagination as that does through the sight. A great master of the art can play upon the nervous system, and produce and control its vibrations, as easily as the well-practised performer can try the compass and power of a musical instrument, and with a produce of enjoyment, which seems a combination of animal and intellectual, not easily calculated. Then a poem, however short, should be a narrative, or a drama, and have something of that sort of interest, and consequently of pleasure, which we experience in being conducted through a train of events to a catastrophe, in which, whether joyous or mournful, the mind rests as in the close of that portion of Nature's annals. By dramatic we do not mean that the poet should have recourse to personæ and dialogue; but he should at least employ those defined and contrasted feelings which will, in very narrow space, shadow forth the strivings of the external and literal drama; and his narrative will be not the less efficient for not being the current of outward circumstances, but that of the phantoms which are ever passing in long procession through the brain. And over the whole, to crown the work, there should be the charm of "divine philosophy;" truth should be there in the wildest fictions, and wisdom in the gayest sportings: the whole should be based

upon a profound knowledge of human nature, its constitution and history, its strength and weaknesses, its capabilities and its destiny; and where there is this science of man in the poet's mind, its existence will be ever felt; it will breathe a pervading spirit of power into his compositions,—of power which is yielded to with a sort of solemn gladness—which almost identifies poetical with religious inspiration, raises the pleasure of fanciful reveries into the delight of holy musings, and makes us worshipers in that "metropolitan temple" which God hath built and sanctified to himself "in the hearts of mighty poets."

Our standard of excellence in poetry is, then, a very high one, and we have a corresponding estimate of its worth as a means of enjoyment. It is an essence distilled from the fine arts and liberal sciences; nectar for the gods. It tasks the senses, the fancy, the feelings, and the intellect, and employs the best powers of all in one rich ministry of pleasure. It must be by a rare felicity, that the requisite qualities for its production are found in a man; and when they are, we should make much of him—he is a treasure to the world. He does that immediately which other benefactors of mankind only expect to accomplish in the remote consequences of their exertions. The legislator proposes to increase men's happiness, by his enactments, in the course of years. The philosopher will advance it by his speculations in the lapse of generations. The divine promises it in the world to come. But the poet seizes upon the soul at once and "laps it in Elysium."

HINTS ON FEMALE DRESS.

BY A LADY.

A WOMAN of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the

girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better ap-

pearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. High rank requires adequate means to support its consequence—ostentatious wealth, a superabundance to maintain its domineering pretensions; and the middle class, when virtue is its companion, looks to economy to allow it to throw its mite into the lap of charity.

Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets!

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation; so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth; so, light and transparent robes of tender colors should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to ac-

cord with the prevailing mode, and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a length sufficiently circumscribed not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short; for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indelicacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and Admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, “The most resistless charm is modesty!”

In Thomson's exquisite portrait of Lavinia, the prominent feature is modesty. “She was beauty's self,” indeed, but then she was “thoughtless of beauty;” and though her eyes were sparkling, “bashful modesty” directed them

“Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers.”

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered with a grace so decent, that vests, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, “with her glossy ringlets loosely bound,” moves with the Zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it may still preserve the same simplicity, though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

“ — of the fairy foot,
Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as
mute.”

In this dress, her arms, and part of

her neck and bosom, may be unveiled, but only *part*. The eye of maternal decorum should draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty would bid it rest.

Where beauty is, ornaments are unnecessary; and where it is not, they are unavailing. But as gems and flowers are handsome in themselves, and when tastefully disposed doubly so, a beautiful young woman, if she chooses to share her empire with the jeweller and the florist, may, not inelegantly, decorate her neck, arms, and head, with a string of pearls and a band of flowers.

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure; the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose,—these and their resemblances are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colors of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These, when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

Should a young woman, of majestic character, inquire for appropriate apparel, she will find it to correspond with her graver and more dignified mien. Her robes should always be long and flowing, and more ample in their folds than those of her gayer sister. Their substance should also be thicker, and of a soberer color. White is becoming to all characters, and not less so to Juno than to Venus; but when colors are to be worn, I recommend to the lady of majestic deportment to choose the fuller shades of yellow, purple, crimson, scarlet, black, and gray. The materials of her dress in summer, cambrics, muslins, saracnets; in winter, satins, velvets, broadcloth, &c. Her ornaments should be em-

broidery of gold, silver, and precious stones, with fillets and diadems of jewels, and waving plumes.

The materials for the winter dresses of majestic forms, and lightly-graceful ones, may be of nearly similar texture, only differing, when made up, in amplitude and abundance of drape-ry. Satin, Genoa velvet, Indian silks, and kerseymere, may all be fashioned into as becoming an apparel for the slender figure as for the more *embon-point*; and the warmth they afford is highly needful to preserve health during the cold and damps of winter. When the indispensable necessity of keeping the body in a just temperature between heat and cold is so universally acknowledged, I cannot but be astonished at the little attention that is paid to so momentous a subject by the people of this climate. I wonder that a sense of personal comfort, aided by the well-founded conviction that health is the only preservative of beauty, and lengthener of youth, does not impel women to prefer utility before the absurd whims of an unreasonable fashion.

To wear gossamer dresses, with bare necks and naked arms, in a hard frost, has been the mode in this country, and unless a principle is made against it, may be so again, to the utter wretchedness of them, who, so arraying their youth, lay themselves open to the untimely ravages of rheumatism, palsies, consumptions, and death.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely-adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty on the one hand, and health on the other, still maintain the law of "fold on fold."

SERPENT HUNTING—AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BUSINESS connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort, of tyrants and slaves ; and from all that I heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and of truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or to proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintance ; and, in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America, I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw ; suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days I reached the place ; and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for

some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinvault (the proprietor) although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of *hunter* (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him), we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford seve-

ral kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavor amply repay the labor employed in taking them.

I had been informed both by Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagunes from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction and deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, “dragging its slow trembling length along.” But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar had a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befell me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of, than exceeded the truth. Occasionally when pressing business detained Mr. Heinvault at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy on my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only

one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. Heinvault had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at everything to amuse myself: but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and declining the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not, in general, above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I “paddled my light canoe” up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagunes. But the birds were scarce and shy. Perhaps my aim was not as steady as usual, and having expended all my ammunition to a single shot, I succeeded in killing only one bird of the flamingo species. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddling about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I should be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my

stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself along side of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day and the fatigue I had undergone. I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes; and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcass), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it; my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight

great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, as I have said, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it. As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below Mr. Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr. Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Cæsar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at

close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so.

"There was a poor fellow on the estate of a friend of mine, who, when he was accompanying his master and some friends in hunting, happened to fall in suddenly with a large boa, and discharged the gun he carried at it. Thinking he had disabled or mortally wounded it, he went up to despatch it; but the animal recovering from the shock, seized him, threw him down, and enveloped him in its coils. His fearful cries summoned the others to his aid; but by the time they came up he was so completely in its power, that there was no chance of escape. To have fired with any effect was impossible, without in all probability injuring the man more than the animal. To have approached and endeavored to extricate him would have only exposed some of them to the danger of incurring the fate from which they wished to snatch him. But the fact is," he added, "before they came up he was far gone, and all they witnessed was the conclusion of the scene. However, they succeeded, after some trouble, in destroying the reptile.

"Don't let this story frighten you," said he, laughing, "for we take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." Just as he finished saying this, Cæsar reappeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind; while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a bill-hook. This Mr. Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds if the animal should have retreated among them; the clubs being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered

with reeds bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr. Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. Heinvault and me, with our guns; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated I should suppose about thirty yards when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr. Heinvault ordered him behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness, its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared from its movements about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect, but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it: but Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and making a kind of cir-

cuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it ; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair lading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr. Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which

convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner that I felt myself a little overcome with the unusual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on, I completely recovered ; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The consequences of *our*, I had almost said *my* success, and the pleasure arising from the escape I had made, no doubt contributed to the elevation of spirits I then enjoyed.

The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind ; for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of a horrid reptile. Nothing can give so adequate an idea of the feelings I then experienced, as some of those terrible dreams recorded in the Confessions of an Opium Eater. But this even at length passed away, and left nothing but the bare recollection of the danger I had undergone, and a grateful feeling toward that providence under whose direction I was saved from so terrible a fate.

THE FURLOUGH.—AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

IN the autumn of 1825 some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom ; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident :—

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine Inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sate a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart ; and they

were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady"—the speaker was the old woman—"come down now to your ould mother ; sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier ; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last ; and the answer was more promptly and stern-

ly pronounced : " It's honor, brother ! " and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

" O Thady, come down ! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye ! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel ; come down then ! " The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

" It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen ! " and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

" Come down, Thady, honey ! — Thady, ye fool, come down ! — O Thady, come down to me ! "

" It's honor, mother ! — It's honor, brother ! — Honor bright, my own Kathleen ! "

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family, — and having exceeded, as he thought,

the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired ?

" The first of March, your honor — bad luck to it of all the black days in the world — and here it is, come sudden on me, like a shot ! "

" The first of March ! — why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then — the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days. "

The soldier was thunder-struck. — " Twenty-nine days is it ? — you're sartin of that same ! Oh, mother, mother ! — the devil fly away wid yere ould almanack — a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, ather living so long in the family of us ! "

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah ! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen ; and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

" It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's manes. Long life to your honor for the same ! May ye live a long hundred — and lape years every one of them. "

MEXICAN DWARF.

If children at an early age are now free of the fetters of tight swaddling clothes, they are indebted for this to the remonstrance of the philosophers. The physicians, it is true, had long labored to introduce this reform ; but, although they were the only competent judges in such a question, no attention was paid to their advice. In vain did they show how these ligatures, by stopping the course of the blood, became the source of a multitude of diseases. In spite of their enumerations, things were allowed to go on as before. The philosophers took another method : they addressed themselves not only to the affection of parents, but also to their vanity. They

said little about diseases, but much about the deformities which the use of ligatures might cause. Look at the savages, said they, how vigorous and active they are ! Not a dwarf, a distorted person, or a humpback is to be seen among them. All this is just because in infancy they are not bound in swaddling bands, which necessarily prevent the development of the limbs. It was believed, that on renouncing these unlucky bandages, we should have a race of Apollos and Herculeses. It required time to show the fallacy of this opinion, and then happily the habit was irrevocably changed.

We owe a debt of gratitude to those who brought about so important

a reform ; but we must allow that they obtained it by very feeble reasons, and that, for example, they were not in the least acquainted with those savages which they proposed as models. These men, said they, are all well formed, because they are not tightly swaddled in childhood. This proposition was false in two ways. *1st*, Because several of the American tribes to which they made allusion use such ligatures. *2dly*, Because the races which do not follow this custom are yet not exempt from deformities. I have myself frequently observed them in the great plains of the Orinooko, among people who remain naked from the moment of their birth to that of their death. I have seen many, I say, and I am persuaded that many more would be met with were infancy and childhood cared for in those countries as they are among us. The sickly infant, which with them dies in a few months, with us often attains adult age, or even the longest period of human existence. It is absurd to adduce these unfortunate beings as a proof of the evils of the social state. I would myself mention them as a proof of the contrary. Popé is a conquest of civilization.

The savages of North America are certainly neither less vigorous nor less well formed than those of South America. Yet, in many of their tribes, not only are infants enveloped with bandages, but they are tightly bound down to a piece of board or of birch bark. West, in the beautiful painting in which he represents William Penn bargaining with the Indians for the site of his new city, has shown us an infant thus treated, and his picture agrees in all points with the description of the missionaries.

The philosophers spoke to us of the strength of those *children of nature*. It is now well known, in consequence of trials made with the dynamometer, as well as in other ways, that the superiority in strength is always and decidedly on the side of civilization.

In countries where subsistence is so difficult to be procured that man re-

quires to put forth all his powers, the infant of the savage which is born in a weakly state is in a measure condemned to death ; but the case is different in countries where the ground supplies abundant food, and in those where the progress of civilization favors the development of those affectionate feelings which bind together the members of a family. Among all the American nations which are in either of the two last-mentioned states, there have always been found, not only slightly deformed individuals, but even true pigmies. To assert the contrary, would be to give the lie to history, which shows us, that in the new continent, as in the old, during the middle ages, the great had always in their train some of these unfortunate beings for the purpose of diverting them. When the Spaniards conquered the empire of Montezuma, they found dwarfs in the palace of that prince, as in that of the Grand Signior.

A few months ago I saw at Paris a Mexican dwarf, who, at the age of seventeen, was only twenty-seven and a half inches in height. She was born of a mother of pure Indian race, in the province of Zacatecas, on the estate *de l'Espirito Santo*, the property of Donna Josepha Z—o, and came to France in the train of that lady, whom she served as lady's maid. She laced her, dressed her hair, took care of her linen, and moreover executed with great adroitness all kinds of sewing. In the space of a few months, she learned from the domestics of the hotel enough of French to understand what was said to her, and even to make her wants known. In conversation she had much volubility, and even possessed considerable humor. Yet her capacity did not seem to me superior to that of a child eight years old. Her head was of the size of that of a girl of three years which I placed beside her ; her features were no way disagreeable, but were strongly marked with the American character. Her arms and hands were well formed, as were

the foot and leg. The haunches were a little broad, which made her waddle in walking, although she could run with ease. It was wished that she should learn to read, but this occupa-

tion was disagreeable to her, and she found means of making her escape from it by feigning migrums and toothaches whenever she saw the book getting ready for her.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

ORIGIN OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

NATURALISTS are sadly puzzled about the origin of some of our domestic animals. Nobody doubts that the hog is derived from the wild boar, the common duck from the mallard, the pigeon from the rock-dove; but the dog and the cat have so many wild cousins, that one hardly knows who their progenitors were. With respect to the cat, we maintain that if the wild cat of Europe, the *Felis catus* of naturalists, be not the stock from which it has been derived, no other wild cat has yet been pointed out that has so great an affinity to it. In the first place, the wild cat has representatives among the domestic species, which could hardly, in external appearance, be distinguished from it. We engage to get a tame tom-cat that no zoologists on this side the channel could distinguish from a wild tom-cat from the Braes of Balquhiddy. But let it also be remarked, that certain, and in fact most tame cats, differ greatly in color, and in a less degree in form, from the wild cat. Secondly, the internal structure of both animals is perfectly similar. The skull itself exhibits hardly any differences, and none equalling those presented by the skulls of the hog and wild boar, or the mallard and duck. The manners of both are radically the same. In fact, we have known instances of tame cats, especially males, betaking themselves to the hills in spring, and living like wild cats, until the advance of winter reminded them of the parlor fire, by which they were wont to doze so soundly. The wild cat, compared with the tame, is larger, longer, and lankier;

is possessed of more agility, and is apparently superior in strength. Now, all these qualities are just what it ought to have, excepting, say the fire-side philosophers, the superior size. Well, this we shall get over too. Domestic animals are generally larger than their wild progenitors. The rule is not correctly stated. It ought to have been: Domestic animals, whose natural food can be furnished by man in greater abundance than they could procure in the wild state, are always larger than wild animals of the same species. For this reason hogs and ducks grow to a larger size than wild boars and mallards. What is the natural food of the cat? The flesh, warm and palpitating, of birds and small quadrupeds. Our domestic cats hardly ever obtain a morsel of such food. Instead of flesh, they generally live upon farinaceous vegetables, and other substances having no affinity to their natural food—porridge, bread, cheese, milk, potatoes, soups, &c. Under such treatment, right reasonably might poor puss be expected to degenerate. Instead of a ferocious devil, with great glaring eyes, a shaggy hide, and monstrous claws, ready to spring at a moment's warning in the face of any lubberly biped that may chance to come in its way, it has been converted into a generally peaceable domestic, fond of the fire-side, given to dozing and purring, and exercising its ingenuity in the capture of the few miserable mice that venture to creep out of their retreats behind the plaster. But, say the men of the pen, the wild cat's tail is long and large, as thick at the end as at the root, and

truncated. Nay, it is not so. The tails are precisely the same; as the one tapers, so tapers the other: the only difference lies in the hair, which is longer on the wild cat's tail, as on every other part of its body. And so it ought to be. An animal, nursed in the kitchen or stable, may have its bristles brief, without detriment. But one that has to encounter the blasts of the north on a frozen hill-side, from November to April, needs a good covering. Depend upon it, things are just as they should be. The wild cat that worried Fingal's dog in the Braes of Lochaber, was undoubtedly the progenitor of the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

LORD BYRON'S INFANCY.

That, as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited, when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance. But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

BYRON'S FIRST POETRY.

It was about this period (1798), according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows. An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expressions that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.; and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

"In Nottingham county there lives at Swan
Green
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be
soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his "first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later; but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving.—*Ib.*

PROCESS FOR PRESERVING MILK FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME.

This process, invented by a Russian chemist named Kirkoff, consists in evaporating new milk by a very gentle fire, and very slowly, until it is reduced to a dry powder. This powder is to be kept in bottles carefully stopped. When it is to be employed,

it is only necessary to dissolve the powder in a sufficient quantity of water. According to M. Kirrkoff, the milk does not lose by this process any of its peculiar flavor.

CYPRUS WINE.

To eighty pints of water add ten pints of the juice of elder berries. The berries are to be lightly pressed: each pint of the liquid will contain three ounces of juice, and to the whole quantity add two ounces of ginger and one ounce of cloves. Boil the whole for an hour. Skim the liquid and pour it into a vessel which should contain the whole, throwing in a pound and a half of bruised grapes, which leave in the liquor until the wine is of a fine color. This wine bears such a resemblance in color, flavor, and aroma, to the best Cyprus wine, that the most experienced Parisian connoisseurs have been deceived by it.

CLEANLINESS OF BEES.

Among other virtues possessed by bees, cleanliness is one of the most marked; they will not suffer the least filth in their abode. It sometimes happens that an ill-advised slug or ignorant snail chooses to enter the hive, and has even the audacity to walk over the comb; the presumptuous and foul intruder is quickly killed, but its gigantic carcase is not so speedily removed. Unable to transport the corpse out of their dwelling, and fearing "the noxious smells" arising from corruption, the bees adopt an efficacious mode of protecting themselves; they embalm their offensive enemy, by covering him over with propolis; both Maraldi and Reaumur have seen this. The latter observed that a snail had entered a hive, and fixed itself to the glass side, just as it does against walls, until the rain shall invite it to thrust out its head beyond its shell. The bees, it seemed, did not like the interloper, and not being able to penetrate the shell with their sting, took a hint from the snail itself, and instead of covering it all over with propolis, the cunning economists fixed it

immovably, by cementing merely the edge of the orifice of the shell to the glass with this resin, and thus it became a prisoner for life, for rain cannot dissolve this cement, as it does that which the insect itself uses.

EARLY NOTICE OF THE USE OF TEA

BY THE CHINESE.

The Arabian traveller, Wahab, who visited China in the ninth century, speaking of the revenues of the empire, says, "The Emperor reserves to himself the revenues arising from the salt-mines, and from a certain herb which the people drank with hot water, and of which such quantities were sold in all cities, as produced enormous sums. This shrub, called *tah* by the Chinese, was more bushy than the pomegranate-tree, and of a more agreeable perfume. The people poured boiling water on the leaf of the *tah*, and drank the decoction, which was thought to be efficacious in curing all sorts of diseases."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Moore's Life of Byron.—This work, the first volume of which has just issued from the press, is said to be very impartially written. The author has avoided personal feelings as much as possible, and made the noble poet, as far as letters and other documents would allow him, tell his own story. Whenever Mr. Moore has, of necessity, alluded to his lordship's contemporaries, he has, we understand, endeavored to do so without any of those literary prejudices that would seem to be provoked by the subject. If this report be correct,—and from the extracts in the London journals taken from the first volume we think it is,—the work will be a valuable commentary upon the imperfect and contradictory testimony respecting Lord Byron which has been hitherto laid before the public.

A new edition of the Rev. Mr. Croly's *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, is in the press.

Nearly ready, Captain Moorsom's *Letters from Nova Scotia*, containing *Sketches of a Young Country*.

List of New Books.—Lander's *Records of Clapperton's Expedition*—Country Curate, by the author of "the Subaltern"—Major's *Phœnisie* of Euripides—Literary *Blue-Book*—St. George's *History of England*—Batty's *Cities*, No. I.

The *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*. Vol. I. *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. II.

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